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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

See '83 and go!

FLIGHT INTO FALL COUNTRY
THE MARK SMITH INTERVIEW
by Richard Cook

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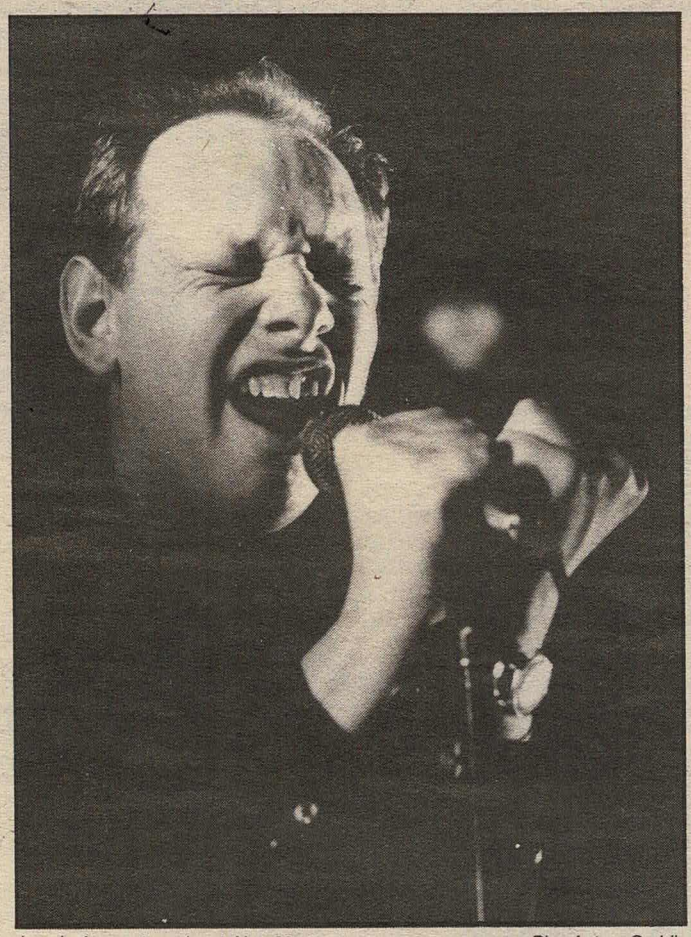
PETE WYLIE
YOSSER INDUSTRY
DIETER MEIER

The Fall And Rise Of Mark E. Smith

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	4	YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE	Phil Collins (Virgin)	5	1
2	2	A WINTER'S TALE	David Essex (Mercury)	3	2
3	1	SAVE YOUR LOVE	Renee & Renato (Hollywood)	8	1
4	6	BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES	Modern Romance (WEA)	7	4
5	12	ALL THE LOVE IN THE WORLD	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	2	5
6	17	ORVILLE'S SONG	Keith Harris Orville (BBC)	3	6
7	8	OUR HOUSE	Madness (Stiff)	6	5
8	5	TIME (CLOCK OF THE HEART)	Culture Club (Virgin)	6	1
9	21	CACHARPAYA	Incantation(Beggars Banquet)	2	9
10	13	BUFFALO GALS	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	5	10
11	18	IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	4	11
12	19	HYMN	Ultravox (Chrysalis))	6	7
13	3	THE SHAKIN' STEVENS EP	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	4	3
14	20	YOUNG GUNS (GO FOR IT)	Wham! (Innervision)	8	3
15	23	THEME FROM E.T.	John Williams (MCA)	3	15
16	16	FRIENDS	Shalamar (Solar)	5	9
17	9	TRULY	Lionel Richie (Motown)	7	5
18	(—)	EUROPEAN FEMALE	The Stranglers (Epic)	1	18
19	11	THE BEAT SURRENDER	The Jam (Polydor)	6	1
20	(—)	DOWN UNDER	Men At Work (Epic)	1	18
21	10	LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	5	10
22	(—)	STEPPIN' OUT	Joe Jackson (A&M)	1	22
23	24	STATE OF INDEPENDENCE	Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	9	13
24	14	MIRROR MAN	Human League (Virgin)	8	1
25	7	PEACE ON EARTH/LITTLE DRUMMER BOY	David Bowie & Bing Crosby (RCA)	5	6
26	28	HEARTACHE AVENUE	Maisonettes (Ready Steady Go)	2	26
27	29	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	8	8
28	25	UNDER ATTACK	Abba (Epic)	4	23
29	22	LIVING ON THE CEILING	Blancmange (London)	9	7
30	15	LITTLE TOWN	Cliff Richard (EMI)	3	15



Joe Jackson steps in at No. 22 *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	1	THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION	John Lennon (Parlophone)	3	1
2	9	HEARTBREAKER	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	10	1
3	8	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	29	2
4	18	RAIDERS OF THE POP CHARTS	Various (Ronco)	3	4
5	2	DIG THE NEW BREED	The Jam (Polydor)	3	2
6	3	THE SINGLES—THE FIRST TEN YEARS	Abba (Epic)	7	1
7	4	FRIENDS	Shalamar (Solar)	16	4
8	6	PEARLS II	Elkie Brooks (A & M)	8	3
9	11	LIONEL RICHIE	Lionel Richie (Motown)	6	9
10	13	HELLO I MUST BE GOING	Phil Collins (Virgin)	9	2
11	12	KISSING TO BE CLEVER	Culture Club (Virgin)	12	2
12	5	THE RISE AND FALL	Madness (Stiff)	8	5
12	7	LOVE SONGS	Diana Ross (K-Tel)	5	6
14	10	RICHARD CLAYDERMAN	Richard Clayderman (Delphine)	4	10
15	17	FROM THE MAKERS OF . . .	Status Quo (Vertigo)	8	3
16	16	THE KIDS FROM FAME	Various (BBC)	24	1
17	(—)	GREATEST HITS	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	7	11
18	(—)	COMPLETE MADNESS	Madness (Stiff)	24	1
19	20	GREATEST HITS	Beatles (Parlophone)	7	11
20	23	THE KIDS FROM FAME AGAIN	Various (K-Tel)	12	1
21	(—)	BUSINESS AS USUAL	Men At Work (Epic)	1	21
22	(—)	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	4	1
23	14	GREAT LOVE SONGS	Nat King Cole (EMI TV)	7	6
24	27	QUARTET	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	6	6
25	(—)	TOO-RYE-AY	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	14	1
26	22	20 CHARTS HITS '82	Various (K-Tel)	7	7
27	24	SINGLES-45s AND UNDER	Squeeze (A & M)	9	2
28	15	I WANNA DO IT WITH YOU	Barry Manilow (Arista)	6	3
29	28	ET—THE EXTRA TERRESTRIAL	John Williams (MCA)	2	28
30	29	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S	Yazoo (Mute)	16	1

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Fat Man**	Southern Death Cult (Situation 2)
2	(5)	**Shipbuilding**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
3	(2)	**The Other Side Of Love**	Yazoo (Mute)
4	(3)	**Heartache Avenue**	Maisonettes (RSG)
5	(6)	**Halloween**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
6	(7)	**Save Your Love**	Renee & Renato (Hollywood)
7	(4)	**For You**	Anti-Nowhere League (WXYZ)
8	(12)	**Alice**	Sister Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
9	(14)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
10	(8)	**How Does It Feel**	Crass (Crass)
11	(9)	**More Than A Dream**	Farmers Boys (Backs)
12	(10)	**Summer Of '81**	Violators (No Future)
13	(15)	**Into The Abyss**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
14	(13)	**Give Me Fire**	GBH (Clay)
15	(17)	**East World**	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
16	(—)	**Orders Of The Day**	Combat 84 (Victory)
17	(23)	**Plain Sailing**	Tracy Thorn (Cherry Red)
18	28	**Drumbeat For Baby**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
19	(18)	**Chinese Take Away**	Adicts (Razor
20	(16)	**Russian Roulette**	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
21	(19)	**Nellie The Elephant**	Toy Dolls (Volume)
22	(—)	**Temptation**	New Order (Factory)
23	(—)	**For Whom The Bell Tolls**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
24	(21)	**Groovin' In Green**	March Violets (Merciful Release)
25	(27)	**State Violence**	Discharge (Clay)
26	(11)	**Christmas Bop**	Marc Bolan (Marc On Wax)
27	(26)	**Baby Turns Blue**	Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
28	(20)	**Baby Baby**	Vibrators (Anagram)
29	(29)	**Shame & Scandal**	Clint Eastwood & General Saint (Greensleeves)
30	(30)	**All About You**	Thomas Leer (Cherry Red)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Pillows And Prayers**	Various (Cherry Red)
2	(2)	**Upstairs At Eric's**	Yazoo (Mute)
3	(3)	**Plastic Surgery Disasters**	Dead Kennedys (Statik)
4	(4)	**Pissed And Proud**	Peter And The Tube Babies (No Future)
5	(5)	**The Day The Country Died**	Subhumans (Spiderleg)
6	(6)	**Live At Sheppertor**	Damned (Big Beat)
7	(7)	**La Variete**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
8	(14)	**Voice Of A Generation**	Blitz (No Future)
9	(12)	**Never Mind The Dirt**	Dirt (Crass)
10	(8)	**I'd Like To See You Again**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
11	(24)	**Leather Bristles**	GBH (Clay)
12	(15)	**If I Die, I Die**	Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
13	(13)	**A Broken Frame**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
14	(9)	**Burning Ambition—The History Of Punk**	Various (No Future)
15	(22)	**Christ—The Album**	Crass (Crass)
16	(10)	**The Sound Of Music**	Adicts (Razor)
17	(14)	**When The Punks Go Marching In**	Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
18	(16)	**Where's The Pleasure**	Poison Girls (Xntrix)
19	(17)	**Warrior Rock**	Toyah (Safari)
20	(20)	**Songs To Remember**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
21	(23)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
22	(21)	**UB44**	UB40 (Dep International)
23	(26)	**Garlands**	CocteauTwins (4AD)
24	(19)	**Seduction**	Danse Society (Society)
25	(25)	**The Maverick Years**	Wah (White Label)
26	(—)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
27	(—)	**We Are The League**	Anti-Nowhere League (WXYZ)
28	(27)	**Nothing Can Stop Us Now**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
29	(18)	**Part Of America**	Fall (Cottage)
30	(—)	**The Bedroom Album**	Jah Wobble (Jah)

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Tu Shung Pen**	U. Brown (Tads)
2	**Gunshot**	Anthony Johnson/Ranking Toyan (Midnight Rock)
3	**Trench Town**	Bob Marley (56 Hope Rd)
4	**Trespassing**	Ranking Devon (Zodiac Sounds)
5	**You Just Talking**	Michael Prophet (Greensleeves)
6	**Happiness**	Bim Sherman/Yabby U. (Shake)
7	**Let Me Into Your World**	Al Campbell (Music Works)
8	**If This World Were Mine**	Dennis Brown (Tads)
9	**Rub A Dub Session**	Triston Palmer (Intense)
10	**Fly Me Away**	Jr. Brown/Shaka (Shaka)
11	**Unmetered Taxi**	Sly & Robbie (Taxi)
12	**A True You Don't Know**	Naggo Morris (S & G)
13	**Jah Keeps On Turning**	I. Benjamin (Iron Rock)
14	**Can't Waste Time**	Don Carlos (Cha Cha)
15	**Yella Fella**	Lovindeer (TSOP)

REGGAE ALBUMS

1	**Brimstone And Fire Dub**	Jah Shaka (Shaka)
2	**Why You So Craven**	Israel Vibration (Arrival)
3	**Aces International (Live)**	Various DJ (Greensleeves)
4	**Yesterday Today Tomorrow**	Dennis Brown (Joe Gibbs)
5	**Rasta Is There**	Mighty Diamonds (Music Works)

Chart by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, W1

US SINGLES

1	**Maneater**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
2	**The Girl Is Mine**	Michael Jackson & Paul McCartney (Epic)
3	**Dirty Laundry**	Don Henley (Elektra)
4	**Down Under**	Men At Work (Columbia)
5	**Sexual Healing**	Marvin Gaye (Columbia)
6	**Mickey**	Toni Basil (Radial Choice)
7	**Gloria**	Laura Branigan (Atlantic)
8	**Steppin' Out**	Joe Jackson (A&M)
9	**Rock This Town**	Stray Cats (EMI-America)
10	**Truly**	Lionel Richie (Motown)

US LPs

1	**Business As Usual**	Men At Work (Columbia)
2	**Built For Speed**	Stray Cats (EMI-America)
3	**Lionel Richie**	Lionel Richie (Motown)
4	**H_2O**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
5	**Famous Last Words**	Supertramp (A&M)
6	**Get Nervous**	Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
7	**Midnight Love**	Marvin Gaye (Columbia)
8	**Coda**	Led Zeppelin (Swan Song)
9	**Thriller**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
10	**Combat Love**	The Clash (Epic)

Courtesy Billboard Publications Ltd.

DENMARK

1	**Words**	F. R. David (Carrere)
2	**Love What's Your Face**	Ingrid Kup (Teldec)
3	**The Day Before You Came**	Abba (Polar)
4	**5 Eiffel**	Kim Larsen (CBS)
5	**High Society Girl**	Laid Back (Medley)
6	**I Know There's Something Going On**	Frida (Polar)
7	**Heartbreaker**	Dionne Warwick (Arista)
8	**I'll Be Satisfied**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
9	**Eye of The Tiger**	Survivor (Scotti Bros)
10	**Memory**	Elaine Page (Polydor)

Courtesy BT/IFPI/Billboard.

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Mull Of Kintyre**	Wings (Parlophone)
2	**Love's Unkind**	Donna Summer(GTO)
3	**Floral Dance**	Brighouse & Rastrick Band (Logo)
4	**How Deep Is Your Love**	Bee Gees (RSO)
5	**It's A Heartache**	Bonnie Tyler (RCA)
6	**Let's Have A Quiet Night In**	David Soul (Private Stock)
7	**Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue**	Crystal Gayle (United Artists)
8	**Up Town Top Ranking**	Althia & Donna (Lightning)
9	**I Will**	Ruby Winters (Creole)
10	**Dance Dance Dance**	Chic (Atlantic)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Long Haired Lover From Liverpool**	Little Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
2	**The Jean Genie**	David Bowie (RCA)
3	**Solid Gold Easy Action**	T. Rex (T. Rex)
4	**Hi Hi Hi**	Wings (Parlophone)
5	**Ball Park Incident**	Wizzard (Harvest)
6	**Gudbuy T'Jane**	Slade (Polydor)
7	**You're So Vain**	Carly Simon (Elektra)
8	**Shotgun Wedding**	Roy C (UK)
9	**Crazy Horses**	Osmonds (MGM)
10	**Ben**	Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Hello Goodbye**	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	**Daydream Believer**	Monkees (RCA-Victor)
3	**Walk Away Renee**	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
4	**Magicial Mystery Tour**	Beatles (Parlophone)
5	**Ballard Of Bonnie And Clyde**	Georgie Fame (CBS)
6	**I'm Coming Home**	Tom Jones (Decca)
7	**Thank U Very Much**	Scaffold (Parlophone)
8	**World**	Bee Gees (Polydor)
9	**Kites**	Simon Dupree & The Big Sound (Parlophone)
10	**If The Whole World Stopped Lovin'**	Val Doonican (Pye)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Dance On**	Shadows (Columbia)
2	**Return To Sender**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
3	**The Next Time**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	**Bachelor Boy**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5	**Guitar Man**	Duane Eddy (RCA)
6	**Lovesick Blues**	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
7	**Sun Arise**	Rolf Harris (Columbia)
8	**Telstar**	Tornados (Decca)
9	**It Only Takes A Minute**	Joe Brown (Decca)
10	**Go Away Little Girl**	Mark Wynter (Pye)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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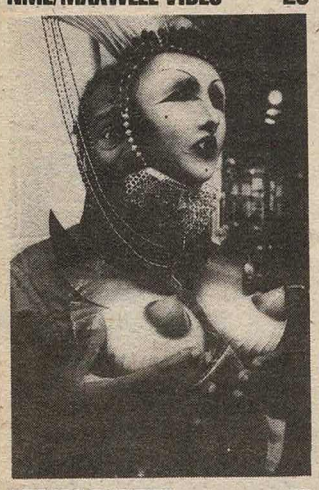

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ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES In The Dark, conspicuous by their absence for many months, see 1983 as a year of hectic activity. They have announced a new single and their fourth album, plus an extensive UK spring tour.

The single is 'Genetic Engineering'/'4 Neu', produced by Rhett Davies and the band, and released on February 11 in both 7" and 12" on the Telegraph/Virgin label. The LP titled 'Dazzle Ships' is issued on March 4.

After spending a month in Europe, the group open at Shepton Mallet Showering Pavilion on April 14 — followed by Leicester De Montford Hall (15), Sheffield City Hall (17 and 18), London Hammersmith Odeon (19 and 20), Poole Arts Centre (22), Brighton Centre (23), Birmingham Odeon (25 and 26), Edinburgh Playhouse (27), Glasgow Apollo (28), Newcastle City Hall (29), Manchester Apollo May 1 and 2), Liverpool Empire (3 and 4), Belfast Maysfield Hall (6) and Dublin Francis Xavier Hall (7 and 8).

Tickets at all venues are priced £5, £4.50 and £4, on sale now at box-offices and usual agents, Shepton Mallet tickets are also available from Virgin (Bristol), Spillers (Cardiff), Derek's (Port Talbot), Acorn (Yeovil), La Monde Travel (Wells), Pathway (shepton Mallet) and Bath Place Records (Taunton) — and the Concert Travel Club is arranging all-in coach trips from these towns (contact 02372 6219).

Major tours for U2, Orchestral Manoeuvres — and . . .

WATCH WITH BIG BROTHER

WITH 1983 barely a fortnight old, plans were announced this week for a massive New Year's Eve event to see in 1984 — the year of George Orwell's classic prophecy. The ten-hour festival is to be staged at Birmingham National Exhibition Centre, starting at 4pm on December 31 and finishing at 2am on January 1.

It's being promoted by Jake Riviera and Paul Loasby, though a major sponsor will also be involved. Loasby told *NME:* "It will be more than a concert, more like a space-age fair with science fiction overtones. There'll be films and many other entertainments, and we'll be using three halls at the centre, with the image of 1984 very much in mind". Names like Elvis Costello, David Bowie and Peter Gabriel have already been rumoured for the event, but Loasby insists that — although negotiations are already in hand — no acts have yet been confirmed.

BBC-TV coverage is also expected and, incredibly, tickets went on sale this week — with the promoters' assurance that the price will remain unchanged over the next 50 weeks! They are priced £19.84 *(geddit?)* and are available from the NEC Box-Office, or by post from Spontaneous Ltd., P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW — enclose SAE and allow up to six weeks for delivery.

●ISLE OF WIGHT could again be the setting for a major open-air festival this summer, for the first time since its halcyon days of 1968-70, when it was the mecca for such stars as Bob Dylan, Jimi Hendrix, The Doors, ELP and The Who. Promoter Roger Beswick is planning to revive that era by staging another star-studded event, and has already been assured of support from the local Medina Council. David Bowie is also being sought for this project, as are The Who.

U2 SET OUT at the end of next month on their first major British tour since October 1981. Their schedule takes in 19 concerts, including two London shows, and coincides with the release by Island of their third album 'War' — recorded in Dublin last autumn and produced by Steve Lillywhite, who was also responsible for 'Boy' and 'October'.

the tour schedule takes in Aberdeen Capitol (February 27), Edinburgh Playhouse (28), Newcastle City Hall (March 1), Lancaster University (2), Liverpool Royal Court (3), Portsmouth Guildhall (6), Bristol Colston Hall (7), Exeter University (8), Poole Arts Centre (9), Birmingham Odeon (10), Cardiff St. David's Hall (11), Brighton Top Rank (13), London Hammersmith Odeon (14), Ipswich Gaumont (15), Sheffield City Hall (17), Leeds University (18), Manchester Apollo (19), Derby Assembly Rooms (20) and a return to the Hammersmith Odeon (21).

Tickets for all shows are £4 and £3.50, available from box-offices and usual agents — and all university gigs are open to the general public.

The band release a new single this week. The A-side is 'New Year's Day' from the album, though the coupling 'Treasure (Whatever Happened To Pete The Chop)' will be unavailable elsewhere. It will also be available initially in double-pack and 12-inch formats, both containing three extra live tracks, recorded in Europe last summer — 'Fire', 'A Day Without Me' and 'I Threw A Brick Through A Window'.

ANDREW TYLER on the rise of the Yosser industry

GIS A BREAK!

Actor Bernard Hill as Yosser: "They make me sick."

WITH ITS USUAL exquisite taste, the music business has jumped aboard the Yosser Hughes cult with two singalonga jobless singles already in the shops and more rumoured to be on the way.

Yosser was the unemployed, joyless Liverpool man created by Alan Bleasdale for his recent five-part *The Boys From The Blackstuff* TV series — which made history on Tuesday by beginning a repeat run after only eight weeks.

Yosser wore a Groucho moustache, workman's boots, a donkey jacket, and went about town towing a child on each arm imploring..."Gis a job...I can do that...gis a start". At the end he jumped in a lake.

Now these same Yosser 'catch phrases' turn up on the new singles. Both are allegedly by groups of unemployed Liverpool youths, one lot calling themselves Yosser's Gang, the other The Blackstuff Lads. The song title in both cases is 'Gis A Job'.

Bleasdale himself seems unimpressed by these twists on his original theme. He called the disco rap effort by the Blackstuff Lads "excrement" and told *NME*, "If it wasn't for the fact the BBC hold the copyright on the series I would sue."

The Blackstuff Lads' song is issued on State Records, a label chaired by bubblepop producer Wayne Bickerton, hitherto noted for his spellbinding work with The Rubettes. Bickerton personally fashioned 'Gis A Job' with its *shoowop, shoowop* hook.

The Lads are led by "out of work brickie" Andy Wilson from Liverpool.

John Trott of State says Wilson first came to him a couple of years ago as leader of a group calling themselves Thunderboots. He had a demo of a self-penned track called 'I Remember Lucy' which Trott describes as "Bucks Fizzy". It made the lower end of the Hot 100 then, like Wilson, vanished. When the composer resurfaced five weeks ago with his 'Gis A Job' brainwave Trott immediately went for it.

An approach was made to Yosser actor Bernard Hill to

■ *Continues over*

Yosser's Gang — all with the same surname. Hughes who? Dunno . . .

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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

TV goes OAP

□Channel 4 introduces yet another rock music show this weekend, with the start of the six-part series *Gastank* on Saturday (6.45-7.45pm), and thereafter screened fortnightly. Introduced by **Rick Wakeman** and **Tony Ashton,** it will feature big-name guests in performance, as well as chatting with the two hosts. Lined up for the first show are **Eric Burdon, Status Quo's Rick Parfitt, Alvin Lee** and **The Cimarons.** Subsequent guests include **Maggie Bell, Godley & Creme, Phil Lynott, Steve Hackett, Suzi Quatro, John Entwistle.**

BBC-TV is considering giving **Jonathan King** his own series, based on the American charts, following the success of his regular weekly spot on *Top Of The Pops.* A pilot show is being filmed this month.

Joe Jackson has two major TV showcases on Saturday, January 22. Together with his band, he stars in BBC-2's *Sight & Sound In Concert* (6.30-7.30pm), and there's a documentary about his career on Channel 4 starting at 7.30pm, occupying the greater part of **Paul Gambaccini's** new magazine series *The Other Side Of The Tracks.*

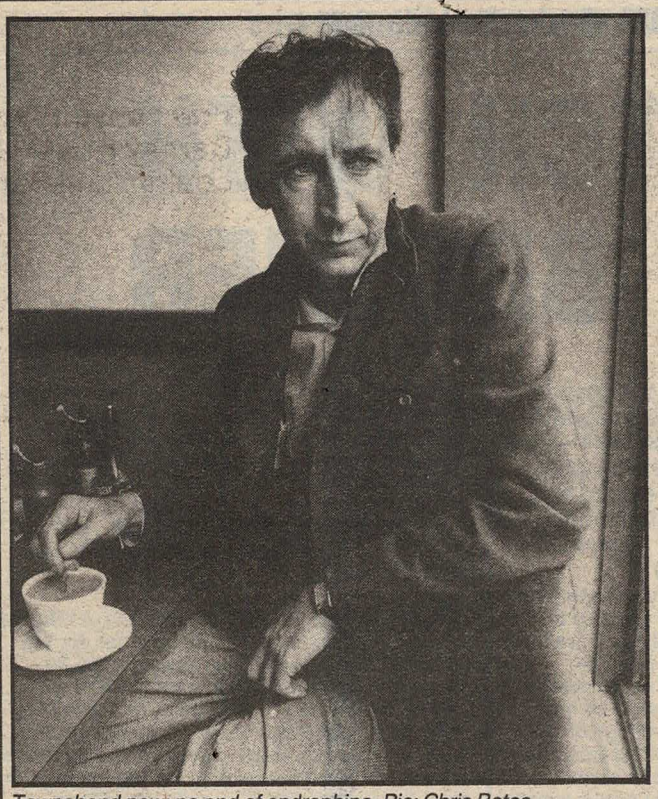
Joe Jackson: double show

Drum breaks

□**Joe Musker,** ex-drummer with **Wah!** and **Dead Or Alive,** has carried out his promise to open a drum-school for the unemployed in Liverpool — as if the place wasn't throwing up enough young hopefuls already! With a dozen pupils already attending, he's looking for new recruits to bring the number up to around forty. Sessions are held at Crawford Arts Centre, Mill Lane, Wavertree, on Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 2pm and Thursdays at 7pm. And anyone jobless is welcome.

Riverside soul

□Riverside Studios, the arts complex in Hammersmith which has been fighting off threats of closure, is looking to music to help ensure its survival. On Saturday January 15 they're staging a night of funk, jazz and soul, featuring **Alison Limerick.** Tickets are £2.00 and the box office number is 01-748 3354. Any other acts interested in appearing on future nights should contact **David Gothard** at the Riverside, on 741 2251.



Townshend now: no end of endrophine. Pic: Chris Bates

Townshend: "How a little black box got me off junk"

WON'T GET HOOKED AGAIN

THREE YEARS AGO Pete Townshend was a million dollars in debt, his marriage was on the rocks, and he was drinking 1½ bottles of cognac a day interlaced with snorts of cocaine to cut through his drunken stupour. As a counter to this coke-booze see-saw, the Who leader took to anti-depressants — eight a day, Ativans — which in turn necessitated three sleepers per night. But by Christmas 1980 even this wasn't working anymore, and Townshend turned to heroin.

"A month later it dawned on me that I was actually dying, that my macho I-can-do-anything mentality would actually kill me.

"It was then I contacted Meg."

'Meg' is Dr Margaret Patterson, the Californian medic who did for Pete what she'd previously done for Keef and Eric...cured him — and simply with the help of her Little Black Box.

Doc Patterson's remarkable drug addiction cure is revealed in the current issue of *Omni,* the high-gloss U.S. science magazine. The little black box is an electrical device worn on one's belt that looks like a Walkman. The treatment is called NET — Neuro-Electric Therapy Stimulation for short.

The cure hinges on a natural bodily substance called endrophine, which controls pain and emotion in the brain.Heroin acts as a kind of substitute for endrophine, so when a person takes the drug, their body ceases to produce endrophine; hence their resistance to pain without heroin is reduced; hence withdrawal pains, and the problems of kicking the habit. Dr Patterson's NET box induces endrophine by means of neurotransmitters delivered by a very slight electric current — and, it is claimed, can reduce the time it takes an addict's body to produce normal levels of endrophine from ten months to ten days.

In *Omni,* Pete Townshend recounts the day-by-day progress of his cure.

"By the second day I realised I was in the home straight...By the third day I felt feelings of sexual desire returning...an inner joy...At the high setting (on the box) I would sometimes have psychedelic experiences..."

Finally, he attests: "Somehow a simple little gadget has made me feel whole — and if I'm ever raped by a crazed pusher and become hooked again I won't hesitate to call Meg and have my addiction handled in this straightforward, completely technical way."

In 1983, Pete Townshend is alive and well and weaned off heroin. These days, the Walkman on his belt just plays Jam cassettes.

— JOE STEVENS

Townshend then: toasting the Rock For Jobs audience with cognac, May '81

Stiffs stiff out

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS maintain the current fashion for disbandments, by becoming the first major band in 1983 to break up. The split, just over five years since they were formed in Belfast, is marked by two farewell gigs — at Newcastle City Hall (February 5) and Glasgow Apollo (6).

The end of the line was reached when singer Jake Burns decided to leave the band, so prompting latest drummer Dolphin Taylor also to go his own way. The other two members, Ali McMordie and Henry Cluney, felt that it was impossible for them to continue functioning — "it could never be the same without Jake", they commented.

Explaining his reasons for wanting out, Burns said he considered their last album 'Now Then' to be the best they had made, adding: "Unfortunately, I think it's also the best we would ever make, so I've decided to call it a day". He's now starting to write new material with the intention of getting another band together for recording, though no definite plans have yet been settled.

McMordie and Cluney, together with manager-lyricist Gordon Ogilvie, are going into the studio to experiment with fresh ideas of their own. Taylor may also sit in on their sessions.

As a farewell gesture, a double compilation album of all the band's singles is to be rush released at a special low price. Their production company Rigid Digits has arranged this with their current label Chrysalis, in co-operation with Rough Trade Records who issued their early singles.

GIS A BREAK

■ *From previous page*

recite the lyrics but Trott reports, "He didn't want anything to do with it. He took it all very seriously and didn't want to make a commercial killing out of the series."

And that presumably is what his company are attempting with their "excremental" product; for instance, a copy was sent to GLC Leader Ken Livingstone and then Red Ken's bemused reply offered to the press for publication — "I am sure I will listen to the record with interest, when I eventually get time to play it!"

But Trott insists that State "believes" in the finished article. "It's a cult," he adds. "If we hadn't done it somebody else would have."

THE FIRST somebody else is Rialto Records with their Yosser's Gang. In publicity shots the group are shown posing earnestly on an iron stairwell above some dustbins. They wear Yosser-type donkey jackets and three out of four have what look like bootpolish moustaches. The fourth is mysteriously moustacheless but has a black smudge on his nose.

All go under the name 'Hughes' to avoid the dole office coming down on them. Rialto report there are actually two more group members but they were out on job interviews at the time of the session.

"Yes," said a spokesman, "we thought it might have been a bit crass and exploitative when we first heard about the idea. But we gave it a listen and didn't think it was. It was as the group described — an extension of the TV series."

Yosser's Gang had the good sense to first canvass Bleasdale's views before issuing their product and thus extracted most of the poison from the author's complaint.

Rialto claim Bleasdale "thought the record summed up the feelings of the play very well". But this would appear to be stretching the facts a little thin.

The author told us this week: "The song completely and utterly takes lines from my script and sets them against a disco backing. But then since it's obviously sincere and done with a great deal of feeling — I don't take such great exception to it."

Taking another stab at the State/Wilson version, he said: "I think it's a colossal nerve. It is a song that tends to glorify the violence that was in Yosser and that wasn't my intention in any way or form. I just can't understand why the BBC aren't taking some action."

The Blackstuff Lads: Yosser meets The Rubettes

Did he know that Wilson is claiming his song has been picked up and adapted by supporters in Liverpool's Kop — that to Wilson's melody they were apparently chiming, "Gis a goal...gis a goal..."

Untrue, said Bleasdale. "They were singing the line six weeks ago, before this song. And I'll be happy to be quoted on that because I was at the match."

Authorised Yosser actor Bernard Hill happened to be in the author's front parlour as we spoke. He came to the phone to offer an even stouter put-down.

"I have a very low opinion of the people who are making these records. In fact I think they make me feel quite sick. I don't like people who ride on the back of someone else's success. If they haven't got an idea in their own heads they shouldn't bother. I'd like to meet a couple of these people and tell them face to face how low down I think they are."

The unofficial Andy Wilson was somewhat disturbed by suggestions that he was taking a parasitic free ride.

He said he "totally associated" with the *Blackstuff* series since he had personally been unemployed for seven months. His last job had been park ranger for the local council, reclaiming their land. His training had not been as a Yosser-type brickie as suggested by State — but as a mural painter.

He and his Blackstuff Lads, official or not, intend joining the march of the unemployed next month from Glasgow to London. They hope to play each main stop along the way. They've also offered their services to a jobless rally the same month in Kirby and want to do social evenings for Liverpool's teenagers in care.

How's that — I asked Bleasdale — for the work of a no-scruples parasite? More like a Gandhi, I'd say.

"You've seen it all. When Rod Stewart becomes a Jesuit priest then I'll believe all that."

note oilskin base — lowry

HAVING BLOWN HIS RECORD COMPANY ADVANCE ON A ROUND OF NEW YEAR DRINKS, MONTY IS OUT ON THE STREET IN HIS NEW WORN-LOOK FLYING JACKET..
I LOOK JUST LIKE ELVIS IN 'KING CREOLE'
WHAT A DOOZIE! PAKAMACS ARE THE NEW TREND..
SAND-BLASTED BY WIMPEY
THROWN BACK ON HIS OWN RESCOURCES MONT' DECIDES TO START A NEW SERVICE INDUSTRY..
SHOESHINE!! SIR...M'AM?..
MONTYS' SHOE SHINE
WHAT SHOES BUA?..
ATTAGIRL! I'M SICK OF THESE HIP METROPOLITAN DUDES TAKING THE PISS OUT OF THESE RAGS ON OUR FEET!
ELSEWHERE-DESPERATE MEN PLY THEIR TRADE..
I'M FROM THE FACE: WE'RE LOOKING FOR AN OLD TRAMP FOR OUR COVER TO SYMBOLISE 1983...
GOTCHA CHIEF!
MM.
YOU'RE DEAD, YOU'RE DEAD!
AT THE NME, POLITICAL CONSCIOUSNESS RAISING SESSIONS..
O-R-W-E-L-L SPELLS ORWELL! M-I-L-I-T-A-N-T SPELLS MILITANT! HAVE YOU GOT THAT?
C-O-C-K-T-A-I-L! OOPS!. SORRY CHIEF, I'LL SORT OUT MY PERSPECTIVES IN TIME FOR NEXT WEEKS ISSUE...
SOUNDS..
WHEN IS A DEAD HORSE NOT A DEAD HORSE?
WHEN IT'S A PUNK!..
OI SOCIALISM!
GEOFFREY HOWE..
BRACE YOURSELF! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH LAND!
THEN!! MONTY SPOTS A SHOE!
I'M NOT GOING TO LET THE PRIME MINISTER DOWN-I'LL SHINE THAT BLOODY SHOE IF IT KILLS ME!
NEXT-POST-THATCHERISM..

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

TEARS FOR FEARS

SONGS
Family Snapshots ..... Peter Gabriel
Happy ..... Dalek I Love You
Destiny ..... Dalek I Love You
Arctic Death ..... Virginia Astley
Great Dominion Teardrop Explodes
America ..... Simon & Garfunkel
Mother ..... John Lennon
Continental Shelf ..... Electric Guitars
Heaven ..... Talking Heads
Ideas As Opiates ..... Tears For Fears
Ghosts ..... Japan
Family Affair ..... Sly & Family Stone

BOOKS
Prisoners of Pain ..... Janov
Primal Revolution ..... Janov
Heart Of Darkness ..... Joseph Conrad
Dibs In Search Of Self Virginia Axline
Birth Without Violence ..... Leboyer
Pincher Martin ..... William Golding

HATES
Psycho killers
Rock 'n' roll
Pure funk
Politics
Pure electronics music
Ambition
Tension
Bands
Pure pop
Religion

Angst '80s style: Tears For Fears — Roland (left) and Curt

LOVES
Bath (where we live)
Physical contact
Caroline
Lynn
Zero Algebra Waldorf Churchill
Treasure and Junior

FILMS
The Elephant Man
Ordinary People
Deer Hunter
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest
Animal House
Marathon Man

FOOD
Stilton
Courgettes in garlic butter
Lasagne
Garlic mayonnaise
Houmus
Beef strogonoff
Corn on the cob
Bernaise sauce

Walker Brother John joins Rough Trade!

LATEST DEVELOPMENT in the seemingly never-ending saga of The Walker Brothers is that Scott Walker, Virgin Records' most reluctant star, is to produce an album featuring the combined vocal attack of John Walker (who's 6' 4") and John's wife Brady (who isn't). And what's more, it's for release on Rough Trade!

Geoff Travis, A&R man at Rough Trade, said: "We are setting up an entirely new label, called Blue Guitar, which will enable us to release material not normally associated with Rough Trade. The John Walker album will be the first project for the new label but we're not thinking of the record as just a one-off thing, but rather as a part of a long-term deal."

John Walker, who's been living in LA since the Walker brothers' last UK record deal with GTO fell through, has now found himself a handy pad somewhere in deepest Sussex. But the whereabouts of Gary Leeds, the third portion of the Walkers, is still unknown — though rumour hath it that he too is residing in Britain and doing a nine-till-five chore in the vicinity of London's East End.

Angst '60s style: Walker Brothers — john (left) and Scott

lowry

"It's Vincent Van Kong, the giant post-impressionist gorilla!"

NEXT WEEK IN NME

From beyond the valley of the dolls, Barney Hoskyns meets the man who couldn't kill Bambi —

RUSS MEYER

☆☆☆☆ LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆☆ LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆☆ LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆☆

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MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS

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ABTA

Zappa: Orch Man's oeuvre for the Barbican. Pic: Tom Sheehan.

Frank goes straight

"OH GAWD! Can anyone tell me the way to London Wall?"

The fat flustered city gent looks like he's been stuck in the middle of the multi-levelled maze of the Barbican Centre forever and a bit longer.

Frank Zappa, wearing a moth-eaten bathrug for a coat, has a certain timeless quality about him as well. He looks the same as ever — mid-length shaggy hair, drooping moustache and a little sliver of hair running down the middle of his chin. He strolls into his little afternoon soiree with the press, his black-ringed hollow eyes barely concealing contempt for the whole affair. It's a mite different from the post-flower power outrages of The Mothers Of Invention: this is a polite, respectable gathering up in the 'garden' room — another day, another press conference.

Zappa's recent work has sounded like the outpourings of a subcultural crackpot — a vision of America entrenched in Californian myopia and coloured with bad acid nightmares. From the dire cool-your-brains humour of 'Joe's Garage (Parts 1-3)' to the clever, clever stuff — yawning opuses like 'Orchestral Favourites' and 'Studio Tan' — everything has been coated in a slimy, cynical veneer.

This time round however Frank is playing it for 'real'. He's in London to supervise rehearsals and produce recordings of his compositions by the London Symphony Orchestra, an engagement that also includes a concert in the Barbican.

He's financed the whole thing himself without the aid of a record company and the lady from the LSO publicity department says everyone is "absolutely thrilled" about the venture. Frank however has his doubts; he's not sure whether all 100 musicians will be able to fit onto the small Barbican stage. The gentlemen of the press lob a few desultory queries in his direction.

So was it hard to write for an orchestra after years working with rock formats?

"Not at all, because I wrote music for orchestras long before I ever wrote for rock groups. I wrote my first orchestral piece when I was 14 or 15 and didn't start writing for rock 'n' roll bands until a few years later," he says testily.

And what sort of audience is he aiming for with his latest project?

"Oh, the sort of people that like that sort of thing."

Zappa's not giving anything away. The whole process of the press conference — him sitting at the front of the room giving smartass questions to dumbass questions — puts him in an aloof, unthreatened position. He's asked about past controversies in Britain and spends most of the time unravelling the legal rigmarole that lead to him being barred from the Albert Hall for obscenity in 1971. Has he changed his ways this time round?

"Fuck, no."

And the concert, is he looking forward to it?

"Well, having seen the stage I'd rather get it over with as quickly as possible and do the recording. The sort of audience that will go to see classical music concerts and even rock groups in England are just trying to be cool anyway."

As if to prove the point, Zappa and conductor Kent Nagono reel off a list of obscure modern composers that they see as being prime influences in their work. Names that no one save pupils at some musical academy in the backwoods of Bavaria could possibly have heard of, but the assembled Fleet Street hacks nod appreciatively all the same.

Oh gawd, can anyone tell me the way to the tube station?

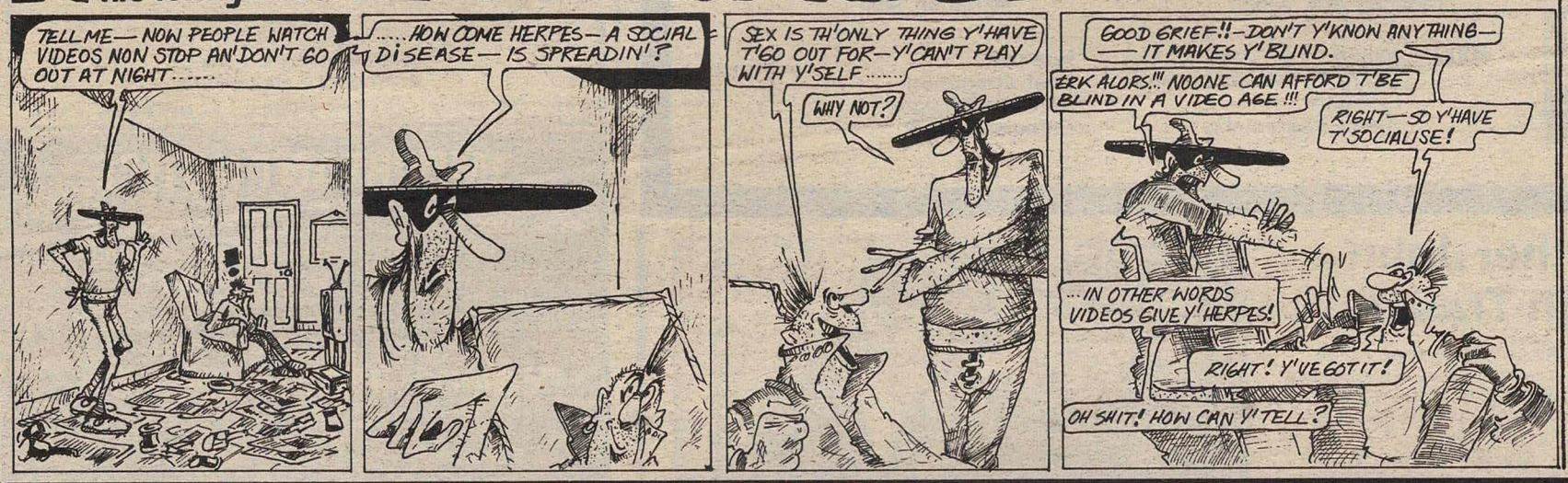
— GAVIN MARTIN

BEST SELLING MUSIC VIDEOS 1982

1:	COMPLETE MADNESS	Madness (Stiff)
2:	THREE SIDES LIVE	Genesis (Wienerworld)
3:	THE COMPLETE BEATLES	The Beatles (MGM/UA)
4:	ONCE UPON A TIME	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Spectrum)
5:	TRANS-GLOBAL UNITY EXPRESS	The Jam (Spectrum)
6:	VIDEO STARS	Various Artists (Wienerworld/EMI)
7:	ONE MAN SHOW	Grace Jones (Island)
8:	VIDEOTHEQUE	Various Artists (Wienerworld/EMI)
9:	QUEEN'S GREATEST FLICKS	Queen (EMI)
10:	LIVE AT THE THEATRE ROYAL	Orchestral Manoeuvres (Virgin)
11:	HOT GOSSIP	Hot Gossip (EMI)
12:	ROCK FLASHBACK	Deep Purple (BBC/3M)
13:	SWAN LAKE	Royal Ballet (EMI)
14:	BEST OF BLONDIE	Blondie (Chrysalis)
15:	LIVE AT THE PALACE, HOLLYWOOD	Sheena Easton (EMI)
16:	LIVE AT POMPEII	Pink Floyd (Spectrum)
17:	MUSIC SHOW Vol.1	Abba (Intervision)
18:	LIVE AT THE RITZ, NEW YORK	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)
19:	LIVE AT THE RAINBOW	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)
20:	PRINCE CHARMING REVUE	Adam & The Ants (CBS/Fox)

Chart courtesy of HMV Shops Ltd.

the lone groover benyon


TELL ME— NOW PEOPLE WATCH VIDEOS NON STOP AN' DON'T GO OUT AT NIGHT.....
.....HOW COME HERPES— A SOCIAL DISEASE— IS SPREADIN'!?
SEX IS TH'ONLY THING Y'HAVE T'GO OUT FOR— Y'CAN'T PLAY WITH Y'SELF.....
WHY NOT?
GOOD GRIEF!!— DON'T Y'KNOW ANYTHING— IT MAKES Y' BLIND.
ERK ALORS!!! NOONE CAN AFFORD T'BE BLIND IN A VIDEO AGE !!!
RIGHT— SO Y'HAVE T'SOCIALISE!
...IN OTHER WORDS VIDEOS GIVE Y' HERPES!
RIGHT! Y'VE GOT IT!
OH SHIT! HOW CAN Y' TELL?

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A comic that Dares... to win

DESPITE THE current voguishness of comic strip cinema, from *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* to *Blade Runner,* the British comic industry has been slow to pick up the lead given by *2,000 AD,* Loping sadly along at the same old level, Brit comix have perpetually promised a breakthrough but have been held back in equal measures by distribution problems and the clinging hippy legacy within the industry.

Now at last, with the release of Marvel UK's *The Daredevils,* there's a comic aiming to balance the safe ground of the American super-hero strips and the obscurity of the British underground.

The aim of the *The Daredevils,* according to editor Bernie Jaye, is to introduce people to the comics medium at large, instigate analysis, discussion, experiment and development and get across to the widest age-group possible.

The most important feature of the magazine from the point of view of those already attuned to comics is their decision to reprint the American *Daredevil* strip, dating back to the first involvement of Frank Miller — who started off drawing the strip, later took on the job of writing it as well, and along the way produced a stunning comic noir of awesome and addictive brilliance. Previously available only in American editions, the strips reproduced in the first couple of issues of *The Daredevils* have been known to fetch sums of over twenty quid.

Apart from Daredevil, there's a commercial dose of early Spiderman and an original strip in the shape of a new Captain Britain, rescued from Yankee hands and given an effective Anglicising treatment by Alan Moore and Alan Davis.

"We aim in the future to feature more original strips," Bernie comments, "because there is a tremendous amount of talented artists in Britain. We also hope to include more features, like we've got one coming up on women in comic strips. We'd like to cover the history of comics and also the possible future directions, include reviews of other comics and fanzines and generally throw the whole thing open.

LET THERE BE LIFE!
HE SCREAMS NOW THE SCREAM STARTS ON A PLANE BEYOND TIME BEYOND SPACE BEYOND LIFE AND DEATH THE SCREAM ENDS ON
DARKMOOR SEPTEMBER THE EIGHTY-FIRST
D-DARKMOOR I'M ALIVE
I'M ALIVE AND I'M ON DARKMOOR

From Captain Britain (Daredevils No.1) created by Alan Moore and Alan Davis

"Another thing we intend to do is to include articles on music and cinema, which do overlap with comics a lot.

"Comics have always been seen as a bit of a poor relation in that sense. What we'd ultimately like to do is overthrow that low status, so that comics could develop the same credibility as films and music, which I think they certainly deserve to."

After the spurious put-a-few-big-tits-in-and-call-it-adult- attitude of a lot of undergrounds, the broad-based appeal of *The Daredevils* strikes a refreshingly powerful blow for a wider acceptance of comics.

The *Daredevils* is published monthly by Marvel UK, the second issue is on sale now and costs 50p.

— **DON WATSON**

29 (—) **DEAR ADDY**—Kidd Creole & The Coconuts.
30 (25) **OI DON'T WANNA DANCE**—Eddie Grant.

Thought not... Spotted in the Daily Mirror by Andrew Humphrey

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KOW 26/KOW 26T KOROVA

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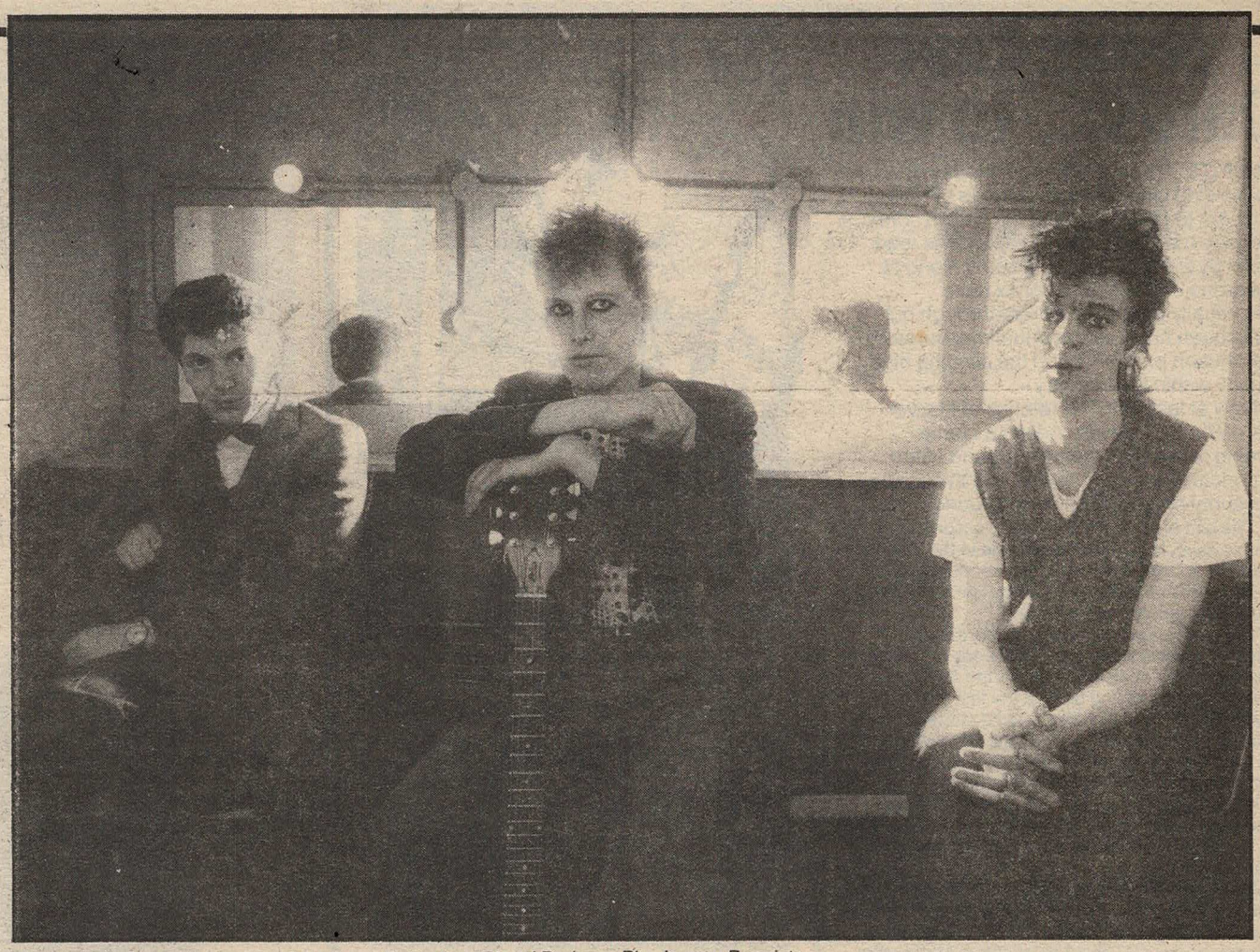
DON WATSON pricks the pimples of Fiat Lux's post-pubescent angst

WINTER STALE



Fiat Lux L-R: Ian Nelson, Dave Crickmore, Sebastian 'Steve' Barbaro. Pic: Jeremy Bannister

IT'S HEAD DOWN and foot stamping weather — breath is frosting and Sebastian Barbaro is turning blue. For the last few hours he's been chasing a couple of giant puppets through the streets, dodging the shoppers and bringing a little brightness to the dead-faced, plodding mob — another Wednesday afternoon beneath the plastic snowflakes for a member of a street theatre group.

More importantly for the moment, though, Barbaro is also the founder of Fiat Lux — the band that began after his departure from the innovative Yorkshire Actors theatre group, and was unexpectedly transformed into an operative outfit thanks to a chance meeting with a previous Yorkshire Actors collaborator, Bill Nelson.

Barbaro picked up keyboards player/percussionist David Crickmore to give a musical base to his songs, Nelson donated the use of his studios, and the result was the single 'It Feels Like Winter Again' — a cold shiver of pin-prick electronics released on Nelson's Cocteau label and awarded the supreme accolade of *NME* Single Of The Week.

More, they claim, by accident than design, the single has landed at a time when there seems to be a new genre of electronic music clambering its way up the charts, with the like of Tears For Fears pushing a vamped-up depresso-pop and opening the way for new contenders like Fiat Lux.

Now with Ian Nelson, Bill's brother and a former member of Red Noise, augmenting the sound on saxophone and a highly successful support slot on the recent Blancmange tour behind them, Fiat Lux are in a favourable climate. The question is whether they are capable of picking up the emotional challenge of Yazoo, or whether they signify the spreading of another pimple rash of post-pubescent angst poetry. Well?

"Well," David begins, "the content of our songs is very emotion-drenched, but so many of the bands that have been out in the past that have had that synthesised background have tended to become very stark — the wailing vocals often seem to be just part of a formula and they don't really convey any emotion.

"Our music has quite a poppy feel to it, but it's also always got an emotional, anguished content, which is a tug on the heartstrings almost. We have very little respect for bands like Depeche Mode — that's just throwaway music."

"All our songs are genuine," Sebastian continues, "in that they come from one sort of genuine feeling or another. I mean, I couldn't write anything that I didn't mean, because the emotion just wouldn't be there.

"Like when I wrote 'Feels Like Winter Again' I was going through what the song's about, which is a girl leaving me for one of my best friends, so I had plenty of emotional stimulus to come up with a line like *'It feels like winter again in my heart'.*"

Here is where we hit upon Fiat Lux's weak point — another feature they share with Tears For Fears is the tendency to package banalities as profound statements. 'Feels Like Winter Again' might recount a genuine experience but it does so in a manner that lurches well into trite territory. I find it hard to believe that a line like *"And now that it's all over / I'm looking for a shoulder"* could have been written with a straight face.

"Well when I was writing the song," Sebastian argues, "I was feeling so churned up that I just wanted to get the emotion that I was feeling out — but also I was feeling sufficiently pissed off with the situation that I wanted to say these kind of things. I was pissed off and all wound up and didn't really care."

Sadly, Sebastian is no Tracey Thorn — the voyeuristic thrill of 'public diary' songs can be an inspiration when they contain some cutting and original analysis, but the whole "She-left-me-for-another" bar-room lamentation approach taken in 'Winter' is pretty tired. Surely there's a limit to the number of heart-wrenching experiences you have to recount?

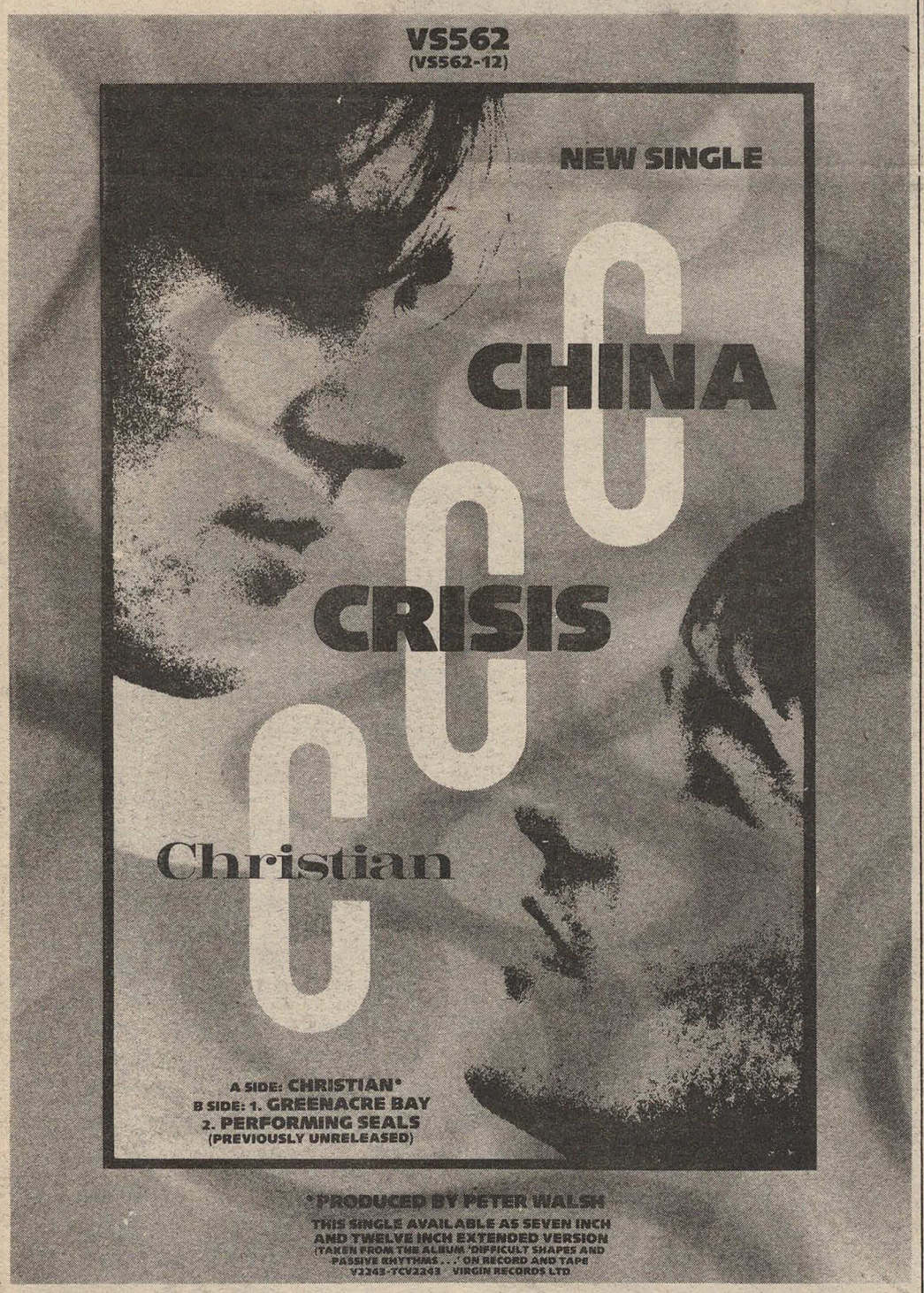
"Well, I think success could be a problem in that sense," David admits. "The only reason the songs are as they are now is because of the position we're in. If we were successful we'd be like an author that made his name writing about the working class in Bognor and ended up in the West End, cut off from his inspiration."

"Success isn't something we're hankering after, though," Sebastian adds hastily.

So what are their wild ambitions and crazy demands?

"It's just the idea of being able to live off something that is an artistic creation. It's all very well singing in your bedroom, but to be able to do it outside and make a living out of it is a nice thought."

If that doesn't come off, it's back to chasing puppets.



Linda McCartney's shots in the Eye

'Isobel Pouring Milk, Scotland 1969' by Linda McCartney

WE MIGHT HAVE expected to see Linda McCartney's photo-exhibition in the Walker Art Gallery — an architectural shrine that befits her husband's fortune. But no, in the best tradition of homespun philanthropy, the exhibition blessed itself all over Liverpool's friendly, thrown-together Open Eye Gallery.

1982 was a mixed year for the Open Eye. The studios in which OMD and Echo & The Bunnymen made some early recordings were closed in May, and in June the ace Open Mouth cafe was axed. But the photo-gallery and the independent film-makers have managed to stay afloat and the exhibitions have spat in the face of those setbacks with some inspirational displays.

And so the McCartneys take a seasonal stroll into Liverpool. They haven't come all red suits and white beards, with sacks full of charitable loot for the artistically needy — they've come to patronize us with Linda's snaps, taken largely from her two books *Linda's Pictures* and *Photographs.*

Linda was a professional rock-biz photographer before she married Paulus in '69 and the 'stars' inevitably shine in this 52-piece, mostly B&W collection which forces the famous and the not-so-famous to rub reluctant shoulders. One notable black-hole in this galaxy is George Harrison — the only Beatle conspicuous by his absence. The omission is echoed in the Open Eye 'comment book', which also acts as a valuable reference point for the whole exhibition:

"You seem to be portraying a very safe and comfortable world which is far removed from how life looks from here".

And:

"Lovely little snaps of Burt Lancaster, your husband, Ono and all the other underprivileged, bleak, and lonely" (which include Jagger, Richards, Dylan, Hendrix, Joplin, and Ginger Baker cogitating the art of motor-cycle maintenance).

The not-so-famous lens lookers are left without names and their photographs are given thought-provoking titles — 'Boy In Glasses' and 'Old Men Against Wall'.

Documentary photographers often face the problem of how far their work should look 'into' rather than just 'at' a subject. If Linda's aim was to describe rather than explain, then she succeeds. Like her subjects, Linda's photographs are highly manufactured, manipulated, and masturbatory.

She's been called a gold-digger, and now she's being called a richman's pampered wife looking for a pseudo-creative hobby. The accusations are ignorant and false. Linda McCartney is *not* an outstanding photographer, but her efforts *are* serious.

If I'd taken these photos, I'd feel pretty pleased with myself. Linda's satisfied grin stretches from the 'Pool' right back to 'The Mull'.

—BILLY MANN

●Linda McCartney's exhibition is running at the Bede Gallery, Springwell Park, Jarrow, Tyne & Wear from February 9 to March 6.

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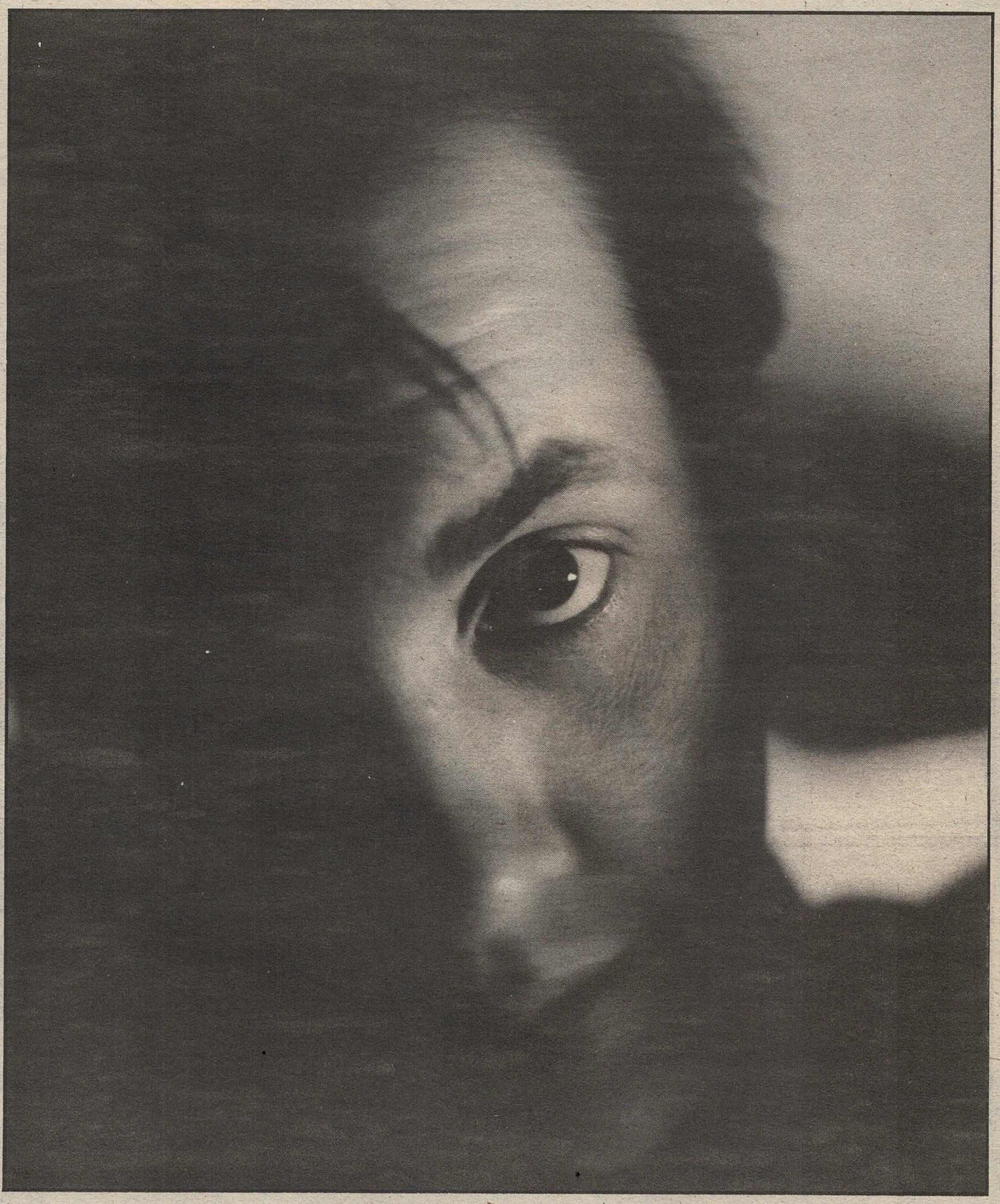
STIFF RECORDS

STAR WAH! MAY THE CHARTS BE WITH YOU

PETE WYLIE puts his music where his mouth was, and WAH! hit back with a chart success. PAUL DU NOYER explains how. Photo JOHN STODDART.



PETE WYLIE made a kind of resolution a while ago: this time around he'd go easy on the wild prophesies.

Instead of *telling* the world how stupendously crucial and magnificent his Wah! was going to be, he'd just go and do it, and let his mouth do the shouting afterwards.

To some extent he's stuck to his plan, but every so often those vaulting ambitions of his still get the upper hand.

"I really think, no, I shouldn't say now, I'll tell you when the next interview comes out...But I really think, y'know, this is gonna be the best LP of 1983. I mean, just on the strength of the songs we've got already, it'll be a killer!"

Well, as it happens, I don't think he'll be far wrong. The new songs Wah! are recording right now carry a certain stamp of greatness, and when the summer comes and they're all released, then we might yet see Wylie living up to the legend that he and other Wah-enthusiasts constructed so eagerly (if, perhaps, prematurely) back in the glory days of the group's first 45s.

IT'S TWO years, almost to the week, that *NME* carried its Wah! Heat cover story: Wylie waxed strong and proud and confident, and entertained us all with his clever little world "rockism" — only to find himself, over the months that followed, hoist by his own petard.

Wah! Heat themselves fell out of fashion and favour, too much rockist bluster and crashing guitars in a new age of cool calculation and coy pop.

They signed soon afterwards to WEA and put out a patchy LP 'Nah Poo The Art Of Bluff' — I loved it still, for the fire it breathed and the heroism it struggled for, even if a mix of inexperience and indulgence got the results rather muddled in the process. The relationship with WEA was an unhappy one, and Wah! couldn't get a hit to save their lives, or their contract.

About a year ago, I watched them play in London and they were muddy, confused and desperate. Wylie's celebrated wind-ups of the audience degenerated into something sour and charmless, and I slipped away uneasy, skipping the backstage scene of tears and recriminations.

The career which once promised so much appeared to have taken a very wrong turning. But the most hopeful aspect of any low point is that things can only start getting better — assuming things are allowed to carry on at all — and things did get better and they haven't stopped yet.

Wah! go into 1983, still the nucleus of frontman Pete and bassist Washington, plus illustrious aids, and their newest single 'Story Of The Blues' is the most successful they've yet done, with enormous airplay and real chart action. Backed up by Sylvia And The Sapphires, they even took the song onto primetime Christmas TV, in a show along side The Nolans and David Essex. Plans are in hand for several more screen appearances.

Much encouraged by the new demos, WEA have re-signed the group, and even Pete can't complain about the effort the company's put into pushing 'Story Of The Blues'.

"Y'see, we realised about four months ago that we didn't mean anything, anywhere — except deep in the hearts of some people who remembered us — so we thought, we've gotta get back in the public eye. And so far it's gone really well. But it's not *just* a case of getting known: we can back it up now. The new songs are the best we've ever done.

"It's really annoying when people still come up and say 'Better Scream' (the debut single) is the best thing we've ever done. I don't care any more, that was three years ago and a different group. One of the things that bothers me is that some people still want it to be Wah! Heat, and that phase was just an accident.

"I'm dead confident again. I tended to lose that a bit."

But everything did go very quiet for you for a while, didn't it?

"Partly that was a conscious decision. We could have taken all that basic guitar rock as far as we could, but that wouldn't have been very far. So I spent a year back in our studio in Liverpool, just learning. I already knew about energy and character being important in a group, and that was something we always tended to have, even when we did bad songs or played badly. But I had to learn the musical things too.

"Cos I'm close to Liverpool still, it's always tempting to start talking about that scene up there. But that's horrible, it just gets stupid, cos it ends up second world war back home. And I know that they're not the people I'm competing with any more. There's more important targets. I even heard a Flock Of Seagulls track that I thought was OK the other day!

"I don't think *they're* any big deal, but I won't dismiss them out of hand. That's the most dangerous thing you can do to 'opponents', cos they can come up behind you when you're not expecting it, and you're fucked.

"But I'm dead keen when lousy groups are successful, cos I know how much better *we* are, and I think we can really wipe them out. I'm really glad about the way the music scene is at the moment, bland and unsatisfying, cos it means that when people see groups like us they'll start thinking, Why do I like Haircut 100 when there's this? It's the difference between a snack and a meal..."

NEAR THE END of last year, Wah! slipped out an unofficial LP, 'The Maverick Years'. Dressed in plain bootleg style, white label and all, it was a funny collection of demos, alternate takes and re-recorded versions, covering milestones in the group's story since the epic 'Seven Minutes To Midnight'. It was actually released through their own label, Wonderful World Of (an outlet that's given birth to singles by Liverpool acts It's Immaterial and Black).

According to Wylie, the record was "mainly to let people know we were still here, partly to let them know we haven't run out of songs, and partly to re-establish ourselves in the indie thing, to let people know we haven't betrayed it. Er, it was also a way of getting some money, which we needed, desperately."

That's one particular pressure that's been eased by re-signing, especially since the success of 'Story Of The Blues'. With the long outspoken monologue that Pete delivers on the 12" version — blasting his detractors and proclaiming the necessity of self-belief — the record amounts to a virtual exorcising of the recent past.

"I just have to get things like that out of my system, by writing. But it's not just therapy for *me*. People can feel good if they hear something that they've got something in common with. I know if I go through something bad, I love to hear something or read something I can 'relate to' — er, 17 inverted commas around that, if you don't mind!"

Try as he might to keep it all under control, the old bravado just seems to keep busting through Wylie's conversation. Partly because it's so guileless, and genuine, and partly because he's really got the vision and the ability to justify it all, I never find Wylie objectionable, even when he's reflecting with narcissistic pleasure on somebody's recent description of him as as "the swaggering poet ruffian".

"That's the best thing I've ever been called — except when X. Moore was on about the nutter thing, which I'm also well into — cos it's got a bit of romanticism and nobility to it, and the intellectual thing, but at the same time it's got the ruffian bit to counterbalance it, so it's not simply some wet, but something with bottle."

Wah! have rarely achieved as much as they're truly capable of, but it's the soaring, straining quality of *aspiration* in all they do which, to me, marks them out as special. I quote another poet to him, Robert Browning, who wasn't much of a ruffian but who *did* say, "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" And Pete seems quite pleased by the description.

"That's good, that. But I've learned, y'know. I was always making too much of a conscious effort to be a legendary super-powerful group, whereas I've stopped talking about it in those terms now, and I just want to do me very best. And if people are drawn to it, then that's great. And if they're not, I'll accept that. I've learned to accept that some people won't like the group, whereas I used to find that really hard to accept, that people couldn't see how great we were!

"I dunno," he frowns, suddenly troubled. "Maybe I'm growing old or something. I'm getting *reasonable*!"

A GENUINE

DIETER MEIER largely resembles a dashing debauched hybrid of David Niven and Salvador Dali.

As well as having the bold wrinkles, the bright eyes and the portable tooth brush moustache, he natters like a Niven — a thousand and three sprained stories; and darts like a Dali — a million surfaces to dust, a million ways to wink, a mere genius of charm and lurk.

He has the radical honesty that both children and deviant adults can possess. He settles down on jet planes a lot. The other day he was in Miami, and in a moment he will be in Zurich. We still find time to find time still. This is our first meeting: it could be our seventeenth and we would still be strangers.

He has a dark racy relish for the tact and tactics of art. He's pretty neat. A rascal, but then I may be wrong.

TELL US about the 'original inspiration to create.'

It was a very abstract thing. I just knew that I wanted to create, because to me this is the only way to define myself. I studied to be a lawyer. My family is in all kinds of business things; and all these type of things, that have a direct functional rationality in the world, don't make sense to me . . .

Why not?

Um . . . how shall I say . . . that's a very good question . . . Why did I not become a lawyer? Or a banker . . . Probably I might be wrong but the criteria and the frame within which you have to function if you want to get somewhere is not too much of a game for me. It was too narrow. I don't see it as an achievement that I dropped out, I just could not fulfil what was expected of me.

You preferred to play games . . .

In a way you could say that . . . but it's more, I am a serious gambler.

So you bit into irrationality, experimented with chance and rejoiced to work on the borders of farce.

I was never convinced that I should do 'this' or do *this* or do THIS, it was more a desperate desire for everything. I had nothing in my head, I did not know what I should do, so the first statement I made as — let's call it an artist, it's easier — was something that had nothing to do with any criteria anywhere of doing something good.

I did the most stupid thing that you can do, but it was a definition of myself, an abstract breaking through the wall of wanting to be creative, and . . . I did the most stupid thing you can believe. What I did had to do with doing it in public, it could not have happened in my family's garden, it had to be a statement to the world so to speak.

So I had a lorry put ten thousand pieces of iron onto a square. There was this pile of pieces of iron, and I put a four-yard frame of wood around the pile, and I sat on the floor and filled piece by piece these pieces of iron into bags. So at the end of six days working at it ten hours a day, instead of this pile there was a thousand bags of ten pieces each.

I was not convinced at the thought of being a painter, but at that time this doing what I wanted to do, this doing *the* most stupid thing, was important to me.

And what did you feel once this had been done.

I was proud of myself, that I had made this kind of statement, it was like a birth. I gave birth to myself with this stupid thing. Yeah, I felt good, I was proud, probably more proud than after having written a 200 page novel.

Is this how you view your life and the art within or around it, as something to be *proud* of, or afterwards does it all seem so easy, so inevitable?

It was inevitable, but at the same time it was a turning point and pride dosen't seem out of place . . . because afterwards, in a way there was no turning back. It was like a jump into a river where you could never get back to the bank. I was taken as a lunatic by my parents, you must know how narrow Zurich is, and all my friends of my parents and all these people were saying — what bad luck they have with their son. And I could not go into normal business at that time, no way.

My brother is a manufacturer of stockings and socks, and doing that I see that you have to pull this load for 90 per cent of the time before you get to the part that is interesting.

I presume you were brought up similarly, how do you account for this fork in your activities, this incompatibility?

That's probably the gambling side . . . having the same background and probably the same brain possibility, I am nevertheless someone who in a very safe way takes risks. I never take risks that could hurt my life. I take — how shall I say? — well, I don't believe very much in astrology, but my sign is Pisces and all that really fits my character. I don't live anywhere. I have never bought a chair in my whole life. I hate to collect anything and if someone gives me a record I will think, I have to give this away — I don't want to have to carry this for my whole life. I don't like to be given things. I never bought a fork in my whole life.

Like a fish in the ocean I'm at home anywhere. As long as I'm in the water then it's OK.

THE FEAR of the vulgar is the obverse of the fear of excellence, and both are aspects of the fear of difference: symptoms of a drive for conformity on the level of the timid sentimental mindless-bodiless genteel.

ALL THAT I do . . . it sounds so ridiculously impressive. All the things I do, in fact they are just sidelines, side products that fall off me as I walk along.

Why do you choose the term 'ridiculously impressive'.

Well, if I tell you that at this moment I am

having an exhibition as an artist in Zurich, I just finished an album, I finished a new film script, I design in Paris, I've just finished a novel for children, I'm about to sort of finish...

I could go on, and that's why I say it sounds ridiculously impressive. People who know me and who know all that I'm doing always say, well, that's crazy, because basically I'm a very lazy person . . . who's just concentrating as a moralist on his work and these things, they sort of fall out of my pocket. It's not as if I force it. Except when I am writing, this is a fight.

Because you directly confront the problems, inherent in every medium, of 'what it's actually for'?

Yes. To actually be confronted with the crazy totality of the best that you can do at that moment . . . and also the criteria of the reflection of what I'm doing is for me nowhere as near so precise as when I'm writing a novel.

The main character in the novel I'm writing, he's a rotten genius type figure who says that every written word is the death of dialectic, because it's going to be misused as a tool. Look at Marx, beautiful writer, fantastic thinker; look at Freud. And out of his incapability to produce something as a writer, he idolises Socrates as the living dialectic and he sits in a steambath making very crazy speeches about God and the world and he directs mad little theatre pieces . . . and this character, he's fatter than me, but he has a lot to do with myself, for sure.

AT THE NEXT peg the Queen turned again and this time she said, "Speak in French when you can't think of the English for a thing — turn your toes out as you walk — and remember who you are."

AND I THINK the big problem for every artist on the level of the artificiality of art, it's like standing as a bullfighter opposite the bull, is that you dare, knowing all about this artificiality, find back your identity and your personality. And somehow art is the parabola of the individual being a divine unique *being* exposed to this world not wanting to end up in a loony hospital.

Is the artist, the creative individual, a great representation of the free dream of choice?

Yes. Right, very right. By definition art is escaping, or should be outside, the kind of western functional thinking . . . but of course this is the great problem for every artist, he does something because he is unique as an individual and trying to define himself, so this is questioning all other art because it is unique . . . it's him, and so at first it's not accepted at all in society.

I think the very important point is that if someone who is lucky or strong and he goes through with his things and becomes accepted — and this is the second sin for the artist — it's all about whether he dies from the gold bullets that are shot his way or whether he isn't affected by it and it runs off him like water off a duck's back.

For me commerciality is a factor every artist has to accept as a major part of being on this planet, selling his product. All the people who deny this, who say we don't want to know, they are exactly the people who are going to be killed by it as soon as it comes at them.

All those many friends of mine I had coming out of the revolutionary movement, the ones that never dealt with money and commerciality and all those things, were very idealistic, they are now the ones sitting on their wide arses in the TV companies, pressing down on all new ideas. They were the ones who never agreed that commerciality is a factor of being on this planet. If you say I don't want to know, then you act like a kid.

Ignoring an artist is one way society kills an artist and a second way is by throwing gold at the artist. You have to catch the gold, and throw it back, not refuse it, but organise yourself in a way that you can do what you want to do, what you have to do, and not be buried by the gold.

What does money mean to you, what does it give you?

I am in a very lucky position that never in my life have I had any money problems, and it would be a lie if I said I ever had to struggle. Even the money for the feature length movie I did came, pha, I don't know, I would never have expected it, it came like a dream over night. So I was always lucky with money.

I was a professional gambler from 18 to 23, sometimes I was broke, but I was always lucky. Out of this luxurious position I can say that money doesn't mean anything to me, and because of it I can live anyhow, I can live in a shit hole. Whereas this friend of mine who makes music with me and comes from a prolétarian background, for him to live in a flat in New York with another friend of mine, a really dirty loft-hole of an alchoholic painter ... I don't care just lying on the floor there, but for him it is too much, he cannot take this.

Tomorrow I could have no money and it would not matter, somehow I would get through. Pha! I don't care. Also, having money as an artist — how shall I say? — I could afford to be very uncommercial with my art, and all those pieces I did at the beginning, there was nothing to sell at all. I was always suffering for not being taken seriously by other artists because I didn't have to survive with my art, and I understood their viewpoint.

So, if I had more money now, if I had a million dollars, I could afford to do the film I want to do, and I wouldn't have to communicate with the world so I could take the money out of their hand, and that would be wrong in a way. If I take the money out of my own pocket to produce something, then it is wrong, it won't work. There is no tension.

It is much more interesting to fight to get someone to give you the money. This person then has a certain amount of power over you, and to keep your identity in the face of this power is interesting and measures the commitment to the art. Having your own money places you in the position of being inside, like, a luxurious loony hospital. You don't have to seriously communicate what you do to this world. I would rather find some commercial people who want to make money with me rather than take an easy dollar out of my own pocket.

I AM AFRAID of those who look for a tendency between the lines, and who are determined to regard me either as a liberal or a conservative. I am not a liberal, not a conservative, not a believer in gradual progress, not a monk, not an indifferentist. I should like to be a free artist and nothing more . . . I have no preference either for *gendarmes*, or for butchers, or for scientists, or for writers, or for the younger generation. I regard trademarks and labels as a superstition.

I GIVE A total shit for having. It's a neurotic thing. I hate having. I have to buy myself shoes from time to time but it's a pain in the arse. I hate it, and I always do it like a dog pissing, very quickly, to have it behind me. And I buy the same shoes, the same jackets and the same trousers all the time. The only way I put on a bit of fantasy is ties. I like ties . . . but I just lost all my ties in New York.

And it didn't bother you?

Aah! But there were two or three that I could still use . . .

What is it about ties?

Ties! For me to be dressed is to be able to walk out of Claridges and into a punk club. A key that fits into every door. That's how I see clothes. So the only fantasy I realise is ties, which are quite accepted most places and which don't take a lot of energy to wear. And shirts, I can go for shirts. I think if you dress obviously full of fantasy then this is like a fulltime job, to walk around as a living painting. And if you are really original in yourself then there will be a lot of aggression towards you.

If you wear something original, like the kids at the Palace when they are outside, then you can create the same kind of tension as you do if you come up with an original painting.

At its best extremes, is this kind of presentation the equivalent of the iron bits and the bags: the first self-acknowledgement of the uniqueness of self and the potential of creativity?

Sure. When I was young, 20 or 22, I had long green hair . . . because I couldn't concentrate on forming something, I needed to use my energy somewhere, so I could use it by absorbing all the aggression that was directed towards me through having green hair. Taking my green hair out to the public was like a piece of art. It was a definition of myself at that time and of course I had to suffer for it.

Does the triviality of the aggression directed to green hair or George's eyebrows sadden you?

It's a trivial response but at the same time it's a revenge. A very deep revenge out of these peoples' unhappiness of being in uniform and being just exchangeable creatures on this planet walking through a few thousand days into the oven. I mean, they could just not care, it does not affect them, but they deeply feel that here is an individual who is vitally trying to be himself, which is a fantasy for all these people — who were never strong enough or who never had the chance just to be themselves.

DUCHAMP congratulated Tinguely on being funny, and said that humour was a thing of great dignity.

WHAT I THINK especially these days in Europe is that the times of the avant garde as a category are over. I believe that these days when you can shit in a gallery, do whatever you like and want, and it is accepted immediately, that there is more of a thrill and more of a demand in trying to do what Shakespeare did — to entertain a peasant as well as the most decadent aristocrat, basically to deal with entertainment.

You bring the random reason of a European art attitude into the alphabetical arrangement of popular music: you tuck the grace and chance of art into the frank, vulgar context of entertainment, announcing that the 'art' can introduce novel extremes into the entertainment and the 'entertainment' can stir corrupting patterns into the art. Briefly, blandly, entertainment with edge, art without polemical excesses.

Absolutely, sure. Nothing more do I want...

I would like to work in the context of heavy Hollywood, for example, as a film maker, you know! To oppose those real heavies who invest a lot of money into films is to give birth to myself again. To do something in that context is to genuinely fight for the things that I want to put on this earth, a particular sort of creating yourself but not in the half-lunatic state of a crazy painter, in the context of heavy Hollywood.

This, for me, I think is a much more demanding thing. I want to work in that context, within popular music. To be commercial. I would still want to do my little 16 millimetre films with a little camera, but that's a completely different thing. My main thing is to function within the parameters of total commerciality and then 'be myself'.

To show that there are greater responses available, a great potential for living, an available uniqueness and privilege, within the context of entertainment: achieve what is made into a radical thing and actually over-estimate people and their capabilities.

Right. I believe very much . . . I'm a moralist basically and I believe in the truth and the revolution of the very very smallest thing. What interests me in a movie is never the overall story or message; what interests me is to tell an actor how in a certain situation he should order a beer.

The life and hope within . . .

The little things . . . sure. And producers, out of their incapability to do anything, because they have no eyes and no ears, they put out comedies and films and things and always they are DULL and stupid and they say, Well, we have to do this for the people, because the people don't understand other things. They say this!

Now, there is no country that has a lower cultural level than Germany. The Germany. The Germans are the most uneducated people — really, you should not print that. But I am sure that the culture of the people is zero, it's what they lost after the second world war . . . how they eat . . . I mean, the lousiest pub in London is heaven compared to the best German equivalent . . .

PHOTOS
ANTON CORBIJN

NUMBER FOUR IN A SERIES OF FOUR...

Dieter Meier is an international traveller and eccentric, a performance artist and the leader of the group, Yello. He comes from Switzerland, but where he's going to is anybody's guess. Paul Morley probes behind Meier's David Niven moustache and his necktie fetish...

THE PAUL MORLEY PROFILES

But I wanted to say that the Coppola movie *The Godfather*, it was a big success in the German cinemas, and two years later it was shown on TV. I was in Germany at the time, and the streets were — 60 per cent of the population were watching the movie, and this for me had to do with peoples' understanding and their potential to appreciate the preciseness with which Coppola got this drama together. He gave life to these characters.

So people do understand. They want to know these things. It is not true that they want the dull and the stupid. But if they only get the stupid things then don't have a chance — and of course not being strong and educated they don't know how to fight for different things and they just accept the dull and the stupid.

I'M OPPOSING the stupid, the dullness, the arseholes, the system with everything I have, but I do not believe in an idealistic opposition which talks of how it should be done in an ideal new society. I believe in the dialectic of everyday life. I want to change things by the way I talk to the life boy . . . by the way I react to things every second.

So that everything is unforgettable whether anyone knows it or not?

Not unforgettable... but I try to give everything every second unless I feel that people are punishing me in a way that I can't take it and then I have to give up to protect myself. My power is not directly against anything.

A great example of that is Karl Kraus who could only be *against* and so created very nice things, but also bullshit, because he sometimes had to make up an enemy in order to knock him down. He was an Austrian writer critic, genius, a lonely fighter in the '20s in Germany. He was from Vienna, and he always had to invent this immediate enemy and then he beat the shit out of it. That made him strong...

But for me, it's not that. I never fight against something... I just fight for subjective truth and try to get closer and closer.

IS WHAT we're seeing here a great and useful commitment to living?

I think so... but the on the other hand it's not like wanting to give an example, that kind of thing. I think the Salvation Army point of view is all wrong. The first thing must not be wanting to give an example but taking care of yourself. You have all these things inside yourself that you should take care of and develop. This is the contrary of egotism, to take care of yourself, and as an expression of this, it's a by product, you probably are an example. But I would never *want* to be an example.

You don't have the conceit of the social worker — "We are all on the earth to help others, what on earth the others are here for I don't know". You don't want to help anyone?

No, no, no ... not at all.

So everything comes from the perpetuation, protection, fulfilment of self?

Right. I have to fulfil the divine unique animal I am. But everybody is this, and everybody should do this, and as I said this is the contrary of egotism; *it has nothing to do with egotism*. I think taking care of yourself in a good way is the only possible way to take care of other people.

How does pain enter into this flamboyance?

For me pain is not if someone punches my nose or my soul and did not intend to, but if someone intends to do something bad because he has to, he is on this planet to do this, like Iago in *Othello*. A tragical character who has to do bad, and he is on the world to represent the bad, so he cannot do anything else.

This really hurts me, to see people who have to do the bad and cannot escape it. That's a pain. I think the whole idea of our planet and evil ... there's something WRONG there.

THUS SPEAKS the Inner Voice. It is a voice to which, for convenience, we may give a name: and the name I suggest is Wigglepaste.

YOU COULD do it all alone, without attention.

Absolutely. I lived for a long time totally alone in a house in Italy, and ... er ... I basically do it as ... I don't want to say I'm a Zen monk but for me doing what I do ... there is Zen in the art of just doing it ... I would, though, like to have success and communicate the things that I do. It's not just that I could write and write and write and throw my things straight into the oven.

In this context you've chosen to 'conquer', how much does it matter to you that what you do is 'truly' understood?

I think that by definition there is no such

CONTINUES OVER

SWISS CUCKOO

MEIER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

CARLOS OF YELLO

thing as a true definition of a piece of art. If there can be a true understanding then the piece of art is bad, and this to me is a definition of kitsch. If you can take perfect understanding away from art, then the painting doesn't have to exist anymore, and the painting is a bad painting. A real understanding of something is an understanding that changes every time you look at it or hear it. You can never really get it. It always keeps its secret.

Can you expect, then, a refreshing, flexible, open reception, or would you be prepared to be accepted as a slice of eccentric nonsense?

No, this I would not want, just to be accepted as a piece of eccentric nonsense. How shall I say? It would be pleasant doing what I am doing, not giving up my subjective criteria of truth, and that other people are touched somewhere by these things — and for this reason they are questioned by what is happening, and they are attracted to it, attracted to the uncertainty. This would be an achievement. But then you would never know if you are popular out of a complete misunderstanding, and this is likely to happen.

But that Culture Club can get to number one, this tells me that there is after all a criteria within everyone that they probably cannot formulate that emerges in what they enjoy about this guy. Somehow they can see how lovable this guy is, and they can sense that there is something more than this. I believe in this. I'd like to stand where he stood and achieve what he achieves.

'Lovable' yet *secretive.*

Sure. This is by definition you have to be. And in your head you have to live a permanent revolution, things always have to go on. And if you are accepted people always expect you to stay put. And this is one way of being killed by the gold being thrown at you. You have to smilingly dance out of their hands as soon as you're going to be caught.

That's what killed many movie stars, literally. The fact that they did not reflect and understand their success really seriously, and so they could not smilingly deal with it. To smilingly deal with it, to dance out of their arms, you have to profoundly understand what you are doing even if you can't properly formulate it. There can be another understanding and to tune into this can stop you being sucked up by the success.

I AM DEFINITELY not a musician, the music is another expression of me walking through these few thousand days ... I'm not *anything,* but as you are working for a musical paper and we are also having a group I suppose it is the musical aspect of what I do that will be of interest.

WE SHOULD ask for no absolutes, or absolute. Once and for all and forever. Let us have done with the ugly materialism of the absolute. There is no absolute good, there is nothing absolutely right. All things flow and change, and even change is not absolute. The whole is a strange assembly of apparently incongruous parts, slipping past one another.

FOR ME THE great thing about you, sir, is that you remember to be *astonished.* YOU ARE ASTONISHED! It is becoming, alas, increasingly rare. *Astonishment.*

Absolutely. That is actually true. Especially in situations ... I walk in the mountains from time to time, and at night in the mountains, the atmosphere is very thin, and you see the sky with the stars, and you stand there and look up, this kind of understanding of being gives you a lot of freedom and a lot of humour...

Humour is the key.

Sure. But in a very serious way, not humour in a cynical or ironical sense. Humour like Moliere gave his characters. This is very true, to be *astonished,* I never saw it so precisely before. To keep the possibility within yourself to be *astonished.* But then of course this is also a very demanding thing...

Is it possible for you to say what *astonishes* you most about living?

Most? Uh ... yeah, being here and watching what happens to me ... that's probably the most *astonishing* ... what are your possibilities, what is your brain, what is your memory? All these things. And then that there *has* to be evil. That *astonishes* me.

I COULD NOT misuse people in order to form some artistic thing. I was almost dying of a heart attack when a stunt man in my movie had to burn, which was a very simple thing for him to have to do, he had done it in a theatre play ten thousand times before, but I thought to myself, if this guy even hurts his little finger a little bit then I am an arsehole.

DIETER MEIER guesses that he has approximately 12,000 days to live. "Live all you can: it's a mistake not to."

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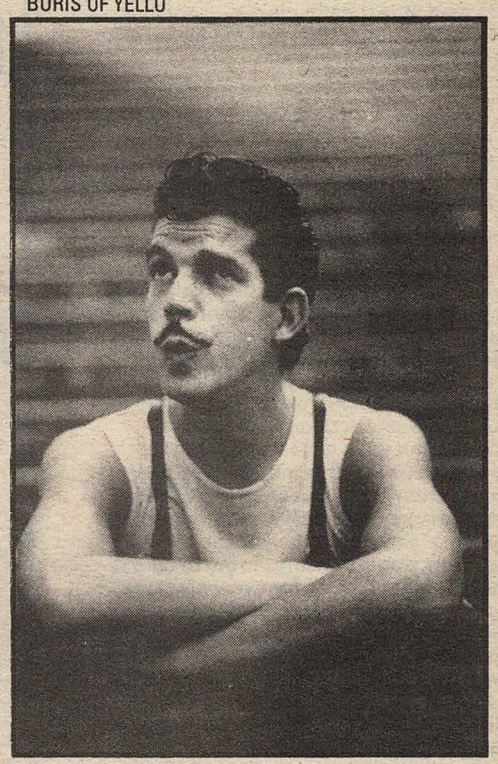
BORIS OF YELLO



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Capitol RECORDS

SINGLES

Reviewed by

BARNEY HOSKYNS

U2: New Year's Day *(Island)* *"A world in white is on the way . . .":* the best U2 single since the devastating 'I Will Follow'. Arms entwined, the chosen few await the saviour's return. Imagine this onthe *ET* soundtrack in place of all that crudely manipulative John Williams stuff. Here Bono hangs on The Edge of real rapture. Curbing their magnanimity and loading every riff of their subject with awe, U2 at last strike the right chord in my heartstrings. The beautiful child on the cover stares aghast at my reincarnation. Going to show, however, just how bad, just how staid U2 often have been, the little pack comes filled out with yer actual "liversions" (deluxe clapalong remix) of 'Fire', 'A Day Without Me', and 'I Threw A Brick Through A Window'. Now that's cheered you up, hasn't it?

MELBA MOORE: Mind Up Tonight *(Capitol)* Very simply good. Records like this reinforce the point that to be simply good a song needn't demand anything more from its (isolated, autonomous) consumer than a good ear and an open smile. 'Love's Comin' At Ya' was a nifty lift from Evelyn King's 'I'm In Love' so it was especially nice that both gals had British hits at the same time. 'Mind Up' is an even more exact crystallisation of a form which I hope stays this side of becoming a norm. While the beat slaps us into shape, an arching bass bobs into the light, to be joined a second later by a lightly picked guitar pacing itself into the gap of the groundwork's off beat. Next a second guitar chips in from the other side, followed by the resounding entry of the electric piano and finally that of the divine Ms. M herself . . . listen, are you quite sure you haven't heard this record?

REALLY RED: New Strings For Old Puppets EP *(CIA)* Really Red's 'Teaching You The Fear' LP was one of last year's hardcore highlights — in which high light this cursory crash doesn't really cut it. 'New Strings' is spartan without the sting of minimalism, bitter without the earlier, more twisted barbarism. It lacks the fevered fusion of Angry Samoans and early GO4 which made songs like 'No Art', 'A Reminder', and 'Nico' (an "old puppet" and "chantooze" herself) so lacerating. They even featured a great song called 'Entertainment'. Despite promising titles ('I Refuse To Sing', 'I Was A Teenage Fuckup', and this time 'No *More* Art') something rude and naive in Really Red has quietly curled up and gone to sleep. 'New Strings' is too much of a straight slam, and only the Samoans can bring off that particular stunt. (If you'd like to be "taught the fear" and think you could handle the course, wire the CIA at 1231 Ashland, Houston, Texas 77008.)

STEVE WONDER: Front Line *(Motown)* Whatever Stevie Wonder does, he does it with conviction — even snuggling up to Paul McCartney. 'Front Line' is an extension of the cut on 'Original Musiquarium', a *Coming Home* saga which fills the gap between Delia Gartrell's 'See What You Have Done' and Alan Vega's 'Viet Vet'. With its relentless funky-metal guitar figure and admirably unsparing lyric — *"my niece is a hooker and my nephew's a junkie too / They see I have no right to tell them what to do"* — it's a credible and compelling cry of fear and indignation, a slow burn of bitter incomprehension and almost as good as the Ramones' '53rd And 3rd'. I guess we have 'The Message' to thank for this: it must be at least ten years since the last Motown "protest" record.

BUMBLE & THE BEEZ: Signing On *(EMI)* EMI must be in despair of Michael Riley's Beez ever repaying their investment, which is why the A-side's 'My Life' is, to date, the corporation's most insensitive gamble on sweetening / sterilising the group into some semblance of chart action. How Riley permits such ritual humiliation to continue is a wonder, but once again he saves the real effort for the B-side. 'Signing On', while sounding texturally a little on the glossy side, is another passionately irate tirade against the ancient shit-stem recounting the more institutionalised humiliation of being refused the dole. It's clotted UB40, to be sure, but with something of Grace Jones's stalking moodiness on 'Demolition Man' thrown in. The sooner this man gets his ass out of Manchester Square the better.

THOMPSON TWINS: Love On Your Side *(Arista)*
SET THE TONE: Dance Sucker *(Island)* These are the taxes we must pay for the likes of the wonderful Wham! — blatantly opportunistic dance fodder. Quite honestly, I'd rather be interviewing Ian Gillan than have to even think about these records. Their sickly travesty of eurhythmic vigour is so ill-disguised it turns into a bumptious swagger. Half way into 'Love On Your Side', the "Twins" have the temerity to "quote" the chorus of their last repulsive effort: *"I played you my favourite records,"* the voice whines, and the next instant, wrapped in an aura of self-satisfaction, there it is, the smelly vocoder-and-orange magic of 'In The Name Of Love'. Needless to say this ghastly bunch — who affected their transition from dreadlocked community politics to new wave clotheshorses with less fuss than it takes Mike Yarwood to change from Jimmy Carter to Harold Wilson — went down a "storm" in the rock discos of America.

As for Set The Tone, I think Gavin Martin has already made it clear that what we're dealing with here is a hype of the most unabashed kind. 'Dance Sucker' is even worse than the new Material album. To call it routine is to dignify it. It is a spurt of empty sound, a dead waste of space. Nothing is woven together; each ingredient is a strand shut on itself, a blank emission substantiated merely by a sheath of meretricious gimmickery — destitute dubbing, nugatory noodling, subsidiary scratching. STT are fiddling faddists whose plagiarism is not even focused; like some awful hack TV spoof of The Pop Group, they are old and yet stillborn. How Francois Kevorkan of Prelude was set up for this trap, how this group came to be on our front cover — and a thousand and one other inexplicable teases — cannot reasonably be answered within the epistemological framework which has governed Western thought for two millenia and. . . etc. etc. On the other hand, the question whether Mr K. Hyslop (ex-Slik) is destined to be remembered as the Midge Ure of Britfunk probably *is* a legitimate topic of debate, so any ideas please on a postcard not later than and so forth. It is at least reassuring to know that "the kids" will not be duped by such sloppy fakery.

TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS: Straight Into Darkness *(MCA)* Petty is predictable but dependable. Like the old Springsteen, he writes simple tunes with a confident crashing hook and tight, hard lyrics. Then again, like the old Springsteen (and like Costello, too), he doesn't write pop singles. I'll qualify that: in 'Born To Run', 'Watching The Detectives', and 'American Girl', Bruce, Elvis, and Tom respectively wrote three of the most singular "singles" of all of Pop, so larger-than-life, in fact, that they used up all the necessary stamina the single would ever demand of them. (Just a theory, folks . . .)

MADONNA: Everybody *(Sire)*
ARETHA FRANKLIN: Love Me Right *(Arista)*
JERMAINE JACKSON: Very Special Part *(Motown)*
NARADA MICHAEL WALDEN: I'm Ready *(Atlantic)*
CENTRAL LINE: Nature Boy *(Mercury)* Curious to find a "disco" record on Sire (though of course there was Telex's marvellous 'Moskow Diskow' of a few years back) but this modest pearl of a cliché called 'Everybody' is the best of this sorry bunch (whose common denominator is that they are all *sounds* without *songs).* In an arena of play where requests that we get up and shake a leg or "do our thing" are being paid less heed every day, Madonna are pleasantly persuasive, a game little emulation of Michael Zager's epic 'Let's All Chant' with that nice keyboard sound from Rockers Revenge and a splendidly adolescent female voice somewhere between Taana Gardner and Melba Moore.

You fade out of Aretha's follow-up to the superb 'Jump To It' with more of Luther Vandross's soothing echoes slithering in your ear than her own heated precepts to "love her right". But then this is a problem posed by Vandross's very presence — his voice is ubiquitous. For a time I could only bear to associate it with Change's esctatic 'Heaven Of My Life'; now you hear it in everything from dog food jingles to Cheryl Lynn, whose sanitary little ballad 'If This World Were Mine' he similarly dominates. So my advice is: if you *are* going to record a soul album, don't bring Luther.

As for Jermaine's "very special part". . . well, let's just say that to make its point it would have to be rather more exceptional than the song in which he puts it on the market. It must always be borne in mind that Jerm's only truly fine moment to date ('Let's Get Serious') was actually Stevie Wonder's.

I forgive Narada (stupid) Michael (name) Walden almost anything for Stacy Lattisaw's 'Jump To The Beat' — the 'Locomotion' of disco — so let's tiptoe past this speck of tedium and give a warm welcome to . . . oh, Central Line. Not quite what I had in mind. Well, at least there's no doubt about this one: yes, the old Nat King Colenut 'Nature Boy' *does* provide the pretext for another very dull Central Line record.

HAYSI FANTAYZEE: Shiny Shiny *(Regard)* HF are smart because they're number one in countries whose teenagers can still afford to buy records. Smart because they appeal straight over our heads to Eurokids who come to London in search of artful dreadies while we look to gaunt German technicians to conjure the real post-EEC Europa. They're even smart enough for Clive Langer, who is clearly quite happy to move from the melancholy 'Shipbuilding' to this nonsense nursery ditty. 'Battle Hymns For Children Singing', the title of a forthcoming LP, surely signifies the dawn of the Post McLaren Age. *"I'm hot and hard, Marquis De Sade!"* Real achievers, honestly.

DIRE STRAITS: Twisting By The Pool (*Vertigo)* Also an integral part of our Euro-export market are Dire Straits, who herein rip or whip it up in a well-varnished rock'n'roll style while at the same time Mark Knopfler sings of the resort-package Europe which *is* his market. Since I don't suppose that patrons of Torremolinos discos *twist* to 'Sultans Of Swing' or 'Private Investigations' or 'Romeo and Juliet', there's a certain warped irony to the song's scenario. Knopfler is Europe's great populist troubadour, not a jolly poolside rocker. Perhaps 'Twisting' is intended to accompany the general scanning of colour sups for that elusive and inaffordable "summer break".

DOBIE GRAY: Out On The Floor *(Inferno)*
DETROIT SPINNERS: I'll Be Around *(Atlantic)* Two absolutely definitive soul classics reissued to find new ears. 'Out On The Floor' (1966) was one of the biggest Northern Soul records of them all. Maddened drumming and an irresistibly tingling combo of piano and vibes make this virtually a post-Motown blueprint, though the song itself was merely Dobie's second refinement of 'The In Crowd' (the first being 'See You At The Go-Go').

'I'll Be Around' (1973) is one of *the* Philly classics and one of producer Thom Bell's three or four greatest moments. Ten years on, this 12" re-release sounds instantly a thousand times more lambent and scintillating than any so-called mellow soul of 1983. A divinely simple guitar figure strums into action over congas, setting up a gently rocking back-and-forth flow; enter drums, bass and Phillipe Wynn's blissfully warm voice and. . . what more can I say? *"Sparks turn into flames/Love can burn once again. . ."* As a matter of fact, Thom Bell's sparks still turn into flames: last year saw his production of Deniece Williams consolidate into a partnership as perfect as that of Bacharach and Warwicke. 'Waiting By The Hotline' (Arc) was my favourite record of 1982.

CHINA CRISIS: Christian *(Virgin)*
ICEHOUSE: Hey Little Girl *(Chrysalis)* A Peter Powell group, a David Jensen record. . . what more do you want? Rural and sanctimonious, Christian's key line is *"I could lose myself in this honesty. . ."*, while the furry escapism of 'Greenacre Bay' recalls Tull at their best. I was given to understand that China Crisis were sort of "intense" and "burning", not a pastoral Pale Fountains. This EP is a wistfully grey sojourn through the landscape of Jobson's 'Joy'.

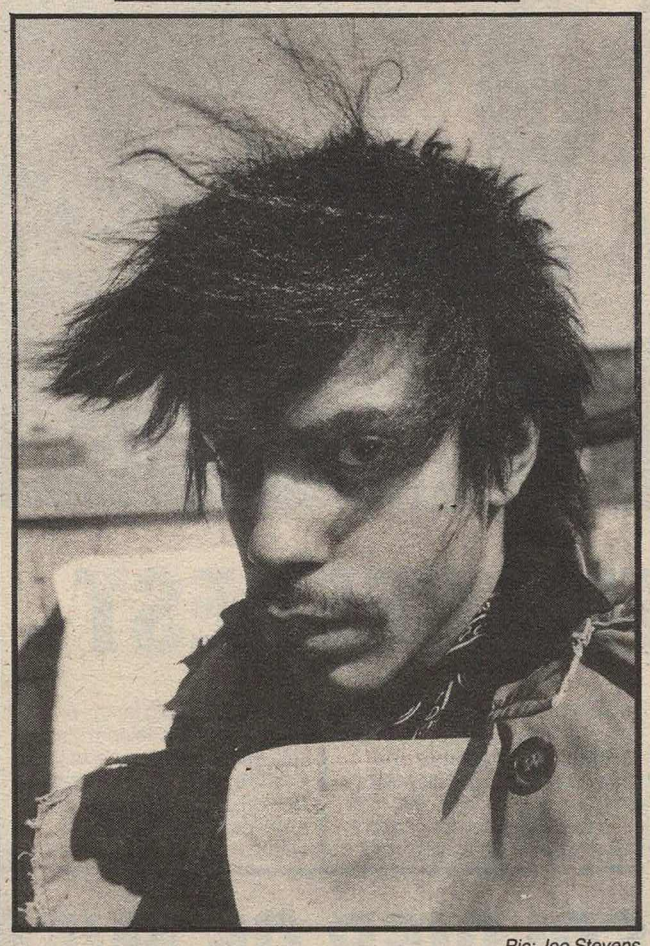
Hence to Icehouse, Australia's premier futurists. They used to sound a bit like Numan, had a decent deadpan throbber called 'Can't Help Myself' and a neurotic shimmy called 'Skin'. Now they sound like a racier Japan, a Japan without "swing". 'Hey Little Girl' is without a doubt the week's most succinctly harmless record. No mean feat.

MEN AT WORK: Down Under *(Epic)* It almost makes me feel patriotic to know that "we in Britain" have not taken Men At Work to our droopy hearts. This song is profoundly obnoxious, even more so than the previous abomination 'Who Can It Be Now?' — but this seems only to have embedded it the more snugly in the American Top Ten. Its tinsel pretence veiled by a piping flute's wan air of cheeriness, its twee picture of Australians as zonked-out nomads restlessly wandering the globe leads to such arch titbits of pseudo-psychedelia as: *"I met a strange lady, she made me nervous/She took me in and gave me breakfast"*, all set to a sickly distillation of Police reggae and null new wave. The Australian Supertramp.

MICK KARN: SENSITIVE *(Virgin)* This finds the boy at present suffering from the trauma of a widely unnoticed solo album in furtive league with "clever little" Ricky Wilde, a partnership which sadly delivers only a similarly unnoticeable lament for another limply lost love. 'Sensitive' is slow and tender but rather wet, languid sweeps of synthesizer in its nether regions notwithstanding. Seeing the unhappy Karn as a "fool", all the people "like to think they care". *"If you shake their heads and stab them"*, he decides finally, *"maybe they'd become. . . sensitive."* Definitely a possibility, Mick.

ILLUSTRATION: Aden Peters

SINGLE OF THE WEEK



Pic: Joe Stevens

PRINCE: 1999 *(Warner Bros)* "I was dreaming when I wrote this, forgive me if it goes astray". So opens this week's singles revue, so coincidentally opens '1999' by Prince. A crazily racially sexually mixed-up kid, an increasingly egregious hybrid of axe antics, bashful crooning, and glam futurism, Prince has thrown caution to the winds and made a new wave 'Electric Ladyland' (an overblown disaster). But while the major part of the record is a gaudy Apocalypse Now for young lovers, its title track lives quite close to the edge. '1999' is futurist R&B, a hi-tech protest song.

With its huge thwack of a beat and undauntedly oceanic sound, it turns dancing into panic-stricken carnage: *"I don't wanna die, just wanna dance my life away!"* Prince remains hamstrung by showy futurist backdrops — both musical and visual — and a rather limited band, but something real occasionally squeaks through the hysteria and bombast. Next time around he should attempt a 'Midnight Love', a less hyperbolic synthesis of soul / sin / style.

SILVER SCREEN

Down those mean canyons of the mind a psychoanalyst must go...

FIRST STAB IS THE DEEPEST

Still Of The Night

DIRECTED: Robert Benton
STARRING: Roy Scheider Meryl Streep (UIP)

ROBERT BENTON directs a good mystery. His second feature was *The Late Show*, a personal favourite of your reviewer: a wittier and more engrossing reshuffle of staple thriller ingredients you could hardly hope to see, one to stand beside Robert Altman's *The Long Goodbye* as a potent and painless update of the private eye escapade.

Still Of The Night is Benton's try at reshaping the psychological thriller and it's not a bad effort at all. He has the benefit of a lucid script and some sharp, sparking interplay between Meryl Streep and Roy Scheider as the two protagonists, but the direction — enlivened by a buff's enthusiasm, for classic homages litter every reel — is so sure-footed that it fires up what could have been a cold recreative exercise.

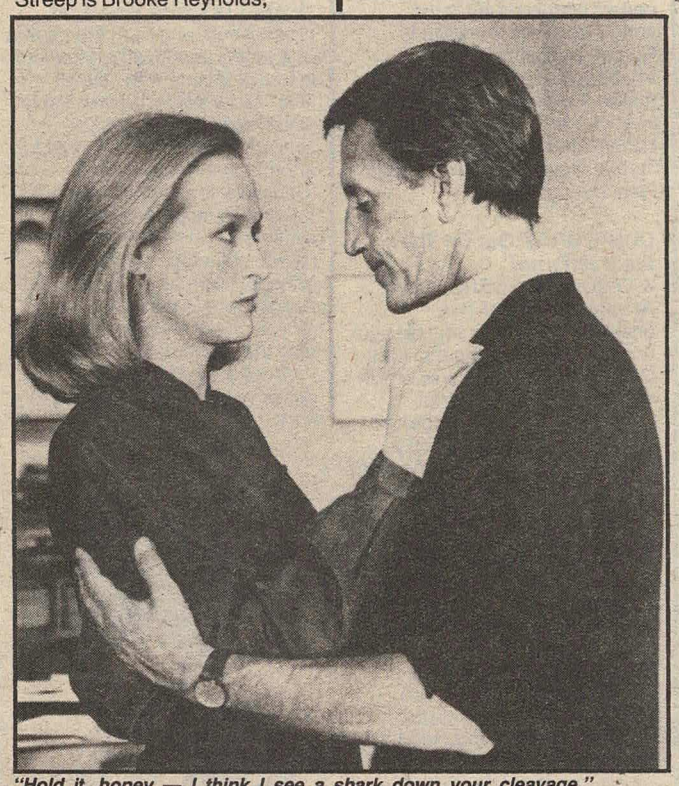
Scheider is Sam Rice, grave and impeccably human shrink; Streep is Brooke Reynolds, enigmatic blonde lover to a case of the good doctor's. When the patient is found unpleasantly spilling life by a car thief, Rice finds his interest in the girl growing into a deadly obsession: for as he tries to piece motive and circumstance together the finger points even more closely at her as screw-loose murderess.

Naturally, nothing is so certain. It's a guessing game, played out in a labyrinth of dreams, dark corridors, duplicit statements and the troubled secrets loosed by psychoanalysis. Scheider's furrowed brow and Streep's mordant eyes, delusive as looking-glass, speak volumes on their own. Although images and memories out of Hitchcock, Hawks *et al* are pressed into service, this is no spoof approach. It's fitting that the players stick by their serious expressions — this is, after all, madness and multiple violent death which is under scrutiny. The picture was originally titled *Stab*.

Practiced viewers will take a fair guess at the solution and, if you want to work at it, spot the trainload of thriller tributes on the way. I became too engrossed with the people on-screen to trouble with that, although I would note a palpable resemblance to *Play Misty For Me*. In Scheider's clammy performance an odd, derailing slant on the civilised mind is matched by Streep's alluring suggestion of something dangerously turbulent inside her own head: quite a chemistry, hinting at an uncommon eroticism.

Benton photographs it all with endlessly roving cameras and musters a claustrophobic feel of walls forever closing in. Just about everything happens after dark — even in daylight, there's a restless longing for the onset of night. Nerves seldom stay still. After the uncomplicated snuffles of *Kramer Vs Kramer*, Benton's back to being idiosyncratic and peculiarly effective.

Richard Cook



"Hold it, honey — I think I see a shark down your cleavage."

Eating Raoul

DIRECTED: Paul Bartel
STARRING: Paul Bartel, Mary Woronov, Robert Beltran (Virgin)

IN A cinematic era where thousands are often spent on perfecting the tiniest special effect, it's rare to find an independent venture made on a shoestring budget that emerges as commercially viable as its more expensive counterparts.

Many features are independent because they aim doggedly at a specialised audience only, and so fail to inspire confidence in possible investors. Bartel's lack of financial support for *Eating Raoul* wasn't due to any commercial shortcoming, but rather to the sponsors' hesitancy to commit themselves to something so offbeat and unclassifiable.

Eating Raoul is certainly far from the conventional comedy. Set in an America run wild on tastelessness and free sex, the story centres around Paul and Mary Bland (Bartel and Mary Woronov), who see themselves as the only civilised residents in an apartment teeming with lecherous swingers. Secure in their middle-class niche, they feel they are the sole survivors of a bygone era, and share a taste for the better things in life, from vintage wine (as opposed to the cheap plonk swilled by their neighbours), to cuddly toys as a substitute for the degrading sex they see flaunted around them. Their dearest wish is to leave the corruptive filth of the big city and open a country restaurant, but their lack of financial resources is the one obstacle in their path.

When they stumble across a way of raising the necessary cash and simultaneously ridding

SOLDIER OF MISFORTUNE

The Return Of The Soldier

DIRECTED: Alan Bridges
STARRING: Alan Bates, Julie Christie, Glenda Jackson, Ann-Margret (Fox)

IT WAS around this time last year that I had the displeasure of viewing *Priest Of Love*, and 83's moviegoing gets off to a similarly hapless start with *The Return Of The Soldier*. A distinguished cast — overbearingly so — and a Rebecca West story will give you some idea of what's going on here: ponderously weighted melodrama of the Sunday serial ilk, splendid Edwardian chambers, afternoon teas, volcanic emotions suppressed under stiff collars.

As the shellshocked officer who returns to ghastly wife and mansion but is besotted with memories of another, older love, Bates suffers impeccably through a case of rigor mortis doubling as decorum; Christie is magnificently unpleasant as the spiteful, arrogant spouse; and Jackson turns in the best performance of all as the frumpy little woman recalled in the recoil of an injured memory.

Really, though, the professional excellence of the playing is made cheap by a film so resolutely uncinematic and earthbound. The narrative moves like treacle, the static gallery of images unwinds with ill-disguised fatigue and what should have been a climax of great tragic power is made to seem a perfunctory damp hankie. Very patient observers might note an interesting centrepoint of combative feminine sparks between the three leading women, but this is not a task to be relished or intrigued by.

It seems an archetypally 'British' film like this has to be made every so often to justify some mysterious obligation to a class-based heritage of stifling drawing-room culture — and the stench of cobwebbed daffodils lodges in the sinuses like paste. No absorbing meditation here: rather this creaky old stager is theatrically destined for dullsvile. Poor prospect, poor reward: poor cinema.

Richard Cook

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Tuesday 18th
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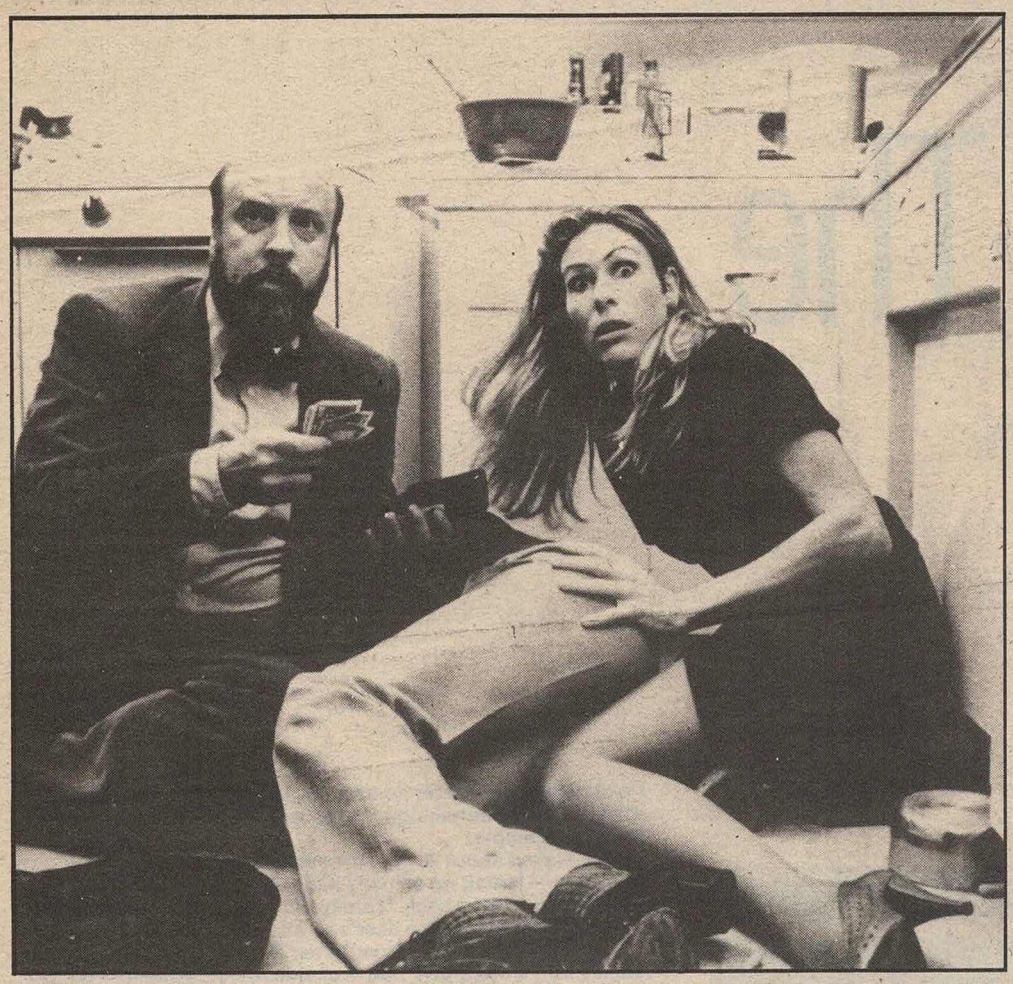

Paul Bartel counts his blessings while Mary Woronov handles the merchandise.

TASTY GEEZER

themselves of the despised swingers, it is only natural that they set about it with their characteristic ascetic nonchalance, disentangling themselves from the eccentric characters thrown up with polite distaste.

Eating Raoul's art lies not so much in the theme as in Bartel's handling of it. Bartel and Woronov portray their bizzare activities with such matter-of-fact ease that their strict moral codes appear the norm, and their bloodless murders lose all trace of nastiness and seem the only logical and graceful form of killing two birds with one stone. That their deadpan execution never crosses the border into boredom is due to the abundance of witty one-liners and strong supporting cast, especial notables being Raoul, the hot-blooded Latin who inconveniently falls in love with Mary, and Doris, the whip-touting dominatrix who doubles as a doting mum by day. The inter-weaving of these subsidiary characters, and the numerous plot twists, together with the continual fast pace, maintains a slick fluidity comparable to TV's *Taxi* or *M.A.S.H.*.

By plunging itself straight into the realms of bad taste, *Eating Raoul* is also a satire on the prim middle-class morality that turns a blind eye to crime when it's convenient. Refreshing and funny, *Eating Raoul* is that rare treat — a black comedy without a wrought-iron conscience.

Leyla Sanai

Top and Bottom: Alan Bates gets the chance to show off the enormous depth and range of his acting ability in The Return Of The Soldier.

ON THE BOX

Friday january 14
The Gorilla (Allan Dwan 1939). The "zany", "madcap" Ritz Brothers — an earlier version of The Three Stooges, by the sound of it — as detectives hired to protect tycoon Lionel Atwill's life from the thoroughly eponymous Gorilla, a murderer who does his deadly deeds in a gorilla suit. Includes Bela Lugosi. **(C4)**

Riot (Buzz Kulik 1969). Tough, gritty prison film starring a pre-*French Connection* Gene Hackman as the cons' leader trying to instigate a riot as part of a plan to escape. Expect an appearance from Father Floski. **(BBC1)**

Saturday January 15
Let's Do It Again (Sidney Poitier 1975). Blaxploitation farce featuring Poitier and Bill Cosby in *Sting*-style shenanigans involving the hypnotising of a boxer into *winning* a fight. Sounds cast-iron to me. Music by Curtis Mayfield and the Staples. **(BBC1)**

Laughter in Paradise (Mario Zampi 1951). Now *this* is more like it! The first part of an Alastair Sim double-bill finds Sim and his relatives doing extremely sily deeds to try and inherit a fortune. Features Joyce Grenfell as Sim's stiff-upper-lipped WAAF girlfriend. **(BBC2)** Should fit nicely on an E180 with:

The Belles of St. Trinian's (Frank Launder 1954). Sim in drag (as the headmistress) and straight (as her bookie brother) in the first — and best — St. Trinian's flick. Joyce Grenfell (again), Beryl Reid, Irene Handl and a youthful George Cole offer sterling support. **(BBC2)**

The Naked City (Jules Dassin 1948). There are eight million stories in the naked city. This was the first, the movie that spawned the TV series — and garnered an Oscar for cameraman William Daniels besides. Dassin's semi-documentary approach, commonplace nowadays, was revolutionary at that time, and probably accounts for both the film's success and its longevity. **(C4)**

Sunday January 16
Rafferty And The Gold Dust Twins (Dick "Richard" Richards 1975). Two footloose females (Sally Kellerman and Mackenzie Phillips) kidnap a driving test inspector (Alan Arkin) and force him to drive them from LA to New Orleans, picking up a yok or two along the way. **(BBC2)**

Ball Of Fire (Howard Hawks 1942). Classic Hawks screwball comedy, scripted by Billy Wilder and Charles Brackett, starring Gary Cooper (in the role usually assigned to Cary Grant) as Professor Bertram Pots, one of seven academics compiling a new encyclopedia. Their cloistered existence is rudely interrupted when Potts starts research on "Slang" and enlists an earthy Barbara Stanwyck — a stripper on the lam from mobster Dana Andrews — to help translate. Marvellous stuff. **(C4)**

Monday January 17
Dog Day Afternoon (Sidney Lumet 1975). Taut but hilarious tale — with roots in truth— of a bank heist that goes absurdly wrong, starring Al Pacino as the robber (assisted by the sad but sinister John Cazale) who becomes an instant media celebrity when he tries to get the money to enable his drag-queen lover to have a sex-change operation. Lumet deftly mingles comedy and claustrophobia to come up with one of the very best movies of the '70s; like much of his work, it improves with age. Not to be missed. **(BBC1)**

Tuesday January 18
It Came From Outer Space (Jack Arnold 1953). And to Outer Space it will doubtless return, if xenophobic Earthlings don't top it first. Not up to the standard of *Body Snatchers* (what is?), but an inoffensive run-up to *Forbidden Planet, Silent Running* and the other highspots of this first-rate series. Originally in 3D. **(BBC2)**

Health (Robert Altman 1979). Oddly — considering Altman's earlier successes with *M*A*S*H, Nashville* and *A Wedding* — this was never released over here. Looks good, too: a bunch of loony health freaks meet for a convention, several of them jostling for the presidency of their organisation. Its lack of release seems all the more puzzling, given the cast of Lauren Bacall, Glenda Jackson, Carol Burnett, James Garner, Dick Cavett and Henry Gibson. **(C4)**

Wednesday January 19
In Celebration (Lindsay Anderson 1974). Eleven years after *This Sporting Life*, Lindsay Anderson and writer David Storey teamed up again to bring us this story of three sons returing home to a Yorkshire mining village for their dad's 40th wedding anniversary. Nine years after they made it, I didn't watch it on TV. **(C4)**

Andy Gill

The Battle of Algiers

Directed: Gillo Pontecorvo
Starring: Yacef Saadi, Jean Martin, Brahim Haggiag

PONTECORVO'S EXTRAORDINARILY clearsighted, dispassionate though charged account of the Algerian revolution has become essential viewing for would-be insurrectionists since its release in '66. It's easy to understand why: It's accurate analysis begins with the seed of discontent being planted in a delinquent Arab, who wises up to the inherent unfairness — it's as simple as that — of the French colonising power during a stretch in jail overcrowded with his countrymen. Upon release he joins a national liberation movement, commits random assassinations of European civilians and officials and awaits the inevitable reprisals. Naturally, the authorities oppose terrorism with terror and torture. The guerillas expect and even relish this, as the increased presence of foreign troops awakens an otherwise demoralised population to the pervasive brutality of the colonial situation. Or so theory has it. The distinguishing factor between political killing and plain murder will ultimately be the level of popular support any self-elected champion achieves. In the Algerian case the arabs reacted with strikes, riots and demos of such passion as ferocity that the French were forced to let go. Nevertheless, Pontecorvo's film is under no illusion as to the rights or wrongs of terrorism, be it from the oppressors or the oppressed. He depicts both sides acting with calm cruelty and calculation honour doesn't enter into the sphere of 20th century total wars, the big difference being that the French soldiers blindly followed orders while the guerillas acted out of a sense of commitment and purpose. If their faith didn't triumph over the opposing army's professionalism, then it would have been ill-founded. *The Battle of Algiers* boldly asserts that in Algeria the ends justify the means. I think Bertrand Tavernier's *Clean Slate* — a brilliant black comedy about the destructive effects of colonialism on the *coloniser* — agrees.

Chris Bohn

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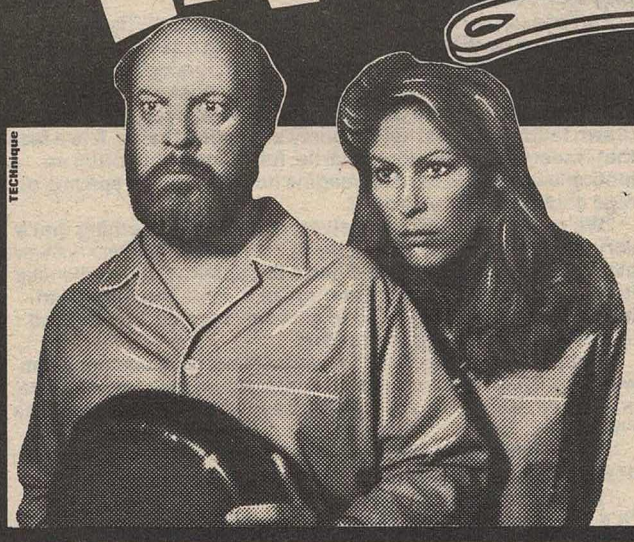

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The Curse Of The Fall

RICHARD COOK TAKES A JOURNEY INTO FALL COUNTRY. IT'S A PLACE WHERE THE GROUP ARE TWO YEARS INTO THE FUTURE WAITING FOR THE REST OF THE ROCK UNIVERSE TO CATCH UP

THIS IS SPLENDID Fall country.

From the bricked ugliness of the Victorian railway buildings the crawl of streets pitters up slopes, entwines a town centre crowned by a bright shopping citadel and passes out again into grimy Midland hills.

Consumers bent by Christmas huddle the pavements, run under and past the outspread arms of a grotesque artificial giant: he is beaming a yawning grin under his perspex roof.

The irradiant glow of the new shops blinks against the older relics of the town — churches sharpened by age into jagged points, graveyards dark as iron, the shells of ancient cinemas. Like a virgin shrine to a mysterious bourgeois aspiration, the principal arts theatre holds up its neoteric design and neon temperature sculpture, totems of civic pride. Tonight, it presents *The Cannon And Ball Christmas Show,* a sell-out attraction.

Nottingham is an excellent place for The Fall to play.

England stumbles into a New Year of crippling misery and empty prospect and The Fall are continuing to pursue their erosion of the consumed music that, for all its Christmassy gleam, is similarly stricken by poverty. In a year which saw their remaining early contemporaries finally estranged from their audience, The Fall began to seem stronger than ever.

Pop is traditionally out of joint with its times — its formula of gay abandon a calculated reaction to surrounding despondency — and the sour joke of Modern Romance's 'Best Years Of Our Lives' was a slug of sarcasm that even Mark E. Smith couldn't have pitched.

But Smith's own commentary on the times has moved far on from stand-up satire. While the 1982 Fall has remained true to the sallow, scrawny energy of 'It's The New Thing' *et al,* its thrashing form has multiplied and arisen into a state of almost fantastic complexity: a continuously evolving swirl of aural collision, pristine noise, images electrified by unholy discontent, squalor jolted by desperate rhythmic intensity.

And at its still, unmoving centre, Mark E. Smith dismantles the lyric form with the frosty alacrity of a man heedless of tradition. Truly, a child of McLuhan!

'Hex Enduction Hour', the first of The Fall's two long-players last year, was the most violent and uncompromising record of 1982. Like a gutterful of despair-sodden dregs, it sprayed out the sludge in the sources of our terrible malaise — lies, stupidity and selfish greed — and proceeded to douse them still further in a soup of amplified retching and cut-up half-sense.

Much like any Fall record, in fact, except that Smith's group had crept almost unnoticed to a level of sophistication that challenged the given precepts of 'The Fall' as we had known them. The kind of music that was being played on 'The Classical' or the absolutely withering 'And This Day' had all the tension of skilled improvised music married to an unflinching grasp of form: tyrannical, claustrophobic, it smelt of decay and renewal in exact counterbalance.

As Barney Hoskyns noted, in the most penetrating analysis of The Fall to date, Smith had formulated a type of folk music: a return to an oral tradition that fashioned an ugly new set of features to graft over the similarly rancid roots of stone age rock'n'roll. His insistence on diffusing specific polemics across trails of abstract messages and indistinct ravings, the product of a profound mistrust of sloganeering, led him and his group into a shabby domain where white rock had its nose rubbed in the dirt of its own real character — a mess of guitar scrape and stodgy, meat-substitute drums.

The Fall's triumph has been to recognise this and make something great of it. The secondhand black cat bones of R&B have been charred into peculiar foreign matter. And it is related entirely to the aural sense.

Miraculously, at a moment when pop has become besotted with its visual trappings, The Fall have made their strongest play for an identity based entirely in sound.

The mess of phrases and syntactical mischief which crawls across their album sleeves; the unlit gloom of their production ambience, a quality which compels the most detailed and attentive listening; the shadowy and ill-formed ensemble they make up in a stage performance; the nagnagnag quality of restless irritation, caught up and articulated in words that demolish rational symmetry and song structure that ignores sweet light and dark — the totality of The Fall is a rejection of visual faslehood. The Fall's rise is the ascendancy of tribal man.

The beautiful irony, then, is that this scurvy music constitutes some of the most pure and unconfined expression you can expect to hear from a group born out of a pop culture. This is why 'Hex Enduction Hour' is closer to the raw and unrefined emotion of a genuine 'new wave' masterpiece like Albert Ayler's 'Spiritual Unity' than is any of the more easily digested exhilaration of a troupe like Rip Rig & Panic.

"IT'S GOOD, ISN'T IT, this death of the new wave? I'm trying to get it over to the group at the moment, how Britain's changed a lot. But I'm still trying to put me finger on exactly how."

Mark E. Smith and Kay Carroll are sitting with us in the smallest pub in Nottingham, a couple of hours before The Fall are due to play in the University refectory. In one of the last few weeks of the year, The Fall are taking their customary brief winter solstice at some of the country's less familiar venues.

Why have The Fall survived?

"People try and pile us in with all that and say we're dead too. But we haven't done what we have to do yet. As long as it's still there to be done...this death is none of my concern anyway, Richard. We've never had a hit. Because the 'new wave' is dead it's better because we're not tagged with it any more."

"There's too much information," says Kay. "The way new wave things led to people becoming aware of all the manipulation around them made ordinary people very very cynical."

"You still," continues Smith, "get people calling out for old numbers but...it's all a matter of taste. Sometimes we still do them. When we started this tour we threw one in from 1979, 'Dice Man', right in the middle of a set of all-new material. But they didn't call out for any more."

Part of a pop artisan's burden, surely. Although The Fall might never be disarmed constituents of an obedient popular culture wouldn't they disown the status of ignored outsiders?

"What it is —" Mark draws on a pint and thinks it out. His features indemnify the Smith persona, moist eyes, cheeks drawn tautly back, barnet a clumsy sheepdog thatch. It is a face that it seems nothing could startle, full of intent but often so motionless that it's hard to imagine how R. Totale's spasms of rage could have come from it.

"We're like a law unto ourselves, and that's something that's very easy to slip away from. Like at the start of this year we were everybody's darlings — we'd had a big upsurge, big audiences that we'd never had. I'd had enough of it. Then the Australian tour came up, so it was good to get away for a bit. We realised the value of Britain again after that."

Unconcerned at a policy that would leave rock businessmen weeping, Smith cracks a grin that makes him look boyish — he is, after all, still a very young man, despite his veteran status as Fall leader.

Why is it that The Fall is so completely Smith's vehicle — why does the rest of the group seem so anonymous?

"You've met musicians, for God's sake," bursts in Carroll. "It's like, he plays guitar really well and Mark plays his brain really well."

"I'm not sure why it is," says Smith. "It's not as if they don't try and be personalities. It surprises me."

He manages to register no surprise in his voice. But there are more recent undertakings to discuss — The Fall's Australian tour, for example.

"We played about 26 gigs in seven weeks. Yeah, we're known out there — I think we actually had more fans before we went than after we came back. 'Totally Wired' was a big number there 'cos it's what Australian beer's all about.

"The country was like a perverted Britain. They have rock shows on TV every day, hours of videos from Britain — we took a video out there and they showed about ten seconds of it because it was technically so bad. Like, it's either A Flock Of Seagulls or Simple Minds or heavy rock as an alternative. The Aussies were expecting a British new wave type band and they didn't get on with what we were doing at all.

"The best thing about it was getting away from this scene. Their music scene is all smug and sewn up — expatriates from London rule the roost and all the people who work for the companies are the laziest people under the sun.

"But New Zealand was dead good! Everything's so slow there, it's like 1954. We were in the fuckin' Top 20 there, which means about 600 records sold, but it's a big thing. It was full of surprises, y'know. I mean, there's loads of skinheads there. You always class them as the same as Australians but they were really different — like Scotland and bloody England."

MARK THINKS OF SIX years outside the Top 20, watching Manchester bands like Buzzcocks and New Order become cossetted babies of acceptance. Of course, those groups could have come from anywhere, as Kay points out.

"You've only got to look at the music papers I've read lately," says Smith. "The bands now presenting an 'underground alternative' sound like our interviews did two years ago. All this thing about being from the North and slagging everyone else off — it's all old hat. This is where Britain's changed.

"I live in the future in a lot of ways. I don't care what anybody says, The Fall are always, like, two years ahead. That's why the 1980 Fall attitude is prevalent now. People always say we're old-fashioned, two guitar line-up and all that, and that criticism comes from people who are being us as we were. It would be safe for me to just slag everything off in that way because *everyone's* doing it, even TV with Channel 4. It's not relevant any more."

Will there come a time when The Fall has run its course?

"Obviously, yeah. I keep thinking it's going to happen but it never does. When I've had time to work all that crap out I come back again. It's not something you band about, y'know?

"I disagree with your point about The Jam having our audience. If we had that audience I'd top meself, y'know. Have you ever seen a Jam audience? Pseudo-mods. They're not even teenage lads any more, they're people who used to buy Virgin albums, Ruts albums with nice covers. They're like, dullards. The Jam did get a lot of disaffected youth but what does that fuckin' mean?

"Our audiences get a lot better. I always think they're like a good comedian's audience. It's the first time we've played Britain and people have gone, *that was really good* to new stuff."

What would happen if The Fall got a hit?

"We're never going to get a hit because you've got to be some sort of bullshit before you're even signed up." Smith's patience is exemplary. "You start putting your energy into courting bloody cretins.

"One thing the lads make clear is that we separate ourselves from *everything*!" He growls the word with a laugh. "What is touted as an underground, an alternative..."

But that leaves you completely isolated.

"Because we are a law. And influential. People keep coming back."

Mark doesn't smile. He knows they will return.

Does topicality still fuel his writing?

"You can be topical and subtle at the same time. Like that track 'Papal Visit' on 'Room To Live' was completely different from what you'd expect from the title. 'Marquis Cha Cha' is still the best song written about the Falklands.

"I'm dead proud of that record. A good cleaning-out of the system. It got misinterpreted a lot. We wanted to get 'Marquis Cha Cha' recorded and out in a fortnight as a single (*it was subsequently pressed in small numbers and never actually released*) but there were too many fuck-ups and we dropped it. The curse of The Fall!"

Perhaps that curse has lingered too long — in this long series of intentionally grey recordings and deglamourised presentations, maybe this lever out of convention has itself become a rut. Perhaps the time has come to ...

"Go for it!" barks Carroll.

"It's not a question of going for it, Richard," murmurs Smith, "it's a question of distorting it and making it interesting. We haven't really touched on the production thing yet. The raw sound is something we can fall back on because *no one else has that sound.* I thought me ears were getting jaded but when I put Radio One on I can't tell one song from another.

PHOTOGRAPHY: PETER ANDERSON

"The sound I'm trying to perfect...even if it takes records to come out — when it gets there it will control everything. But you can't just do it. The great thing about 'Room To Live' was that it got slagged off and interest waned a bit. It gave us time to breathe."

One of the most striking aspects of 'Hex' and 'Room To Live' is their truce between livid spontaneity and an organisation indexed against chaos. The Fall have evolved a method of rock playing that is close to the troubled world of improvised music.

"A lot of these alternative bands think you can just go up there and do it, and I fuckin' detest that attitude. It's the sort of thing you can do in rehearsal but my lads won't do it on stage. It's best to sound bad than do the smug improvisation thing. I get sent loads of records full of that sort of thing from people who shouldn't go near a studio.

"I've heard some good things — some of the stuff on the German label Zick Zack is really good. But not The Virgin Prunes and all that shit. The secret of improvising is you can't just improvise. John Lee Hooker was the best improviser I ever heard."

BACKSTAGE AT TRENT University, The Fall have assembled to despatch their duties. While Smith sits with me his colleagues huddle around another table and giggle into their canned lager. They resemble, with their babyish faces and shapeless clothes, schoolboys plotting a rag in the dorm. Only Karl Burns looks in any way wizened by his Fall years. There is a distant din from the support group.

"The thing I appreciate about Britain is that nothing comes easy. You miss the sense of humour when you go away. But I find it sinister at the moment, it's like a foreign attitude is taking over. What I was trying to say on 'Hex' — not that I'm a patriot or anything — is that sarcasm is going. Everything is taken straight. It came up with the SDP and all that shit.

"To me, people like Culture Club want it both ways. You'd think they were a Rough Trade act. When people say they're not pop stars and then put themselves up *as these figures* it disgusts me."

Mark's chatty, low-pitched tones don't change with his language.

"Patronisation of minority groups, like Musical Youth. It makes me sick. There's a good thing in the provinces about this — about going to Middlesborough and finding they're all savages."

Around us, England's far-flung lands twitch and scowl to the beat of their own tribal hum.

"I saw Culture Club on *Riverside* and 'e made one good crack about journalists wishing they were Ernest Hemingway. I've met loads of people like that. Instead of going grape-picking in France they form a group and see how it goes. Do you think this is a breakthrough in the pop scene? If I were 14, 15 and buying records I'd feel swizzed.

"It's been going on for a bit, but people want to hear what makes them most comfortable. Why do people like Status Quo? Because they remind them of them. You ask why The Fall don't break it out, it's because The Fall don't remind anybody of themselves."

And when those people slip Fall records into the cosy 'anti-rock' slot in their collections, what then?

"The establishment, the cultural base shifts. I've always based my work on that. We've changed with it. I don't feel *the need to go on* like I used to. I've thrown out particular topics, Richard."

Smith goes off to a quiet corner to prepare for the set. I watch him from the other end of the room: he takes out a cigarette, hunches forward in his chair, taps a finger on the tabletop. The crush of ideas wheels in his head. His eyes stare like those of a carp. The lads continue their chatter.

In The Fall's performance all this bulge of unsentimental inspirations is discharged like a vast bilious cough. The sound system is foggy and Smith's words are more often than not lost in the gale of noise the players muster. Sometimes a phrase will spit out of the amplified clouds and trigger an association: usually, it hurts in some way.

Instruments mesh and split apart as if in constant mutation. The guitars gag on the point of breaking into solos and settle for needling little repeating figures that bob jerkily over the two drummers' exhaustive crashing. Organ and harmonica sounds poke through like the mewling of tiny creatures.

Where once I would have been unmoved by the wilful, bucolic frenzy of it all I must now accede to the almost untarnished beauty of a sound that thrives on the importance of its own ugliness. In its utter rejection of melancholy or the flabby fist of revolt this exceedingly pure music is very close to the truth.

Whatever qualms Smith may have about it, his group cannot be too far away from the correct, the ultimate sound of The Fall. And however much they disavow the era of their birth, the fact is that this is the only group from that time whose continued existence is imperative.

"The only time we're going to make it is when we do something that makes everyone else redundant. Accidentally."

This is the country of The Fall.

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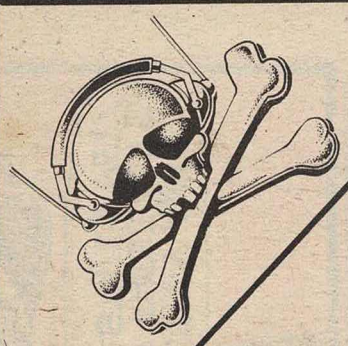

The airwaves are alive with the sound of music — and more of it is illegally broadcast.
Anything up to 100 pirate radio stations now operate in Britain at any one time, and the ranks of low budget broadcasters is, like their audience, growing fast.
A similar situation on the continent saw the pirates legalised — here they have been met with increased government suppression, climaxing late last year in an extensive series of home office raids.
Just what are the authorities scared of? And what do the pirates get out of their activities?
Find out below, as we put the pirates through their paces and push you through the. . .

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Broadcast by KEVIN SUTCLIFFE. With assistance from LLOYD BRADLEY & GRAHAM LOCK. Graphics by DUNCAN MIL.

80 years of entertainment and inferference

RADIO HISTORY begins a mere 100 years ago with the discovery of a great natural resource, the electromagnetic spectrum (ie airwaves), by the Italian pioneer Marconi. By the 1880s, Marconi has developed a way of transmitting signals over long distances without wires ("wireless telegraphy"). He comes to England to patent his device because the Italian authorities refuse to finance his work.

1904. The first Wireless Telegraphy Act is passed to monitor the development of amateur radio. Stations have to be licensed by the Post Office, but there is no restriction on transmitting, which is seen chiefly as a hobby for the rich. This situation lasts until World War One when wireless telegraphy is conscripted into service with the Armed Forces and used by the authorities to keep Britain in touch with the Empire and to coordinate the war effort.

1916. The Easter Rising in Dublin shows the potential power of radio in "the wrong hands". The Irish rebels take control of the Post Office and the Telegraph Office and transmit uncensored reports of the fighting to the rest of the world.

1919. Faced with increasing numbers of ordinary people now broadcasting to each other on ex-Army equipment, the government ban all broadcasting while they decide how to control the situation.

1920. The first broadcast of music takes place in Pittsburg, USA. Before long, there are 500 commercial radio stations all over the US. Britain has already been left well behind.

1922. After months of wrangling, the BBC (British Broadcasting Corporation) is formed by a group of equipment manufacturers to run the eight stations licensed by the Postmaster General. Shares are issued and a licence fee for sets is levied by the Post Office, half of which goes to finance the BBC — adverts are not allowed, to prevent competition with newspapers.

1923. *The Sykes Report,* a government investigation into broadcasting, states: "Such a potential power over public opinion and the life of the nation ought to remain within the state."

1926. A further government paper, *The Crawford Report*, confirms the desirability of state control over the airwaves: "The broadcasting service should be conducted by a corporation acting as a trustee for the national interest."

The same year, the BBC faces its first major controversy as to what constitutes "the national interest". Winston Churchill, Tory Minister of Works, wants to use the BBC to break the General Strike but is persuaded otherwise by Director General John Reith. Reith later writes in his diary: "They want to be able to say they did not commandeer us, but they know they can trust us not to be really impartial."

1927. The BBC is granted a Royal Charter, which takes it out of private hands. It is now run by a board of governors, theoretically independent of commercial and political pressures, and accountable to Parliament.

There are now two million licence holders. Presenters have to wear dinner jackets when on the air.

1930. Not everyone is pleased with the conservative "Voice Of Britain", and many people begin listening — still on crystal sets — to Radio Luxembourg and Radio Normandie. Established in the late '20s, they are the first foreign-based, commercial stations to broadcast to Britain.

1939. With the outbreak of World War Two, the Ministry Of Information takes over responsibility for the BBC. The ministry claims that the BBC remains editorially independent of government control and that it "retains a sense of patriotic objectivity with truth as the guiding criterion".

"They're saying things that I can hardly believe, they really think we're getting out of control, radio is in the hands of such a lot of fools, trying to anaesthetise the way that you feel . . . They say you better listen to the voice of reason, but they don't give you any choice 'cause they think that its's treason."
'Radio, Radio' by Elvis Costello ©. Plangent Visions Music Ltd.

I WAS A STATIC STEEPLEJACK

Confessions of a pirate

THE VIEW from 29 floors up has to be seen to be believed. Look west and you can see the lights at Heathrow, and to the east the towering form of the Nat West building. I keep meaning to bring my cameras up here, but with just the two of us lugging the transmitter, cassette deck, aériel, cables, Special Brew and four packets of fags, it always seems a bit too much.

I used to wonder what the people we run into in the lifts thought — I used to pretend we were anglers if they asked — but now I figure the whole estate knows what we're up too. That's as much a bad thing as a good one, it means we get a fair bit of support from the local kids as they're sort of proud of us being here, but we have to stay up here all the time to watch the gear instead of just popping up to change tapes.

We've been using this site for six months, twice a week, and its's about the best we've had — this is the tallest building in the area, with easy access to the roof and reliable lifts. A good site is hard to find, and the biggest problem is 'jobsworth' caretakers. I reckon that we should've approached the old guy here, and given him a drink, but the others are convinced he's clueless. They might have a point too — once he caught us up here, saw the beer tins and not the equipment, thought we were a couple of winos and just threw us out.

I'll be glad when we can afford a link-up system, and go out live, because being stuck up were for eight hours at a time is about the most boring thing in the world. All the actual deejaying has been done into a cassette deck in the living room two days ago. So after the activity of getting set up by six o'clock — we're always "running late" — when the wind outside reaches some adrenalin pumping levels, apart from the gear breaking down when you're half pissed, there's nothing to do.

We worry about getting busted — because from up here anything with headlights looks like a Telecom van and every gang of kids is a rival pirate come to wreck you rig — or we think about our friends in the pub or out raving.

They all wonder why I do it, and sometimes so do I. It's a lot of hard work, but it does have its rewards — the satisfaction of giving the law the runaround, of hearing your own voice on the radio, and of meeting people that tune in and enjoy the broadcasts.

The doubters and cynics are a dying breed, as since last year's pirate explosion, just about everybody listens to one or other of us so the public's understanding and support has become much greater. However, what we really need is for one of the big music papers to do an in depth feature on the whole pirate scene — something like a four page pull-out — explaining exactly what we do and what we are about for those who don't yet know . . .

"JOLLY ROGER"

"Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression; this right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media regardless of frontiers."
Universal Declaration of Human Rights, United Nations, 1948.

The war is the making of the BBC. Lord Windlesham, himself a broadcaster, later writes of the BBC's reputation for "promoting the feeling of common purpose to the ultimate victory". He reports that after the war the BBC resumed its role as "the vehicle for the expression of national values and inspirations" with new confidence.

1947. Introduction of closed-circuit radio in hospitals.

1949. America's commercial radio is both chaotic — anyone with the money can set up a radio station — and conformist, as the desire for stable profits means that few risks are taken with programme content or format. Then the first non-commercial radio station is set up by the Church-funded Pacifica Foundation and financed largely by listener subscription. It becomes the first of the 60 community stations that now operate in the US, providing a sometimes radical alternative to the commercial networks and protected by the US Constitution's First Amendment on Freedom Of Speech. Many are run on a shoestring and receive a little government aid but retain editorial independence.

1949. A new Wireless Telegraphy Act, which still remains on the statute books. No one can establish or use wireless telegraphy stations without a licence from the Secretary Of State at the Home Office. A later update allows officers from British Telecom, accompanied by the police, to obtain search warrants to gain access to premises suspected of housing illegal equipment.

1954. The Independent Television Authority (ITA) is formed as the governing body of the new, independent commercial television.

1954. The first transistor radio, the Regency, is marketed in the US. At first, it is a commercial flop, but after intensive military interest and the perfection of mass production techniques, the transistor becomes an integral part of the burgeoning youth culture.

1964. Radio Caroline comes on the air, broadcasting pop music to Britain from a ship in the North Sea. Within three weeks, it has seven million listeners. Questions are asked in the House Of Commons: Hugh Jenkins, MP, says: "The BBC has quite clearly failed to cater for this section of the public. If the BBC had met their needs, the pirates would never have arisen."

1967. Parliament passes the Marine Offences Act which outlaws the offshore pirates and those who conspire to maintain them. The BBC, supposedly "coincidentally", reorganises its services and, in September, Radio One is launched. The first show is hosted by ex-pirate Tony Blackburn with a format based heavily on the pirates' programming.

The pressure from the pirates sets off a whole wave of changes, the first of which is the opening of the BBC's first local radio station in Leicester. Local radio is, as far as possible, to be locally run and controlled. By 1987, there will be 38 BBC local radio stations.

1967 also sees the beginning of student radio stations. These are not allowed to transmit beyond the grounds of universities. Some 23 stations are currently operating.

1973. Commercial pressure convinces the Conservative government to allow independent local radio with the passing of the Sound Broadcasting Bill. The first station to come on the air is LBC (London Broadcasting Company). To regulate ILR, the ITA is transformed into the Independent Broadcasting Authority (IBA) and is responsible for all commercial radio and television in the country. There are now 34 ILR stations in operation, with a further 35 planned.

1976. Home Secretary announces experiments in local cable radio stations. Schedules for the week's output are decided at a meeting which is open to anyone. But with audiences limited to a small geographical area, advertising is scarce and a few stations have to close due to lack of finance.

1976. The Citizens Band Association is formed to press the Home Secretary to legislate for airspace for CB, already well established in the US.

1977. *The Annan Report* on broadcasting recommends that local radio should be taken out of the hands of the BBC and the IBA and given its own separate authority: "Local radio has quite a different kind of relationship with its community, and the community has, and should have, an almost proprietary feeling about its local station that it cannot have about a national network." The government ignores these recommendations.

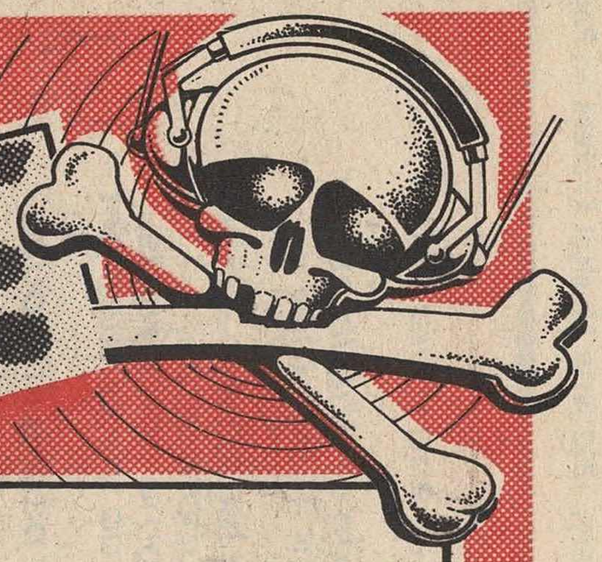
1981. Citizens Band radio is legalised. 40 channels are allocated to FM and 20 to UHF though the FM transmissions are limited to approximately ten miles. Many CB supporters are upset at the government's choice of the FM waveband rather than the American AM, partly because half a million AM sets are already in (illegal) use in the country. Many of these sets are still in use, although they can be confiscated if detected and the owner fined. The licence fee for the FM set is £10, which entitles the holder and family to operate up to three sets.

1982. The pirate radio boom begins.

1983. Many countries have now relaxed their broadcasting laws. Places such as France, Holland, Belgium, Australia and the US have radio stations owned and run by people from the communities they serve. Britain remains cautious. A new Home Office report on community radio is currently being compiled, but only recently Minister of State Timothy Raison emphasised that "everything practicable is being done to prevent illegal broadcasting in this country". How much longer will the static continue?

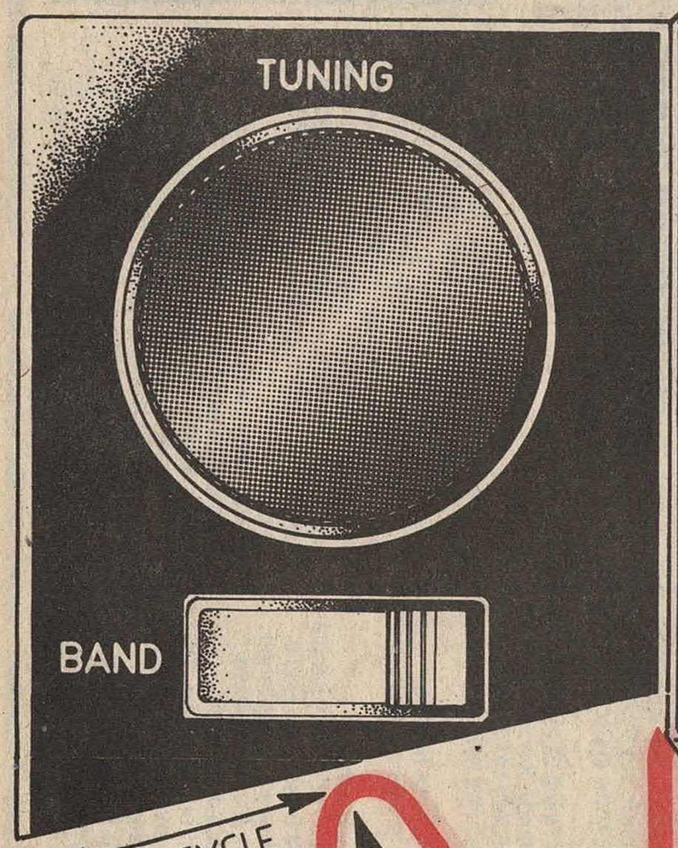
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

AIRWAVES ASSAULT COURSE



WHERE THEY ARE ON THAT DIAL...

VHF	MHz
Open Asylum, Chesterfield	87.5
Andromeda, Manchester. Wed evenings	88.0
Parkside, South-West London. Sun 1100-1700	89.9
Homebrew, London. Sun 1900-2000	90.0
Alice's Restaurant, London. Sat 2300-0200	90.2
Radio Alpha, West & Central London. Mon & Thur, 2000-2300	90.2
Radio Lion, Hertfordshire. Sun 1900-2200	90.2
Radio Orion, West London. Sun 1300-1700	90.2
Radio Phoenix, London. Sat 2000-2300	90.2
Radio Suburbia, South-West London. Sat 2000-2400	90.2
Skyline, South London. Wed	90.2
Thameside Radio, West & Central London. Sun 1900-2300	92.0
United Kingdom, South London. Tues evenings	92.0
Flashback Radio, London. Sun 1900-2100	92.4
Radio Free London, South-East London. Sun 0800-2400	92.5
Radio Invicta, London. Sun 1000-1800	92.5
Radio Atlantis Medway, South London. Sun 1300-1600	92.6
South London Radio, London. Sat 1800-0300	92.8
Liberation Radio, London. Tue 1900-2300	93.0
Tekstar South, South-East London. Sun 1900-2100	93.1
Rebel Radio, London. Sun 1300-1700	93.7
Alpha International, London, Alt Sun 1500-1900	94.0
Castle Radio, Wiltshire. Sun 1900-2200	94.2
Radio JFM, London. Sun & Mon 0800-1000	94.2
Electronic Sound Transmission, Birmingham. Sun	94.2
Gamma, London. Thur 2000-2200	94.2
Radio Hillside, Crewe	94.2
Radio Star, West Midlands. Sun from 2100	94.2
Roots Radio, Birmingham. Sun	94.2
Sounds Alternative, Birmingham. Sun from 1800	94.4
UK Radio, West Midlands. Alt Sun from 1900	94.4
London Music Radio, London. Sat 2000-2300	94.4
Phoenix Radio, West Midlands. Alt Sun	94.4
Radio North Staffordshire, Staffs.	94.4
Radio Zodiac, London. Sun 1200-1900	94.6
Uptown Radio, West & Central London. Sun 1900-2200	94.6
Horizon FM, South & Central London. Sun & Wed 2000-2400	96.2
KDA Radio, Midlands	96.3
Newquay Alternative Radio, Newquay.	96.3
Cambridge Community Radio, Cambridge. Sun from 1900	96.3
Radio Albatross, Sussex. Sun 1900-2100	96.3
Radio Liberty, Sussex. Sun 1900-2200	97.2
Radio Zeta, Sussex. Sun 2100-2200	97.5
Radio Veronica, Merseyside. Sun evenings	98.0
Wirral Alternative Radio, Midlands.	103.3
County Radio, Birmingham.	103.7
Radio Nova, Leicester.	103.8
RBL Kent and Sussex. 24 hrs a day	103.8
DBC/Rebel Radio, London. Fri 1800-2400	103.8
Gaywaves, London. Wed	
Open Access Radio, London. Wed 1900-2300	
South West Radio, South London. Sun 1100-1500	



| | | |

FREQUENCY

WHEN YOU TRANSMIT A RADIO WAVE, YOU MODULATE (CHANGE) THE SHAPE OF THE WAVE. THERE ARE 2 WAYS TO DO THIS... THE **AMPLITUDE** (STRENGTH) OR CHANGE THE **FREQUENCY** HENCE...

AM AND FM

AM

LOW FREQUENCY
LONG WAVELENGTH

PLANNING A GREAT SHOW FOR SUNDAY...

7AM... SUNDAY

GREAT... THE AERIAL'S AT LEAST 200 FEET HIGH!

LETS GET INSIDE AND TUNE IN THE **LINK** TRANSMITTER TO THE STUDIO

IN A FLAT ONE MILE AWAY...

HERE'S MORE MUSIC YOU WANNA HEAR... ...MORE SOUNDS THE I.B.A. WOULD NEVER PLAY!

NO MORE WAITING AT PHONE BOXES...

OUR DIRECT PHONE LINES ARE FANTASTIC FOR DEDICATIONS...

HIGH ABOVE

HEY, SKIPPER, WE'VE PICKED UP OUR FAVORITE PIRATE STATION

MEANWHILE BACK AT THE HOME OFFICE...

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY ACT

WE MUST STAMP OUT THIS RAUCOUS **RADIO PIRACY!** ...SEND OUT THE TRACKING TEAMS...

THE TWO BRITISH TELECOM TEAMS PINPOINT THE TRANSMITTER USING TRIANGULATION!

BRAVO-TANGO TO BASE... WE HAVE AN **ILLEGAL** TRANSMITTER IN ACACIA AVENUE!

BUT THEY ARE NOT ALONE...

HEY, THERE'S A **BUST!** GET THE TRANSMITTER DOWN!

TELECOM

DESIGN & GRAPHICS: DUNCAN MIL

VOICES OF TREASON

The pirates explain themselves

ANDROMEDA INDEPENDENT RADIO

ANDROMEDA INDEPENDENT RADIO, 88 MHz FM, Manchester area
26 Brown Street, Manchester 2

Is running a radio station just an ego trip, hearing your own voice on the air?

We're not into it with the aim of owning our own radio station or using it as a base to get us jobs on legal radio but to break what's called the duopoly, where the BBC and IBA control communications. We really don't like the rich owning the means to mass communications. We try to give poor people a piece of the action.

How?

The posh word for it is demystification. We encourage people to send us programmes on cassette or we go and see them with some equipment and make programmes. It is important that people are comfortable and at ease with radio technology. After all it is very simple, it's just getting people to realise you don't need a million pounds to run a station. Our transmitter cost £6 and each broadcast cost £3 and the quality is very good.

Why is there opposition to giving people access to radio?

I think the government is frightened of change, a change in who controls information. Ultimately access to radio by ordinary people in a community means quick access to each other. The organising power that sort of communication wields could be very potent. Devolution from central government must be a big worry, if you're in central government.

When and where do you transmit?

On Wednesday evenings up in the Pennines, because the Home Office don't seem to pay weekday overtime and it must be difficult for them to surround a hill in order to nick us.

Do you get hassled by the Home Office?

We have been busted quite a bit. In 1975 we transmitted a programme about black workers in South Africa and, within 20 minutes, we had the Special Branch out and our transmitter had been tracked.

Would you say your coverage of community issues was representative?

Well, put another way it took the Moss Side riots to get the local legal stations into the streets and even then they managed to get hold of those standard stereotypes that you always hear in radio interviews. We *are* better than that.

DBC

DREAD BROADCASTING COMPANY 103.8 MHz FM, Reggae to London

How did you start?

We started about a year and a half ago with Lepke playing his record collection for three or four hours. It was a reaction to the lack of black music getting airplay and Sundays were so boring.

What about the accusation that you are too political?

I suppose we are in that we transmit illegally, but why would people say that? If it was a bunch of white guys playing reggae music, would it be said? No, it wouldn't. We are asking for a black radio station. That may be seen as political, but really the politics are in the music we play and a lot of that gets airtime on Radio London and Capital.

Do you consider yourself a radical alternative?

I don't know about a radical alternative, we are a responsible alternative: but alternative to who? We are asking for a black radio station. We aren't just appealing to a black audience, though, but to everyone. Alternative, NAH! I mean, I'm sure Capital's audience drops on a Friday evening. You could have said that independent radio was alternative when it came out, but it's just mainstream now.

If you were licensed, what is to stop you becoming 'just mainstream'?

This could be a problem, it's the contact with the street that's important. We have that by working there and not in offices in the city. The flow of new blood and new ideas is the answer.

Us being on the air has turned the heads of the authorities to the needs of black people to have a black radio station, but it isn't DBC's aim to be the first black legal station. We see the franchise going to a bunch of businessmen, black Uncle Toms. Maybe the best we could do would be to join that station when it comes out.

Do you get support from record companies?

The reggae industry is very depressed at the moment, but we do get backing from them because we are providing them with a service. They are also part of the community of interest — a lot of reggae is like early punk — a record company run by someone out of a frontroom, selling to a few outlets.

With other music, such as pop or rock, there are established distribution networks, and white business can afford the pluggers to go to the BBC with a record to push it, whereas a black company, if they could afford a black plugger, wouldn't get through the front door. This is why the case for DBC is slightly greater than that of other pirates, which isn't to say they are unnecessary, it's that DBC is providing a service for a community of interest that isn't catered for, save for a few hours a week.

How does discrimination affect the station?

We haven't come up against much, but we mainly deal with black people.

What if you don't get what you want?

There might a situation where the new legislation is still unsuitable and we remain pirates, but we aren't that far ahead. We are doing this because it has to be done, to get a legal black radio station. We are here and we are bloody going to stay until we get what we want.

103-8 OUR RADIO FM

OUR RADIO, 103.8 MHz FM, London
Open Access Radio, BM Box 103 FM, London WC1 N3XX.

Why did you start your station?

The reason we started the station was that we were aware that a lot of people wanted to broadcast but don't, because they have no access to technology. We went down to a pirate station and learned how to transmit and make programmes as we did not know at that time. We see the OAR as a resource rather than a station — an open channel, if you like, which anyone can use.

Who gets access?

Anyone who contacts us or people we meet who express an interest. If they want to get a show together, we will help with any aspect, such as the broadcasting, until they are sussed about it. It's not like any ordinary station that usually has a close-knit number of friends, usually men, who are all 'into it' and are enthusiasts who want to get a job in 'proper' radio anyway.

What was your first transmission?

Basically, we bought our transmitter and then we didn't know what to do. Then DBC (Dread Broadcasting Company) approached us and asked if they could get involved as their transmitter had blown up, due to dodgy workmanship. They thought of the name Our Radio. Initially they did six hours on a Friday evening. Then we met the person who runs Gaywaves and he had been trying to get gay access to LBC/Capital/Radio London, and had got nowhere. We said that we could provide access through Our Radio and now he transmits on 103.8.

What else?

The Clash's Paul Simonon made a one-hour programme for us and we hope that they will do another in the not-too-distant future. We also do one-off documentaries. Recently we had one about Rio Tinto Zinc's activities in the Australian bush and how they treated the Aborigines. Again, our function was to provide the equipment. Hopefully, we will be able to send that programme to other stations — some stations in Europe and Australia have expressed interest. Our regular programmes though are DBC, Gaywaves and Utopia, which is a cassette, independently-produced, containing music from around Europe.

Why is there opposition to access broadcasting?

It's a privilege that runs through so many things. People often draw parallels between the freedom of the press and radio but it's really not the same. It is easier to start a newspaper but there are major problems involving distribution and capital which restrict all but the rich. Whereas radio is much simpler and cheaper and gets the message across quicker, so it is seen as potentially more dangerous, as a direct threat. Certain views and attitudes are not allowed to be heard by large amounts of people.

Are you involved in the 'Free The Airwaves' campaign?

Yes, we think it is a good idea. It is not so much an organisation as a slogan to focus and promote pirate radio. 'Free The Airwaves' accept the fact that people have been campaigning for a change in the law and a reform of existing stations for years and years without achieving anything. So they believe that if you can't change the law you might as well ignore it. Free The Airwaves is a reflection of that frustration, I think.

How optimistic are you that you will get what you want?

We will get community radio but it will be a compromise, it will be made very expensive to get a licence and to rent a transmitter. In reality, the cost for us to transmit to London is nothing after the initial £100 for the transmitter. I think there is very little the authorities can do in the face of a lot of people broadcasting. The government will be forced to legislate.

Unfortunately, the way in which they will do it will maintain the monopoly. There is an information embargo in this country and as long as there are a limited number of licences around, the government will manipulate that.

★ R.B.L. ★

RBL BOULOGNE, 103.7 MHz FM, French Free Radio (transmits to Kent coast). PO Box 319, Edenbridge, Kent.

What is RBL?

RBL is a French free radio station set up in 1981 to serve the French coastal area from Dieppe to Calais. It is a community-based station that has a grant from the local council.

Where do you fit into this?

We approached them with the idea of using their facilities to broadcast in English a local radio service to the Kent coast. Kent is a radio wasteland, it does not have any local radio services. They were interested in the idea of fostering international relations between the two coasts and it enabled us to put pressure on the British government without looking over our shoulders all the time.

Why do we not have legalised free radio in this country?

I can't honestly see why there is not some form of regulated free radio. I think it can be traced back to the '20s when the BBC began its monopoly, which has continued — despite the IBA — until now. I'm sure they believe that they provide the complete cultural package, the sort of "why should anyone want to listen to anything else, we provide everything" attitude.

This is obviously pathetic. Everyone gets about 20 minutes a week of their favourite music. Everything is in such short supply, nobody is satisfied. In America they have whole stations dedicated to just one type of music, like soul. In this country we need 20 music stations, not just Radio One.

The BBC is also backed by the Home Office who are obsessed with controlling the airwaves, not because people phone up and complain about pirate transmissions, but to confirm ultimate state control — to show that they have the big boots on. I'm glad my taxes are being spent so well.

Wouldn't freeing the airwaves lead to chaos?

No, I think that it would be self-regulating in that there are only a certain number of people interested in setting up stations and a limited number of people who would be able to volunteer their services.

There would also be government legislation as a guide, hopefully modelled on the French laws which grant a licence to stations like RBL who are self-financing, don't take advertising, come up to specific technical standards and have an acceptable level of behaviour on air. It really isn't too difficult.

Will the illegal pressure pay off?

There is no loophole in the English law that gives the individual the right to transmit. People have been looking and there is no chance of deregulating the law like in Italy. This makes it very important that people make and transmit programmes — concentrated illegal pressure will pay off. A few years ago not many people thought that CB would be legalised.

We are one of the last European countries to give people access to the airwaves. I'm sure that people think that radio belongs to the BBC.

Where do you get your support from?

It's more a case of we don't. The record industry should, I think, be supporting us, but more importantly the music press really should support free radio. How are people expected to listen to the music reviewed every week if they can't afford records or — as is usually the case — the records don't receive airplay? Surely music and radio go hand in hand.

RADIO STAR

RADIO STAR, 94.2 MHz FM, Birmingham.
151 Dudley Road, Edgesbaston, Birmingham 18.

Why did you start your station?

The main reason why we started was because there was no outlet for black talent in this country. There's a lot of black youth who have good ideas and a wealth of musical talent and they get no airplay or interviews. Look how many unemployed are working hard in bands and get no airplay, no encouragement.

Most rock and pop is catered for by the IBA and the BBC, even country and western, but soul and reggae gets very little in comparison. People say there is no demand but Star has an audience between 60 and 70,000. People aren't getting enough of this music.

Are you trying to be legalised?

If people want to put a station on the air they should have that right, or at least the right to a fair hearing from the authorities to show them you have the capability to put on a decent station. We are applying to the Home Office for our own station with a petition of 12,000 names to back us up.

How successful have you been so far?

We demonstrated at the BBC in Birmingham to try to get more black programming. We got one hour on a Sunday afternoon: it was very token, white editorial control, no real chance to express black points of view.

How representative is your programming?

It's not just young blacks who listen to us but a broad spectrum of black people, as well as a large white audience. It's pretty multiracial. It is important to show and cater for all the different aspects of black culture and not to just put all the weight behind one aspect, such as Rastafarianism, and our programming shows this. We have advice for the elderly, programmes on gospel, Rastafari, soul and much more. We even had someone on to tell kids' stories.

Are you a 'radical alternative'?

I think we are an alternative who are using militant tactics to get a proper service for the community. We want people to get involved in the station, to get on the air and to make people realise that you don't have to be a professional to make programmes.

RADIO ZODIAC

RADIO ZODIAC, 94.4 MHz FM, London.
13 The Chase, Crawley, Sussex.

Why did you start your station?

Two reasons really. First it was a dig at the current pirate scene, there was no interesting radio, just people playing their record collections. There was, and still is, a gap for creative free radio. Secondly, we are not happy with the present form of broadcasting law and we decided that the only way to protest is not to form committees, like London Radio Workshop, but direct action. Go out and break the law if the law is wrong.

Is it true that there is not enough room for everyone to broadcast?

No, this is one of two great myths. There is an entire electro-magnetic spectrum and the public are only allowed to listen to a tiny part of it, the rest is given over to the military. The other myth is that pirates interfere with the emergency services. This is not true. Nearly all the pirates run their stations to high technical standards, their signals stay on their given frequency and don't wobble off. Something to add to that is the VHF band has to be cleared of all those services by international agreement — this waveband is for public broadcast only.

Would you say your programming was 'radical'?

We are trying to put an alternative viewpoint. Our programming is mainly music-based. We play a wide variety of music and, where possible, get the musicians on to the station to talk about their concerns. To date we've had the likes of 23 Skidoo, Dave Wakeling of The Beat and Scritti Politti. We are also going to have a session from Poison Girls.

We are really against the ghettoising of music that is so prevalent on 'wunnerful radio one'. Where in the mornings it is chart music leading to MOR and eventually getting more adventurous by the time John Peel comes on. Our free format allows different types of music at all times. We think this leads to more creativity and innovation.

What are your editorial policies?

It's self-regulating, really. For instance, we give access to non-racist, non-sexist organisations but we do believe in the right of reply. There are problems with a live broadcast where you can be so radical that you can go through what could be termed as a 'radio crucifixion'. If you started to talk about controversial issues such as racism/police/CND, you would have the Special Branch up here in 10 seconds flat.

I think our attitude to radio is that radio should be informative but that people also tune in for entertainment, so it should be fun.

How much does it cost to run a station?

We run our station on pocket money. We spent £100 on the transmitter and about £200 on studio equipment — a mixer and two desks — but that's a little expensive.

How often are you busted?

Sometimes it is once a week. They can track a station within five minutes, that is why we use a live link, which means only the transmitter gets stolen as it enables us to beam the programmes from our station a few miles away. There used to be a situation where the pirates posed no threat to establishment radio and were not busted so much. They guarded their privilege and did not encourage people to transmit.

Those pirates are very much in decline now. We are encouraging — through the 'Free Airwaves' campaign — a proliferation of stations. We hope that these will pressure for some form of legislation to set up the system we want in our lifetime. We take our lead from France and Italy where illegal pressure seems to have paid off.

How big is your audience?

We think that it must be around 10,000 plus. We are well positioned in the wave band. We take some credit for making hits of records like Kraftwerk's 'The Model' and 'Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag' as we were playing them when nobody else was.

This is why we are disappointed at the response from record companies. It would seem advantageous for them to get as much airplay as possible for their products — not only for the singles but all the work that remains unplayed because of needle time restrictions.

CONTACTS

Aberdeen Broadcasting Association, 264 Queens Rd, Aberdeen. Encourages greater community involvement in BBC/IBA.

Black Connection, 64 Mount Pleasant, Liverpool L3 5SH. Black group making weekly programmes for local radio.

Black Women's Radio Group, 75 Snyder Rd, London N.16.

Bristol Urban Radio Project, 13 Midland Road, St Philips, Bristol BS2 OJT.

Cardiff Radio Trust, Radio House, West Canal Wharf, Cardiff CF1 5XY.

Children's Radio Workshop, Studio C, 86 St Bernard's Rd, East Ham, London E6 1PE. Studio facilities for making children's programmes. All profits go to children's charities.

Commonsound, 87, The Wicker, Sheffield, Yorks. Audio/visual facilities for community groups.

Community Radio Group, 92 Huddleston Rd, London N7. National lobby for community radio.

Community Radio Licence Experiment (CRADLE), 35 Maresfield Gardens, London NW3.

Coventry Radio Action, 138 Hornall Lane East, Coventry. Pressure group campaigning for accountable local radio.

'Free The Airwaves' Campaign, 35 Maresfield Gardens. London NW3. Amalgamation of pirate stations — advice and technical information available.

Gulbenkian Foundation, 5 Tavistock Place, London WC1. Clearing house for information on free radio.

Robert Hazell, Home Office (Broadcasting Dept), 50 Queen Anne's Gate, London SW1. Compiling report on community radio.

Interaction, 15 Wilkins Rd, London NW5. Makes programmes with children for local radio.

Islington Bus Company, Palmer Place, London N7. Radio workshops, especially for young people.

Local Radio Workshop, 12 Praed Mews, London W2. Studio and tape-making facilities.

Merseyside Visual Communications, 90/92 Whitechapel, Liverpool L1 6EN.

Moray Firth Community Radio, 23A High St, Inverness,Scotland.

Orb Distribution Company, 77 Dawes House, Orb St, London SE17. Distributes independent radio programmes, particularly on topics of interest to the Third World.

Sunderland Radio Workshop, St Ignatious Precinct, Hendon, Sunderland.

West Yorkshire Radio Action, First Floor, Wellington House, 67 Wellington St, Leeds L1 4LZ. Helps community groups to make radio programmes.

Women's Airwaves, 125 Ashmore Rd. London W9.
Ashmore Rd, London W9.
Yorkshire Media Group, 229 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2.

"I listen to pirate radio a lot and I enjoy it because there's very little else to listen to over the weekend. It's a tragedy that there aren't more radio stations in this country. The pirates work under difficult conditions, and the best of luck to 'em."

Tony Blackburn, January 1983.

NME · GOES · VIDEOTIC

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- ☐ Elvis Costello & The Attractions caught both on stage and off in the most sleazy part of 'Clubland'.
- ☐ Meanwhile, a kidnapped Kid Creole pleads, 'Annie, I'm Not Your Daddy' with gun-tottin' Coconuts in hot pursuit.
- ☐ From one cool customer we flashback to the '40s and the original Hi-Di-Hi man, Cab Calloway, his Orchestra and 'Minnie The Moocher', all in glorious black and white.
- ☐ Back to the present and close to eight minutes of Kevin Rowland with Dexys Midnight Runners and The Emerald Express on stage asking for a little bit of 'Respect'.
- ☐ We make a fleeting visit inland to the Mojave desert, night turns into day and back again to discover the legendary Captain Beefheart in cahoots with his Magic Band hollering 'Ice Cream For Crow!.
- ☐ Sounds nutty! so does Madness performing 'Madness' on the London Underground — well, take 'em or leave 'em — suit yourself.
- ☐ Video Clash! The Clash City Rockers take a big bite outta The Big Apple with 'Radio Clash'.
- ☐ It's The Sayle Of The Century! 'Ello Alexei Gotta New Video!' Alexei Sayle (for it is he) goes well over the top enquiring, "Ello John! Gotta New Motor?'
- ☐ As promised last week, we announce a bonus track, Switzerland's *grand fromages,* Yello — agitated, animated and syncopated on 'Pinball Cha Cha'.
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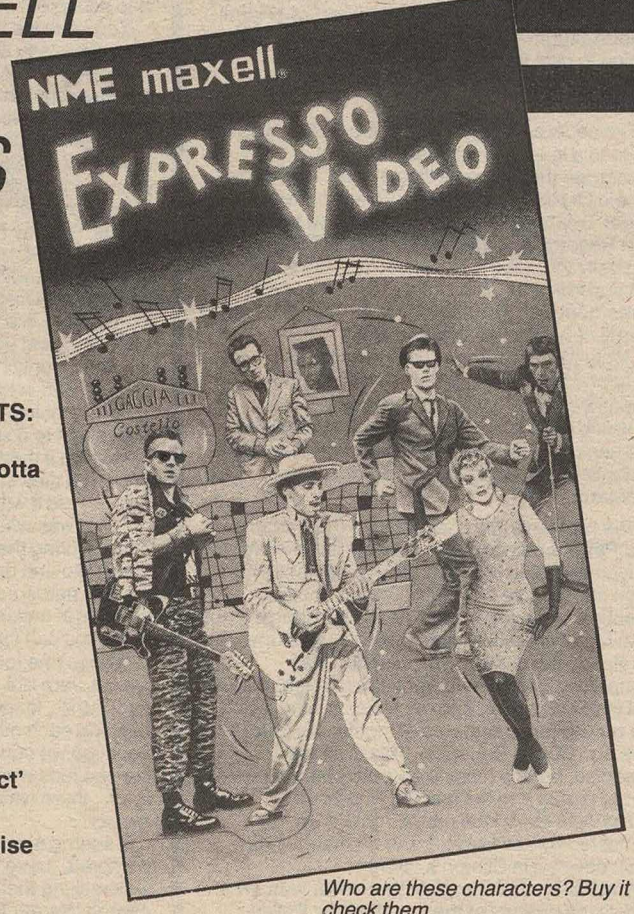

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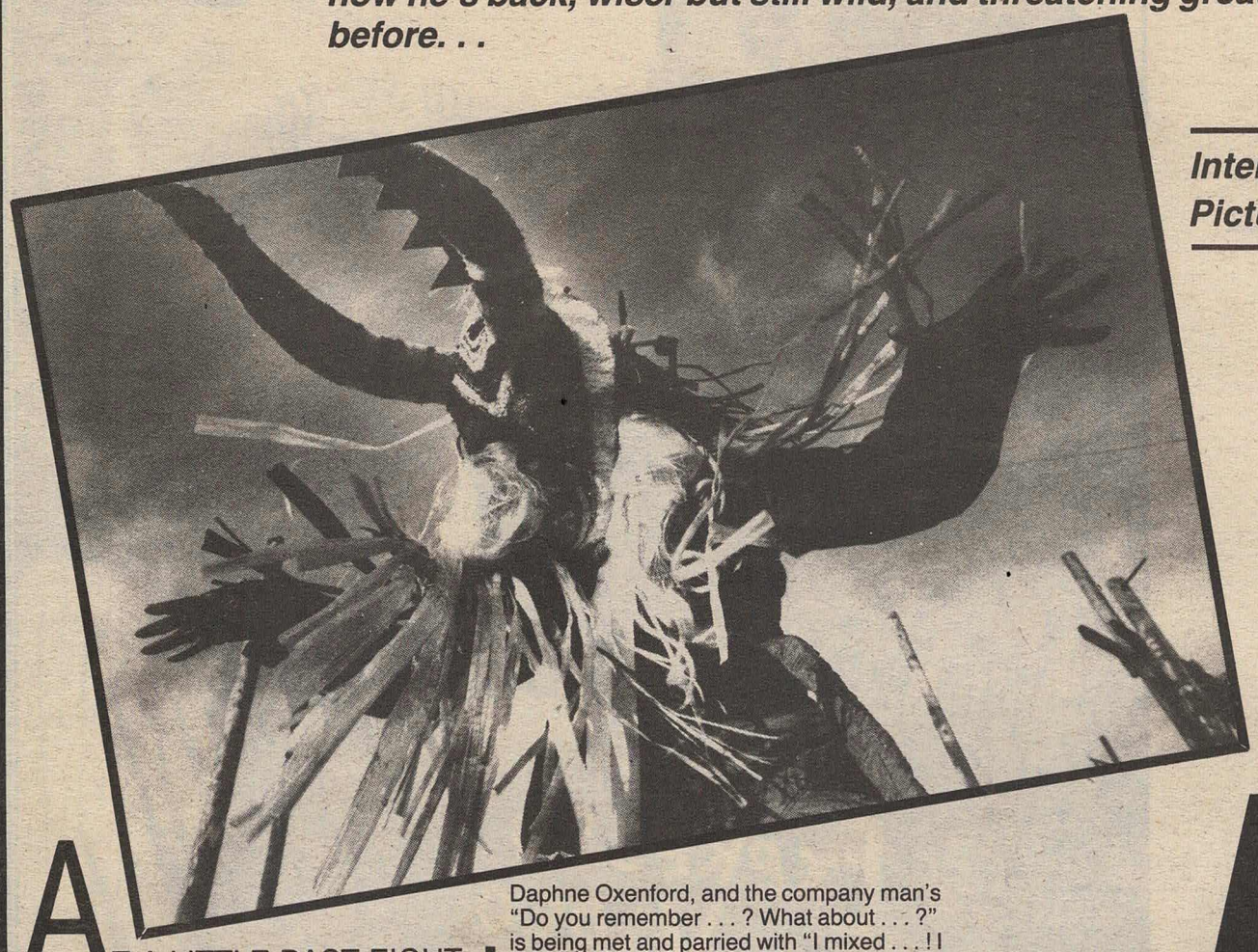
Two years ago George Clinton was freeing the galactic ass at the head of an unparalleled funk troupe — Parliament, Funkadelic, Bootsy Collins, Sly Stone, Zapp, Roger, Fred Wesley's Horny Horns, The Sweatband. . . one nation under a P. Funk groove.

But then the long arm of corporate law reached out to drag George through a series of courtroom battles that brought the Mothership down to earth with a crashing silence. It looked like Clinton was the victim of his own ambitions — but now he's back, wiser but still wild, and threatening greater success than ever before. . .



The return of DOCTOR

Interview: Lloyd Bradley
Pictures: Waldo

AT A LITTLE PAST EIGHT on a grey December morning, the 35p-a-cup Heathrow coffee isn't much warmer than the air outside.

The red-eye flight from Florida has just touched down, and we wait among the chauffeurs who hold up their 'ICI' or 'MITSUBISHI' placards like hardboard Lonsdale belts.

The arrivals are mostly businessmen, spirited away by maroon Ford Granadas to a hundred breakfast table meetings. But one couple stands out from the perma-press throng. Instead of the designer overnight bag, between them they are bearing a portable cassette player, a Bahamian carnival mask, a soft toy named Logic and wide smiles — Mr and Mrs George Clinton.

The cassette machine is a standard accessory, the mask a souvenir from a stay in the Bahamas as a guest of the government (no, not in the nick!), Logic is a longstanding companion . . . and the smiles are for London.

This is not the usual "Gee-it's-so-great-to-be-back-in-em-er-London" lip-gloss reflex, but the smile of a man who has just seen an old friend as he time-loops back to the sabbatical he and the early Funkadelic spent here in 1971. During the journey back to London, there is a continuous stream of anecdotes and stories relating to that trip, as his face lights up every time he spots a remembered landmark.

So fond are Clinton's memories of the tail end of Swinging London — Carnaby Street, Kensington Market, Portobello Road, the Roundhouse — that it seems a shame to tell him that the acceptable tat of then has long been replaced with the embarrassing rubbish of today. Clinton's 1978 tour was little more than a treadmill of hotel-reception-gig-hotel, and afforded little time for nostalgic sightseeing, but he shrugs off the news somewhat wistfully as "progress, change".

It's not until an after-dinner conversation between him and a record company exec a few days later, that I realise exactly how much "progress, change" Clinton has been involved in. They are talking about soul music made at a time when I was getting down to *Tales Of The Riverbank* and Daphne Oxenford, and the company man's "Do you remember . . . ? What about . . . ?" is being met and parried with "I mixed . . . ! I co-wrote . . . !"

Clinton has been around for a musical lifetime, changing all the time.

Things new or different are his guiding light. It was his realization of the limitations twenty years ago that snapped him out of the slick, synchronised Detroit format — "Hell, you couldn't even get our group to wear matching socks, let alone the same damn suits!" — into a Holiday Inn bedsheet with a hole cut out for his face — "I saw the hippies doing it, so why couldn't I?" From there it was to acid and the '60s search for answers, but instead of stopping as the flowers wilted, Clinton maintained the momentum. During the '70s, a continuous influx of new, post-Panther, post-hippie musicians looking for an alternative to the Motown / Philly cleanliness kept Clinton in touch with the sounds of tomorrow and expanded his empire to ridiculous proportions.

It began with the wild (at the time) fantasy opera 'Mothership Connection' — whose musicians included a large section defected from James Brown's JBs — and every hit brought a new group looking for Clinton's bizarre magic touch.

He became a superstar, at the helm of a huge movement including Parliament, Funkadelic, Bootsy, Parlet, The Brides Of Funkestein, The Sweatband, The Horny Horns, Phillipe Wynne and Zapp, as well as spawning a host of imitations.

Between 1975 and '78, Clinton shaped the future of soul music just as Berry Gordy had done a decade earlier.

But that phase nearly proved to be Clinton's undoing. At its peak two years ago, with the 'One Nation Under A Groove' and 'Uncle Jam' albums / tours, it took Clinton dangerously near that superstar bracket where an artist is no longer allowed to make his own rules.

The next change looked, to many, like being the last: lawsuits (to and from record companies and former band members), a drug bust (the much reported Clinton'n'Stone caper), hirings and firings (administration and players) and as many rumours as there were people to put them about.

Yet far from falling apart under pressure, the Mothership is back at warp 12. A new album, a new moniker, a new label and a new burst of Stateside success prove that once again Clinton has stayed abreast of (US) public demand.

And although the 'Computer Games' LP and 'Loopzilla' single both bear the name George Clinton, the gang's still there. Fred Wesley, Maceo, Bootsy, Bernie Worrell, Phillipe Wynne, the girl groups, even Sly Stone . . . they're all still involved, currently recording a set together as Funkadelic.

As for George himself, away from the wig and boots he looks in surprisingly good shape. Admittedly, underneath the newly woven braids the grey is beginning to catch up with his natural reddish tinge, and the waistline's a bit thicker than the last time I saw him three years ago in Detroit — but it's no more than his 5'10" frame will take.

At the end of a punishing week of UK promotional appearances, George Clinton leans back in his armchair with his pipe and his bowl, looking like a very contented, if slightly loony, Old King Cole.

WE BEGIN WITH THE RECENT P. Funk troubles — possibly the result of Clinton's empire growing out of the man's control. His game growing out of the man's control. His game plan of spreading different groups over nearly as many labels was always doomed to failure; the bigger it grew the more fragile it looked. It appeared that Clinton was playing the companies off against each other, and as corporate paranoia peaked nearly two years ago, a crossfire of legal actions caught the P. Funk camp — each one hoping to give the push that would topple Clinton's own embryonic company, Uncle Jam Records.

The courtroom battle with Warner Bros was the finale to a long-running disagreement. It concerned the million-selling album 'The Many Facets Of Roger' by Bootsy Collins' protege Roger Troutman — an album financed by Uncle Jam Records and their distributors CBS, and originally intended to be issued on Uncle Jam. But according to Clinton, he only had a verbal agreement with Troutman — who promptly took the finished tapes to Warner Bros.

Uncle Jam Records sued both artist and company separately, and gained the entire Funkadelic back catalogue, Funkadelic's contract, and an 'undisclosed' amount in cash. Warner kept Troutman and Zapp, who had been under contract with Clinton's production company.

The problems with Casablanca (Parliament and Parlet's company) arose from its takeover by Polygram. As an independent, Casablanca had been able to give Clinton's projects special attention and even a 'logo' deal. Polygram did not wish to continue this treatment, but were unwilling to release the groups. The situation was complicated by a Parliament album release being lost in the takeover, and the old company owing the groups large amounts of money (as they did Kiss and Donna Summer). This is as yet unsettled, but the most likely outcome is a move for the bands and the monies written off.

The right to use the name Funkadelic, as contested by several ex-band members, has been decided in Clinton's favour.

And finally, the drug bust that never was, was simply the product of the Los Angeles Police Department's over-active imagination on finding Clinton and Sly Stone in the same car. It was thrown out of court.

All of this coming so close together, it almost seems orchestrated. Do you think anything triggered it off?

"It started with the Uncle Jam label. The Sweatband LP did very well, Phillipe (Wynne) not too badly and the 'Roger' album which was really an Uncle Jam record was a monster. Warner and Casablanca felt threatened, they thought I was going to take Parliament, Funkadelic and Bootsy and put them on the new label.

"Why should I do that? I would've had to spend our own time and money and use up our airplay — which we wanted for the new bands we were bringing along — on records that other companies were already doing a good job on.

"I didn't realise the repercussions Uncle Jam Records would have. I knew they didn't like it, but we'd talked about it for so long that I thought it was accepted".

You've come out on top in the courtroom, but were there any side effects during the litigations?

"Losing 'The Many Facets Of Roger' held up our development plans, and the hassles started to give CBS cold feet about dealing with us, but the biggest thing was with the Funkadelic album ('The Electric Spanking Of War Babies') that we were doing at Warner at the time.

"We had just sold 800,000 with 'Uncle Jam Wants You' (by Funkadelic), and they started fighting us over the cover artwork on the new one. That was something they had never done before, they were saying that all Funkadelic albums look the same — like the music didn't even matter! Then they told us, midway through production, that they'd only be pressing 90,000. That record sells for $25 in LA now!

"It was going to be a double album, then they changed it to a single. We offered to pay the difference if they put it out as a double for a single price, but they said that couldn't be done — and yet they did it with George Benson and Prince!

"That was when I realised that nothing could be done to bring them around, so we went back into the studio and decided to make it something for the real hardcore P. Funk fans, because there's no point in making a commercial album when you know you can't sell but 90,000!

"It was one for ourselves too. Those last tracks we cut were like we used to record — entertaining each other, laughing at each other's jokes, pushing each other on. We really enjoyed it because we could get creatively loose, the serious fans were into it and, with songs like 'Icka Prick', there was no way it was going to get airplay!"

It seems a remarkably unbusinesslike corporate move to try and destroy something that was making them so much money (Clinton has earned Warner Bros in excess of $20,000,000).

"The fact that we sold a lot of records made

them keep asking why should we want to do this, and I don't think they ever understood.

"The reason they felt so threatened was that we had Funkadelic, Bootsy, Zapp and Sly — which they saw as too much control over one section of their company. Even though we were making a fortune for them, they thought we had too much bargaining power with all that being so close together. They would rather've had a bunch of little groups selling 20,000 each than one big outfit like ours selling millions.

"When I got my own label, they figured that if they couldn't deal with the power structure I had within their company, then I'd have somewhere to take the bands — but that was never what Uncle Jam was about".

There doesn't seem to be any bitterness on your part.

"Well, I might get mad on Tuesday, but I'll be alright by the weekend!

"It's senseless to fall out with somebody and then hate them, and it's even worse in this business because it's so small that you never know when you might run into them again.

"With this though, it's so nice to be totally free to get back into the studio and start making music — how can I feel bitter?"

OWING TO THE LENGTH of time between your last huge seller and this current album, combined with the goings-on of that three years, many are seeing this as George Clinton making a 'comeback'. Does that cause any problems?

"Not at all. I feel like George Clinton *is* funk, and he never got anywhere to be *gone!* He's getting there, so how can he be coming back!

"If people are apprehensive, I'm glad, because I know what I got to do. They all want to be on the hip ship, so all I got to do is get me a hip ship!

"For a while back there the ship weren't too hip, so I can't blame them for wanting to be the first to say 'Oh no, not another George Clinton', but now it's happening again they're just the opposite and it's about how proud they were to have known it in the beginning. It's about the bragging, You should've seen them when they were like *this!* It don't cause no problems — without humps there would be no getting over!"

Like the old Black Panther party slogan, "Strike and Fade!", periodic disappearances figure throughout your career. Is it a tactic you give a lot of thought to?

"That's about attention spans. They're something that's built in to all of us by commercialism. It's called planned obsolescence — you're programmed to like something for a certain period of time...a car for three years, house for ten, husband or wife for five, suit for a year. At those given times, you start doing everything you can to destroy whatever it is to have a legitimate reason for getting another one. You don't realise you're doing it, it's so subtle, but you find fault with it so you can subconsciously tear it up!

"Groups and artists are the same. Your fans grow up and get to thinking that they're too old and cool to like what they grew up with, and the younger ones don't want what their older brothers and sisters had.

"So you get it together and realise that these attention spans exist, and when it comes to the time that all the hassles that can put you out to business start, you can just go away for a while. You know you only be gone for a minute, so you don't waste that energy worrying that they killed you and you ain't going to get back. You just cool out, get some music together and relax. Then, you can stay open to what it takes to come back instead of fighting just to stay there.

"You can lock into the new style, and still carry through enough of your old identity to bring back the older fans. They might go thinking you abandoned them at first, but pretty soon they realise. You can only do that if you go away and return coming from a slightly different angle."

Is this why it has long been a P. Funk characteristic to take the day's trend and reshape and expand it, but retain a discernible similarity?

"Although people always want to experience something new, they're always a bit insecure about it at first. So rather than do something completely new, you cut down your risk by making it sound familiar but at the same time taking them a little further.

"They'll be hoping somebody's going to come along and do that to them, because they know they want something else but they're not quite sure what it is until it's put in front of them! It's up to the bands to think it up and present it to the people in the way they think they want, rather than just imitate what is already there."

AFTER THE MOTHERSHIP BURST onto the US black music scene, P. Funk set its own style which spawned a thousand imitations. Attitudes, poses, riffs and phrases were being stolen on a huge scale. Did this ever bother you?

"The half-time bands? Y'know, half-time at a football game! It's got to the stage where those bands are copying themselves copying Funkadelic, so it's got to get weaker!

"But they were the only funk around for a while, so I'm grateful to them for keeping the funk alive even if it *was* only discount funk! But now half-time's over, so we're back to resume the game!

"It don't ever worry us, because we know we can always come back, but if you're copying, you got to wait for somebody to copy.

"They don't really hold no threat to us because if it's a copy it ain't based on the real emotion that it takes to make the stuff work. They get into it too easy, and just get up there and do the outrageous shit they think the people want, without getting them into a groove first. The audience has got to be caught up in a groove before they accept that stuff as any sort of definite pattern that means something towards an end. If you just do a bunch of crazy things, it won't make no sense and people will tire of it quickly. That's why groups like Prince, Rick James and The Gap Band never lived up to their potential.

"Take Prince. I like his ideas and arrangements, but he lacks that total emotion behind the concepts. So he ends up playing so light and so commercial that ultimately it's less enduring.

"Because of the emotion in a Funkadelic album, you can't play it all the way through in one go, so it lasts much longer as it takes you longer to get into it. But with that other stuff, you like it quicker, and tire of it quicker too.

"I'd like Prince to go further, because he's got away with stuff that nobody else can! I mean we got radio programmers will tell you they heard 'fuck' on a Funkadelic instrumental, when he be doing that 'Seven Inches Of More' shit!"

This seems to be another aspect of the Funkadelic theme of Truth vs. Bullshit that has cropped up on albums since the beginning.

"It could be, as we've always believed that you can't bullshit the masses, the people that you're dealing with.

"Funkadelic has always been about realities, giving the people the information that they need, be it good or bad, in a way that they can understand. Yeah, that is about basic truth, so I guess it must've carried through to the genuine emotions we put into our work."

MERELY PRESENTING information, instead of a message or solutions, is unusual for an emotionally committed group, it has brought Clinton criticism from radicals who see it as a cop-out. What brought it about?

"It was the garbage people had been led to believe in the '40s and '50s. By the time we first got together as a group in the '60s, when people tried to think their way out of the shit, they couldn't. You couldn't make a decent decision with the brain that you had — it was full of maggots! That's why we made those albums 'Free Your Mind And Your Ass Will Follow' and 'Maggotbrain', and set about putting information in front of people for them to do what they wanted with.

"Also, if you start getting loud and emotional about how you want to change things, then the system will know exactly who you are, where you're coming from and how best to go about stopping you. This way you keep 'em guessing!

■ *Continues over*

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From previous page

"In the '60s it was good to be radical because it had a surprise element, but they soon got wise to that. They started sending all the revolutionaries to Vackerville — that's a mental hospital in California where they sent Eldridge Cleaver, Timothy Leary, all those people — and turned them into robots. Cinque broke out of there and took Patty Hearst, a daughter of America, and just by isolation, silently showed the world what they were doing in Vackerville. Now, the techniques they use are so sophisticated that you don't know what kind of robot be coming out of there!

"When you get to a certain level of popularity in the States, whatever field you're in, you approach danger zone. They put you on 'Code Red', like you're achieving a notoriety so they can move on your ass real quick if you step out of line. Even if you ain't making no statement, they're looking for you to make one — assuming that if you're that big then someone's going to get you to make one pretty soon.

"The quickest way to get yourself de-programmed, is to make some kind of statement so you just give the people information they might not otherwise have, and hope that they use it well. That way you teach them to think — something they're going to *have* to do when the rhetoric runs out *anyway* — and you can stay around to carry on."

Clinton: not crazy

You seem more aware of things going on, in a general sense, than the average rock star. Do you read a lot of books?

"Not so much now. I may read a lot of books all at once, then not pick one up for a year.

"I have a good respect for the written word, which I s'pose comes from the '60s when everybody was looking for truth'n' shit. You was taking all that acid and you was hoping there was some truth somewhere! Taking all that shit to open your mind, you was desperate there was something somewhere to open it to!"

What about the media, television and newspapers?

"That's the new manipulator, that's what we all have to deal with now, so I've got to study it in order to be acquainted with it and pass information on.

"The whole media structure lets different communities have different scraps of information according to what they think'll keep them quiet. To get a clear picture of what's really happening, you have to consider the world media system as a whole and put the little bits together. That's why I try to get into as many different news reports as possible . . . You could say I'm a media freak!"

This passing of information could, in some eyes, be seen as subversive or even a direct confrontation. Do you think this figures in the corporate attitude to George Clinton?

"Sure, we *have* always confronted, and never hid from the truth — thus we are ourselves confronted.

"The rules change when they're dealing with Funkadelic! Take the band Xavier. We (Clinton and Bootsy) cut two tracks on the album — y'know, put the P on their funk. We never met the band, and when we wanted to do some more with them, even take them on tour, they be telling them 'Don't you get to close to George now!'. So, although we was making them money, they was kinda scared of us.

"That could have something to do with the vibe over here in England. We came over here and they had to put on extra shows because we sold the others out — the kids over here are very responsive to word of mouth — yet the companies have in the past given us a rough time, the press has played us down and the promoters are a bit scared.

"The corporate misunderstanding is so great that people are at best suspicious, and at worst plain frightened!"

Do you think they think you're insane?

"I don't know . . . it could be . . . probably!"

Are you insane, George?

"I may well be, but I certainly ain't crazy!"

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KITSCH IN SYNCH?

SOFT CELL

The Art Of Falling Apart *(Some Bizarre)*

YOUTH IS skin deep in a sleep . . . and out of work. Some pop stars accept this and let it go, some drone in statistics. Others are out of work. But it takes Soft Cell to make music which actually reaches out to soothe and comfort. It takes Soft Cell to offer us love.

Youth is skin thick so turns a quick trick . . . it's in business. Some groups whisper balanced serenades, some gingerly prod about in the void of love. Others cover "the source of all sorrow" with their guitars. But it takes the cherubic Marc Almond to parch on the goddess's shoulder, to pry open her skirts. It takes Soft cell to fall apart at our seams.

What a supreme double life Soft Cell promulgate without our even noticing.

It's been a largely unsatisfactory year for Almond and Ball. With The Human League they shared the twin distinctions of hitting the American top ten and losing out at home.

Meanwhile Yazoo carried the duo format to different heights and Blancmange doubtless carried the odd teen Cellmate. A more obviously androgynous creature than Marc called Boy George emerged, possessed of a surer and purer voice. Even ABC, though blowing up soul into a glam symphonia where Cell had shrunk it to a portable gadget, received something of the glory that might otherwise have been theirs.

Now this most indomitable of duos returns to reclaim. 'The Art Of Falling Apart', or Soft Cell confront the issues.
1st Side: Forever The Same, Where The Heart Is, Numbers, Heat.
2nd Side: Kitchen Sink Drama, Baby Doll, Loving You — Hating Me, The Art Of Falling Apart.
Or One: routine, adolescence, jobs, sex. Two: menopause, prostitution, relationships, sleaze (slight return pt.2).

Half of Soft Cell's life is Marc as public good fairy, a Tinkerbell who lives and heals in every young girl's heart. This is the Cell of 'Where The Heart Is', a sound of soft pathos which suddenly sneers and hisses frustration. Father never understands when children have the upper hand, but the benign elf loves father too, loves him in the album's first and most passionate song. 'Forever The Same' is one of the greatest songs they've written, as great as 'Youth' or 'Bedsitter', as great, too, as Suicide's 'Diamonds, Fur Coat, Champagne', with which it shares a certain haunting keyboard refrain. The verses maintain pain, the chorus bursts it in a flood.

At the same time, Almond and Ball are smudging the line that would divide pain from pleasure, social ill from private perversion. On 'Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret', the heartbreaking 'Youth' segues blithely into 'Sex Dwarf'. What of their fans, one might think, their 13-year old teenypops led / lured in by 'Where The Heart Is', only to find the sultry eroticism of 'Heart' and the hysteria of 'Baby Doll'? Where 'Cabaret''s themes were localised and its seediness was unswervingly English, parts of 'The Art Of Falling Apart' are utterly shorn of the familiar.

Any teenage girl who identifies with 'Where The Heart Is' is going to wonder about 'Baby Doll', with its nightmarish Banshees-ish soundtrack. For a second you imagine Almond is saying "she's thinking about Dollar as she tries to tease", until it's obvious that this Sam Fuller out-take from *Underworld USA* is being staged somewhere on the Lower East Side.

Half of 'Falling Apart', then, is down but not out in New York. If on the brilliant 'Bedsitter' and 'Say Hello' Ball and Almond were translating Suicide into provincial English and astonishing us with the beauty of this sound's economy, here in a new world that is cracked and split they are dispensing with the translation. The title track confesses they didn't know what non-stop sleaze *was* until they *lived* New York.

But Soft Cell will never fall apart, which is why Warhol courted them. He recognised that their vision of degradation was like a totally unjaded version of his own. Almond is one of the few people New York can't take prisoner. He is the *naif* who receives the keys to the city.

Falling away and apart from most everything else, 'The Art' is a stunning display of the duo's range and diversity. They've now progressed so far beyond both post-Krafticide electrobeat and the tight compression / repatternings of Motown / Northern Soul that one scarcely recalls the skimpy 'Memorabilia', the unwieldy 'Where Did Our Love Go?', the timid 'What'.

Keep luring those dollies, guys.

Barney Hoskyns

Soft Cell — *Illustration: Ian Wright*

BILL NELSON

Permanent Flame *(Cocteau)*

THE CAREER of this man Nelson, while not exactly scorching the popchart with the regularity he (and his record companies) may have wished, has nevertheless thrown up a smattering of influential landmarks that many a conspicuous face has obviously studied on the way to the success that has evaded Nelson himself.

His structured melodicism and knack for a tune took Be Bop Deluxe out of the realms of standard mid-'70s guitar bump'n' grind, and the decision to fold that group on the verge of some substantial financial return on the US stadium circuit smacked of lunacy but intimated, in fact, the restlessness that was to mark his later excursions.

The subsequent failure of Red Noise with an LP's worth of snappy, wiry songs dressed up in an urgent modernity that was to become *de rigeur* two years later virtually exiled Nelson to frustrating months of individual experiment in his Echo Observatory studio in Yorkshire. The singles that eventually struggled out for exposure, though, marked Bill Nelson's revitalisation and pre-empted the chart's growing predilection for the chilly pulsebeat — 'Do You Dream In Colour' (his finest three minutes) and 'Rooms With Brittle Views' pleasing the punters at many an electro disco hoe-down.

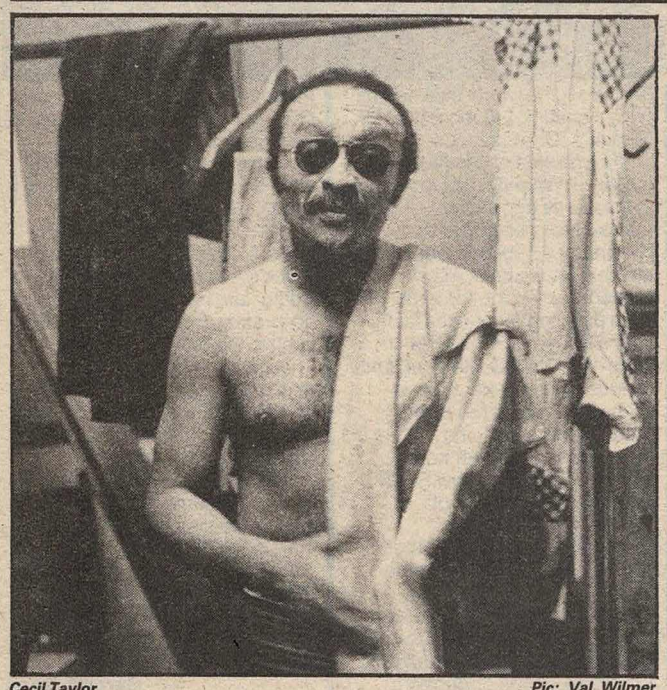
The records that followed revealed Nelson revelling in a new-found confidence that facilitated diverse musics ranging from acrid pop cynicism ('Banal') to pure ambient sound.

A true compilation of Nelson's work must, therefore, emphasise the several contrasting paths the man has pursued, which is why this 'Beginners Guide . . .', although doubtless worthy, is not completely representative.

Smartly presented as a boxed set of five singles with a discography and brief career resume, the 15 tracks actually present a peculiarly lopsided view of events. Both Be Bop and Red Noise are represented by three tracks each — the Red Noise selection being spot on, the Be Bop choice a little more puzzling. A further single introduces three previously unreleased songs, with the remaining two turning out to be standard copies of the 'Do You Dream . . .' and 'Rooms . . .' singles — B-sides and all! — a glaring error considering the wealth of Nelson's more esoteric dabblings. Excerpts from 'Sounding The Ritual Echo', 'Das Kabinett' and 'La Belle Et La Bete' would certainly have been better suited in the company of his more straightforward pop material, both past and present.

As a Nelson primer, 'Permanent Flame' goes a good deal of the way toward a valid representation, though hardly far enough — while about two thirds of its contents are essential in a Nelson appraisal, its obvious shortcomings make it ultimately unsatisfactory.

Graham K. Smith



Cecil Taylor — *Pic: Val Wilmer*

GENIUS! TITAN!

CECIL TAYLOR

Garden *(hat ART)*

HOW DOES this Garden grow? Eight spontaneous compositions, cutting a graceful arc between molten invention and pensive rhapsody, played on a superb Bösendorfer piano, recorded with luxuriant digital candour, presented in a sumptuous box with an extended accompanying poem by the artist. At last Cecil Taylor is being treated with the respect a genius should command.

Genius! Titan! Taylor in full flow — and certainly no other solo record has defined the profile of one of the great masters of all music with such exquisite precision — is a listener's experience almost too rich to devour, much less to critically break down, but in the splendid isolation of the platform recital certain facets of this intoxicated art come closer to the surface.

Most obvious of these is the way Taylor's going of the distance is both a course of self-discovery and explanation to the audience. 'Éléll', the opening salvo, at first seems to be no music but the unbroken thunder of piano keys whipped and bloodied to a frothing avalanche — impossible harmonies, motifs of massive density.

Then there is the adjustment: at a certain point the extraordinary clarity of Taylor's vision focuses, and there inside is the healing balm of the master melody. Reaching that moment invokes a thrill few musics can provide.

By the time of 'Pemmican' on the fourth side, where the actual velocity slows to that of conventional meditation, the pianist has revealed almost everything. That brief segment (six minutes compared with the 27 of 'Éléll' or 25 of 'Garden II') sits like a permissible pause because Taylor has already demonstrated how great lyricism and a supple tranquility can be expressed through demonic energy. He has reached a moment of quiet only after fully exploring the other extreme of activity. The perimeter of instant composition has been traversed.

Other sequences show different alternatives. 'Garden II' is an exceptionally measured, almost pastoral display of resources — full of pregnant asides, pattering colloquialisms, it's an intriguingly *complete* improvisation. Its organic flow takes the heat up gradually to a point where we can stand the furnace because we've had it grown up about us, not thrust blindly over our heads.

'Driver Says' seems to feature several changes of mind, turns from rumbustious harmonic murk into perky web-fingered caper and back again — then blips to an abrupt stop as if in dissatisfaction. Not so; rather that that particular frame had expired at the close of its useful life. Although the duration of the eight pieces varies wildly there is an individual energy to each which, like any living music, has its own lifespan.

But these notes are unnecessary to grasping and appreciating Taylor's music, a sound as close as any to sheer wonderment. There may be limitless technique, colossal stamina, ruthless intelligence at work; there may be a level of surface intensity and speed of delivery that is hypnotically stunning. Yet what is distilled from all this is akin to the simple loveliness of a flower. A flower from a garden. And this 'Garden' is a magnificent work by any standards.

Richard Cook

The Laughing Clowns

FUNNY (PECULIAR)

LAUGHING CLOWNS

Laughing Clowns *(Red Flame)*

"YOU SHAKE your head, you can't believe..."

A line from 'Collapse Board', the final number on this ten-track compilation culled from the Laughing Clowns' recorded works thus far. It encapsulates their reaction to the world, and also my reaction to them. Their leader Ed Kuepper regards life as a bum trip — hardly an original thesis in itself, but the Laughing Clowns breathe fire into that cold, unyielding idea to bring it to life. Seldom has the whole absurd, grinding nightmare of existence been so nakedly yet exhilaratingly expressed. This is an essential record.

After several years operating on the margins of success, the brilliant but neglected Australian punk-era band The Saints broke up in 1978. Their guitarist and principal song-writer Ed Kuepper was disillusioned not only with the rock world, but also with the music itself. Thus he formed the Laughing Clowns in the belief that music in the idiom of the modern jazz greats — Davis, Coltrane etc. — could more subtly yet intensely express his songs.

Any doubts that this infusion might be a last-gasp bid for novelty value or dilettantish artistic regeneration should be dispelled. There is nothing forced or ungainly about this hybrid. Rock and jazz have a child, and they call it Laughing Clowns.

Seven out of the ten songs here first appeared on EPs which in turn were collected on the LP 'Throne Of Blood/Reign Of Terror' on their own Prince Melon label, sadly almost impossible to obtain in the UK. The remaining three numbers are taken from the more easily available 'Mr. Uddich Schmuddich Goes To Town', released last year.

The earlier songs boast Bob Farrell on sax and Dan Wallace-Crabbe on piano, who invest the Clowns of that period with a reflectiveness and discipline they have since to some extent lost. Listen to the nagging, admonitory piano on 'Crying Dance', or its tone of plangent resignation on 'Collapse Board'. On that same song, Farrell's sax wails in vain desperation, counterpointing the muted sob of Peter Doyle's trumpet. All the while Jeffrey Wegener's drums cruelly mimic the jangle of the gaoler's keys on the long walk to your own execution. Kuepper's voice, lugubrious but yearning, its passion exhausted, can only mouth the horror evoked so uncompromisingly by the music.

The Clowns not only scour the depths of suffering, but they scale the heights of excitement, ricochet into absurd tangents and glide over a range of inflections and nuances.

'Knife In The Head', 'Song Of Joy' and 'Come One, Come All' were performed by the group's current incarnation which includes Louise Elliot on saxophone and Leslie Miller on bass. What the Clowns have lost in thoughtfulness they have gained in urgency and fire. They may sometimes flare up uncontrollably, but they burn so brightly as to throw dramatically into relief previously hidden corners of your imagination.

The Laughing Clowns are playing some of today's most gripping music. Here's a good place to start listening.

Mat Snow

JAN GARBAREK

Paths, Prints *(ECM)*

IN A distinguished series of records, 'Paths, Prints' stands tall.It reaffirms and elevates still further the standing of the man who is becoming one of the most eminent and affecting of all post-Coltrane saxophonists. Jan Garbarek sears the causeway of this marvellously rich collection with playing of the most singular timbre: severe, cauterised of all pointless violence, his is a voice to first restore calm and then request a pitiless examination.

Significantly, Garbarek is resorting more and more (on six of these eight tunes) to the sharp, icily penetrative tones of the soprano sax instead of the mellower tenor. He has made his distinctive legato wail an instrument of astonishing melancholy: observe how 'The Move' is derived entirely from that fearful lamentation, a trait Bill Frisell's guitar is wont to echo. 'Still' brings the meditation to a complete stop, a skater's concentric design on a frozen surface, disquietingly symmetrical, like a perfect handwritten O.

It is nevertheless more than a solo turn. Garbarek has the group (Frisell, Eberhard Weber and Jon Christensen) closely in mind in 'The Path', a seven-minute exploration of shadow and dynamics where each member of the quartet has a vital role, tilting emphases and creating striking dialogues of simmering intent between themselves. It all blossoms with sublime eloquence in the unfolding of 'Footprints', a trail beginning in wood flutes and tablas which crosses east-west into reeds and electricity — the soprano's bursting entry is an enchanted arrow — with the root rapture of melody never foresaken.

Folk song and the humane tradition are the wellsprings of Garbarek's art, one which is taking on an iron-strong cast of articulate understanding. The consistent beauty of 'Paths, Prints' continues an upward scale that's showing no sign of falling away.

Richard Cook

McCARTNEY FANS!

The Ocean View

Before Wings' 1976 tour of America, Paul McCartney commissioned Imperial Tobacco/National Portrait Gallery Award winner and veteran musician Humphrey Ocean to create in words and pictures his own special diary of that historic event. The result was The Ocean View. Finally, a limited number of special edition copies of this unusual and colourful book are being made available to the general public. With a preface from Paul, The Ocean View stands on its own as a unique record of Wings' sell out tour and is sure to become a valuable collector's item. Copies are going quickly, so act soon before the edition sells out.

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PUSH, PUSH IN THE BUSH (OF GHOSTS)

PRINCE CHARLES AND THE CITY BEAT BAND

Stone Killers! (ROIR)

Prince Charles

...AND HOW!

Prince Charles and The City Beat Band are the result of a meeting between rival Boston gang leaders Charles Alexander and Tony Rose, and the producers of one of 1981's most powerful pieces of punk-funk, 'In The Streets'. 'Street-funk' reverted back to its former meaning in concrete jungle, moving at faster pace, with stench of violence heavy in the air, and cut with the sharpest edge...

Perhaps as a result of the apparent demise of Prince Charles' record label Solid Platinum, Reach Out International have produced a cassette compilation of the man's work, together with liner notes, photos and all manner of variously useful information. At a time when most record/tape packaging shows less care and interest than the design for a new tin of shoe polish, this should certainly be acknowledged.

Side one is Prince Charles talking from Boston — presumably a few months after the 'Gang War' — the sound still a dense mixture of percussion, cutting guitar and endless keyboards put into contrast with Charles' surprisingly soft voice and a flute as sweet as Brian Jackson. Above all, the whole side seems (very healthily) influenced by Mr. Clinton's 'One Nation...'

Though side one is fine party music — if slightly disappointing in the words department — the real business begins in the NY-produced second side. As the next few months will probably show, the full effect of such dazzling records as last year's D Train LP, The Peech Boys' 'Don't Make Me Wait' and various Arthur Baker (who is acknowledged on the sleeve) productions is yet to be felt. As Nelson George's liner notes have it: "This is the new R & B whether you like it or not". Developments happen, advances are made, whether you like it or not. So celebrate them!

Side two's opening 'Fool For Love' and its deranged dub-side 'Jungle Stomp' are now out on a 12" single — sort of Bootsy's Pinnochio Theory applied to the D Train theme. Both tracks are very abandoned exercises in sound and perhaps so powerful as to be overpowering: but then I guess subtlety is not one of Prince Charles' virtues. 'Bush Beat' is an instrumental cut of Slyck's 'Love It Or (Beat The Bush)' and has been very accurately described as "push, push in the bush of ghosts".

Because of the sleeve dedications to George Clinton and Rick James, and because of the sleevenotes, we might conclude by considering whether 'Stone Killers!' does indeed "document" decadence, or is, more simply, another part of it. Since 'Big Chested Girls' *"shake it to the boy with the biggest mouth"*, I'm really not sure...but I think I'd choose the latter.

Marcus Boon

NEWS tour

Kids plan return

THE KIDS FROM FAME,who made theirworld concert debut in Britain during post-Christmas week, are now planning a more extensive UK tour in the spring. It seems they were so delighted with their reception here that they now want to visit other parts of the country, including Scotland — and preliminary discussions are already under way regarding their projected return. Meanwhile, a live album was recorded at their recent Brighton and London concerts, and this is due for relaease shortly — and a BBC-TV documentary, based around their visit, is currently being edited for screening in the near furture.

EXTRA BY STRANGLERS

THE STRANGLERS have added a further two dates to their UK tour, which begins at the end of this month — they are at Oxford Apollo (February 4) and Leeds University (7), and tickets at both venues are £4.50 and £3.50. With their first single for Epic Records 'European Female' now in the charts, release of their new album 'Feline' is confirmed for January 21 — and the forst 50,000 copies of the LP include a free one-sided single titled 'Aural Sculpture', which also appears as a bonus track on the cassette version.

AND BUCKS FIZZ ADD A DOZEN

BUCKS FIZZ have added another dozen dates to their extensive UK spring tour — at Skegness Embassy Centre (March 17), Southport New Theatre (18), Coventry Apollo (25), Croydon Fairfield Hall (31), Reading Hexagon (April 2), Slough Fulcrum Centre (7), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (8), Cardiff St. David's Hall (9), Plymouth Theatre Royal (10), Bristol Colston Hall (12), Margate Winter Gardens (14) and Scarborough Futurist Theatre (16). Their original schedule was announced in mid-November, and these latest additions bring their itinerary up to a total of 37 concerts. Tickets are on sale now.

UFO active in Hammersmith

UFO will be setting out on a major UK tour in the early spring. It's schedules to begin during the second half of March, and Chrysalis will release a new album to coincide. Full details are expected to be announced next week, but it's already known that their big London concert will be at the Hammersmith Odeon on Thursday, April 14.

Chapman-Kemp reunion

MICHAEL CHAPMAN & RICK KEMP,whose gig at London Norwood Nettlefold Hall on January 21 was announced last week, have now expanded their reunion into a full-scale tour. They have newly confirmed dates at Bridgwater Arts Centre (this Saturday), Bath Moles Club (January 18), Chipping Norton Theatre (21), Birmingham Hare & Hounds (22), Rochester Brewery Folk Club (28), Colchester St. Mary's Arts Centre (29) and London Putney Half Moon (31), with more currently being finalised. Chapman recently released his 14th solo album 'Almost Alone', and the tour marks Kemp's return to the Chapman fold after lengthy stints with Steelye Span and the Maddy Prior Band. A limited edition single by the duo, produced by Dave Stewart, will be available at each concert.

GREEN LIGHT FOR REDD

SHARON REDD, who scored a sizeable hit in the autumn with her single 'Never Gonna Give You Up', flies into London this week and immediately launches into her first UK tour. She plays Blackpool Touchdown (tonight, Thursday), Newcastle Rockshots (Friday), Edinburgh Fire Island (Saturday), Glasgow Bennetts (Sunday), Dumbarton Faslane Naval Base (January 17), Manchester Heroes (19), Blackpool Scamps (20), London Haringay Bolts (21), Brighton Sherrys (23) and Liverpool Rotters (25). Her visit aids promotion of her newly released Epic single 'In The Name of Love'.

BY GEORGE, IT'S GIGS IN MARCH!

CULTURE CLUB, currently busy writing for their second album, will shortly begin a series of overseas visits taking them to America, Europe and Japan. But sandwiched between these travels, they've managed to fit in a short string of British concerts in the early spring.

They play Cardiff Top Rank (March 23), Manchester Apollo (24), Newcastle City Hall (25), Liverpool Royal Court (26), Bristol Colston Hall (27), Poole Arts Centre (28), Portsmouth Guildhall (29) and two shows at London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (31— doors open 5 and 8pm). Ticket prices vary, and readers should consult the relevant box-offices for details.

Van Halen pull out

VAN HALEN have called off their short British tour — just one week after announcing it! Their five-concert schedule was due to begin on February 28, but they say they've been forced to scrap it due to "unexpected recording commitments". They plan to re-arrange their visit, and possibly extend it, but that won't now happen until the autumn.

—AND SO DOES PRINCE

● PRINCE, who was to have appeared with his protegees Vanity 6 at London Hammersmith Odeon on January 26, has also concelled his visit — in his case, its because he needs time to perfect a new stage show in time for his upcoming US tour. Here again, it's hoped to re-schedule the visit for later in the year, but meanwhile ticket refunds are available from the box-office.

Gladys nights

GLADYS KNIGHT & The Pips pay a brief visit to the UK at the end of this month, to play a short series of dates in areas not covered by their last tour here. They visit Blackpool Opera House (January 28), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (31), Cardiff St. David's Hall (February 1) and London Lewisham Concert Hall (2) — two shows at each venue except Blackpool, and ticket prices range from £4.25 to £8.50. They'll also be filming a special for London Weekend TV.

Linda flying in

LINDA RONSTADT flies into London next week, though her visit is strictly for promotional purposes. She has a new single called 'I Knew You When' released by Asylum on January 21, and she'll be featuring it on BBC-2's *Russell Harty Show* (January 18) and *Leo Sayer Show* (31), with further TV appearances being arranged. The single, penned by Joe South and with Patti Austin on backing vocals, is taken from her current album 'Get Closer' — and it's coupled with the Kate MaGarrigle composition 'Talk To Me Of Mendicino'.

DOLLY SET FOR THREE

DOLLY PARTON'S London concerts at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road—exclusively forecast by *NME* on December 11—have now been confirmed for March 27, 28 and 29. She is bringing over her full US road show, and will also be undertaking further dates around the country, though these have yet to be finalised. RCA plan to release a new single and album to coincide with her visit.

Higsons on the way

THE HIGSONS set out this week on a UK tour, confined mainly to colleges and clubs, but also including an appearance at London Brixton Ace Cinema on January 20 — this gig teams them with Wah!, and it's one of the shows being filmed for Channel 4's *Whatever You Want* series, with transmission the following Monday (24).

Other dates are Liverpool College of Higher Education (tonight, Thursday), Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (Friday), Retford Porterhouse (Saturday), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (January 19), Chelmsford Chelmer Institute (21), London Walthamstow Town Hall (23), Sheffield Dingwalls (26), Dundee Dance Factory (27), Edinburgh University (28) and Newcastle University (29).

They'll be showcasing their current 2-Tone single 'Tear The Whole Thing Down' and, although ticket prices vary, they're all around the £2 or £2.50 mark.

● Another newly confirmed concert at Brixton Ace for Channel 4 filming is on January 27, featuring Moving Hearts and Jah Wobble (£2.50).

Dingwalls star round-up

WILSON PICKETT will now be playing three London gigs, as part of his UK tour on the Dingwalls circuit. He was originally scheduled for two nights at the Camden venue on January 24 and 25, but the first of these has now been scrapped — instead, he appears there on January 25, February 2 and 3. His provincial dates were announced last week.

A number of other acts will be doing the rounds on the Dingwalls network. ROY HARPER BAND play London (January 20), Newcastle (26), Hull (27), Sheffield (28) and Liverpool (29). WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS are at Newcastle (January 19), Sheffield (20), Hull (21), Liverpool (22) and Bristol (28). DAVE KELLY BAND visit Bristol (January 22), Liverpool (28) and London (February 4). And on the reggae front, MATUMBI are at Bristol (January 19), Liverpool (20), Sheffield (21) and Newcastle (22); and there are TAPPER ZUKIE gigs at Liverpool (January 26), Sheffield (27) and Hull (29).

● A sixth provincial Dingwalls was due to open this month in Blackpool, but this has now been delayed and the revised opening is planned for March.

Planxty together again

PLANXTY, the renowned Irish folk band, have re-formed and will be touring Britain in the spring—their first visit for over three years. Dates so far confirmed are at Edinburgh Playhouse (April 1), Norwich Theatre Royal (3), Aldeburgh Snape Maltings (4), Birmingham Irish Centre (5), Reading Hexagon (7) and London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion (12)—the London show is promoted by Asgard, and tickets are on sale now priced £5.50, £5 and £4.50. The line-up features original members Andy Irvine and Liam Og Flynn, plus Bill Whelan, James Kelly and Artie McGlynn. Although founder Christy Moore is featured on the LP, he won't be involved in the tour, as he's concentrating on a solo career.

HEADLINE TREK BY AMAZULU

AMULUZU have been lined up for their first headlining tour, visiting Kingston Polytechnic (January 18), London Camden Dingwalls (19), Portsmouth Polytechnic (20), Brighton Pavillion (22), Swindon Brunel Rooms (25), Treforest Wales Polytechnic (26), Bournemouth Midnite Express (27), Canvey Island Gold Mine (28), Nottingham Asylum (29), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (February 2), Newcastle Dingwalls (3), Liverpool (4), Sheffield Leadmill (5), Bath Moles (7), Bridgwater Arts Centre (8), Bristol Dingwalls (9), Basildon Raquels (10), Leeds Polytechnic (12) and Glasgow Night Moves (14). More will be added, and a single will be issued shortly.

KURTIS BLOW, whose gigs on the Dingwalls circuit were announced last week, also plays Glasgow Strathclyde University (January 22), Manchester Hacinenda (24), London Victoria The Venue (26), Kingston Polytechnic (28), Leysdown Stage 3 (29), London Southgate Pink Elephant (31), with a couple more still to be confirmed.

PAT BENATAR, having now sold out her concert at London Hammersmith Odeon (announced before Christmas), is to play a second show there the following night — Saturday, January 22. Tickets priced £5.50 and £4.50 are available now from the box-office and usual agents.

GEORGE DUKE, STANLEY CLARKE and JEFFREY OSBOURNE — all of them jazz-funk legends in their own right — get together to play a one-off concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on January 29. This will be their only UK date in their current European tour.

CHRIS DIFFORD & GLENN TILBROOK wrote the songs for a new musical titled *Labelled With Love,* which begins a seven-week run at London Deptford Albany Empire on February 17, with a possible transfer to the West End to follow. It's based upon the duo's songs for the Squeeze album 'East Side Story', with additional material both old and new. After each performance, the theatre will be transformed into a disco.

JOBOXERS, the new five-piece who recently signed to RCA, are playing a number of gigs tied in with the February 4 release of their debut single 'Johnny Friendly' — at Salisbury Technical College (tomorrow, Friday), Liverpool Dingwalls (January 19), Bristol Dingwalls (20), Bath Moles (21), Sheffield Dingwalls (22), Hull Dingwalls (28), Newcastle Dingwalls (29), Croydon Green Dragon (February 1), Nottingham Asylum (4) and Leicester Polytechnic (5).

JOHN CALE plays the first date in his European tour at London Victoria The Venue on January 31, performing a strictly one-man show, and tickets are on sale now. It's not yet known if he'll be doing any other UK dates.

LUTHER VANDROSS has added a second show at London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre, following the sell-out of his Valentine's Day show there. The extra show is on Sunday, February 13 — and tickets are on sale now priced £5, £4.50 and £4. Hailed as one of the most influential figures in American funk, he's bringing over his full US stage presentation for these shows.

THE ENID, who've been off the road for almost two years, return with a vengeance — by way of a 50-date UK tour. First confirmed are Sudbury Quay Theatre (February 13 and 14), Norwich East Anglia University (19), Peterborough Key Theatre (20), Thatcham Silks (21), Swindon Brunel Rooms (22), London Marquee Club (24 and 25), Retford Porterhouse (26), Redcar Coatham Bowl (27), Liverpool Warehouse (March 2) and Sheffield Limit Club (3). Rest of their schedule will follow shortly.

SHAKATAK, who were on the road for virtually the whole of the autumn, are now playing a series of cabaret residencies — including Watford Bailey's (this Thursday to Saturday), Windsor Blazers (January 27-29) and Birmingham Night Out (30-February 5). After touring Japan and the Far East, they'll be returning to the UK for further dates in early spring.

DAVID ESSEX, whose handful of major concert appearances was announced last week, is also set for a week at Watford Bailey's from January 24. And further cabaret engagements are being lined up.

10CC have now confirmed that their personnel for their March tour, announced last week, will be the same as when they toured here in February 1982. Joining the nucleus of Eric Stewart (vocals, guitar and keyboards) and Graham Gouldman (vocals and bass) are Stuart Tosh and Paul Burgess (both drums and percussion), Rick Fenn (guitar) and Vic Emerson (keyboards).

POOKIESNACKENBURGER are presenting an entertainment called *Mad Pookie 2,* also featuring Captain J.J. Waller and Tim Bat, for five days next week at the Drill Hall in London's Chenies Street, W.C.1. It runs from Tuesday to Saturday (18-22), and admission is £2.60, with concessionary tickets priced £1.60. There's also a matinee on the Saturday (22) at 2pm, when admission is just £1.10.

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN have switched the date and venue of their concert in Sheffield next week. Originally scheduled for the Lyceum Theatre on Wednesday (19), it's now been moved to the Polytechnic on Tuesday (18).

SMART, the London-based rock band who supported Joan Jett on her autumn UK visit, have now been invited to join her upcoming US tour. Before they leave for the States, they have gigs at Wokingham Angie's (January 20), Hastings Rumours (28), Loughborough University (29) and London Marquee (February 1).

CONNOLLY ENCORE, the band launched by ex-Sweet front man Brian Connolly, top the bill at the 1200-capacity London Poplar Civic Theatre on February 14 — supported by Chariot and Academic Hamiltons. This is the first in a series of gigs organised by Rock For The Young Unemployed, with admission just £1, and they are now looking for more bands to play at that venue during 1983 for the same worthy cause. Contact them at 7 Candy Street, Old Ford, London E. 3 (01-981 7480).

PALLAS, the fast-rising Scottish rock band, take another step up the ladder with a string of six headline gigs at London Marquee Club — tonight (Thursday); February 10, 18 and 28; March 11 and 26. Their first album 'Arrive Alive', previously only available on their own label by mail order, is now being issued on January 21 by Cool King Records (distributed by Pinnacle).

XCLUSIV CLUB in London's West End, formerly the Speakeasy, is starting a policy of live bands on Monday nights. Bookings this month are The Masked Orchestra and Eastern Alliance (January 17), Sad Among Strangers and The Shadowboys (24), and Into The Blue and Frame By Frame (31). Admission is £2, doors open 9pm.

THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS are back in action with a showcase gig at London Victoria The Venue on January 25, followed by Dartford Flicks (27). These tie in with the release this weekend of their single 'Horror Movies' on Charly Records, with their first album 'The Last Supper' (on which The Vibrators guest) scheduled for next week.

STOP PRESS: EVELYN KING DUE

EVELYN KING arrives early next month and plays concerts at Chippenham Goldiggers (February 4), Croydon Fairfield Hall (6) and London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion (7). Two more dates are being finalised and will be announced next week.

record NEWS

LEVEL 42's new Polydor single 'The Chinese Way' is now available in special limited edition 12-inch form, which offers a "two for the price of one" deal, since it also contains the three tracks on the group's previous single — 'Weave Your Spell', plus live versions of 'Love Games' and 'Dune Tune'. They are now discussing the prospect of their next album being produced in the States by Earth Wind & Fire.

THE MEMBERS have a new single issued on January 31, just before they leave for a lengthy American tour. Titled 'Boys Like Us', it's coupled with 'Arcade' and comes in both 7" and 12" formats. It was produced by Martin Rushent and Dave Allen.

MICK KARN, now free from the shackles of group life with Japan, has a new solo single out on Virgin this weekend — well, actually it's a remixed version of his year-old debut solo offering 'Sensitive' coupled with 'The Sound Of Waves'. Both tracks appear on his recent solo LP 'Titles', and the single is available in either 7" or 12".

LIONEL RICHIE follows his 'Truly' hit with a new single titled 'You Are', taken from his self-named album and released by Motown on January 21. Now on the point of breaking away completely from The Commodores, Richie is planning a solo UK tour in the spring.

CHIC have a new single 'Hangin'/'City Lights' issued by Atlantic on January 21, both tracks taken from their recently released album 'Tongue In Chic'. It's available in both 7" and 12" formats — the latter featuring extended versions of both titles, plus an extra track titled 'Dance Dance Dance'.

RANDY NEWMAN shares lead vocals with Paul Simon on his new Warner Brothers single 'The Blues', for release on January 21 — the same day as the album from which it is taken 'Trouble In Paradise', announced last week.

SKY confirm the release this weekend of their previously reported fifth album, as a prelude to their UK tour opening on February 1. Titled 'Sky Five Live', it's a double set running 96 minutes, and it comes at a special budget price on Ariola Records.

ONE THE JUGGLER, the oddly-named quartet for whom many are predicting success in 1983, have their new single 'Passion Killer' issued by Regard Records on January 21 — it was produced by Chris Thomas, who has previously worked with The Pretenders and Roxy Music. The group are currently working on their debut album, planned for April release.

AZTEC CAMERA release their new single 'Oblivious' on January 21 on Rough Trade Records — it's coupled with 'Orchid Girl', and there's an extra track called 'Haywire' on the 12-inch version. The band's debut album 'High Land, Hard Rain' is due out in early March, and they're planning an extensive tour to coincide — this will be their first outing to feature their new line-up, details of which will be announced shortly.

MIKE RUTHERFORD, of Genesis fame, releases a new solo single on WEA Records this weekend. It's an edited version of 'Hideaway', which was featured on his recent solo album 'Acting Very Strange'. The B-side is 'Calypso'.

EDDY GRANT's follow-up to his recent No. 1 hit is 'Electric Avenue', issued this week by Ice Records, distributed by RCA. And on the main RCA label, HALL & OATES take another stab at the charts with their single 'One On One'.

NAZARETH release their new studio album '2XS' this week on the Nems International label — it was recorded in Montserrat, with production by Roxy Music and Japan heimsman John Punter, and it marks a return to the hard-edged sound of the band's early years. Also available is the single 'Games'/'You Love Another'. A British tour is planned for later this year, and dates are now being pencilled in.

THE THOMPSON TWINS have their latest single 'Love On Your Side'/'Love On Your Back' issued by Arista this weekend in both 7" and 12" forms, with the latter featuring two different extended versions. Following their recent US chart and tour success, they'll be touring here in February, and their new album 'Quick Step And Side Kick' will be released to coincide.

THE MAISONETTES, who made their *NME* Chart debut last week with the single 'Heartache Avenue' on Ready Steady Go Records, now have an extended remix of that track available in 12-inch form. It's coupled with 'The Last One To Know', plus a previously unreleased track titled 'Nightmares'.

CHINA CRISIS have a new single out on Virgin this week — titled 'Christian', it's lifted from their album 'Difficult Shapes And Passive Rhythms'. It's available in both 7" and 12" formats, and both versions also feature two new songs, 'Greenacre Bay' and 'Performing Seals'. Following their pre-Christmas tour with Simple Minds, the band are now lining up a tour of their own — details to follow shortly.

U2

THE NEW SINGLE

NEW YEAR'S DAY

SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION DOUBLE PACK

WITH FREE SINGLE

ISLAND

SOUNDTRACK LP

THE SOUNDTRACK album from the new Henry Winkler movie *Nightshift* is available from this weekend on Warner Brothers. It features six new songs penned by Burt Bacharach and Carole Bayer Sager, performed by **Rod Stewart, Al Jarreau, The Pointer Sisters** and **Burt Bacharach** himself — plus contributions from **Heaven 17, Rufus & Chaka Khan, Talk Talk** and **Marshall Crenshaw.**

● **Tom Snow** — writer of numerous hits for the likes of The Pointer Sisters, Leo Sayer, Olivia Newton-John and Kim Carnes — releases his first single for Arista on January 21. It's his own song 'Somewhere Down The Road', previously recorded by Barry Manilow. An album by Snow follows later in the year.

● Oily Records of Aberdeen are reissuing the single 'Shoot You Down' by local band **APB,** which figured in *NME's* independent chart a year ago, and has since become something of a cult record in New York clubland. Distribution is through Fast Product of Edinburgh.

● Elektra Records kick off 1983 by releasing three major jazz albums this weekend. 'Rit 2' is the new set from renowned guitarist **Lee Ritenour,** while sax star **Grover Washington Jr** offers 'The Best Is Yet To Come' on which the title track is sung by **Patti LaBelle.** Another top saxist is **Stanley Turrentine,** whose fourth Elektra LP is 'Home Again'.

● CSA Records are rush releasing the debut album from top new Jamaican DJ **Buro,** with his name as its title. Produced by Henry 'Junjo' Lawes, it's distributed through PRT.

● The seemingly endless supply of Canadian hard rock bands is maintained with the debut of **Headpins,** who feature former model and figure skater Darby Mills on vocals. Their first album 'Turn It Loud' is out this weekend on Atco.

● Keyboards star **Billy Wolfer** releases his debut solo album 'Wolf' this weekend on Solar Records (through WEA). He's previously worked with The Jacksons, Stevie Wonder and Paul McCartney — and his LP includes guest appearances by Wonder and Michael Jackson.

● American artist **Brad Love** was brought to the MCA label by Big Time Records, the Australian company which discovered Air Supply — and with that background, his single 'Warrior'/'Color Me' is released this weekend. Love was once a member of the now-defunct band Aviary, and later played the lead in the L.A. production of *Godspell.*

● **Virginia Astley,** probably best known as leader of The Ravishing Beauties, this week releases her second single for Why-Fi Records (distributed by Rough Trade and The Cartel). The two self-penned titles are 'Love's A Lonely Place To Be' and 'Soaring'. There's also a 12-incher containing two extra instrumental tracks, 'A Summer Long Since Passed' and 'It's Too Hot To Sleep'.

● Release date of **Echo & The Bunnymen's** previously reported third album 'Porcupine' is now confirmed by Korova Records as January 21. Their new single 'The Cutter' is out this week.

● African band **Juluka** are already well established in their home continent, with two gold albums to their credit, and now they're being launched in Britain by Safari Records. Their first UK release, out this weekend through Spartan, is the single 'Scatterlings Of Africa' — also available as a cut-out picture disc in the shape of Africa. A 12-inch remix will follow shortly.

● Detroit singer **Madonna** has her debut single 'Everybody' issued by Sire Records this weekend, and it's been specially remixed for British release by Rusty Egan and Steve Short. A 12-incher is also available.

● London-based trio **Glass Ties** — led by keyboards player Warren Bennett, son of Shadows drummer Brian Bennett — will have their second EMI single released next month in both 7" and 12" versions. Title is 'You, You, You'.

● Flicknife Records (distributed by Pinnacle) release two four-track EPs this weekend. The first is by Portsmouth band **Ad Nauseum,** whose tracks are 'Thatcher', 'Crazy World', 'Don't Vote' and 'Daddy, Daddy'. The other is by London outfit **Erazerhead,** who already have three indie chart hits to their credit, and their set was recorded live at London's Klub Foot in November — featuring 'Do The Geek', 'Stuttgart Stomp', 'KGB' and 'Get Pissed Again'.

● Very Mouth is a new-style label venture, based in South London and run by a group of friends, and they've already secured Rough Trade distribution. Their first two singles, out this week, are 'Neckspots'/'Hideous' by **Games To Avoid** and 'Condition'/'Photos' by **Greeting No.4.**

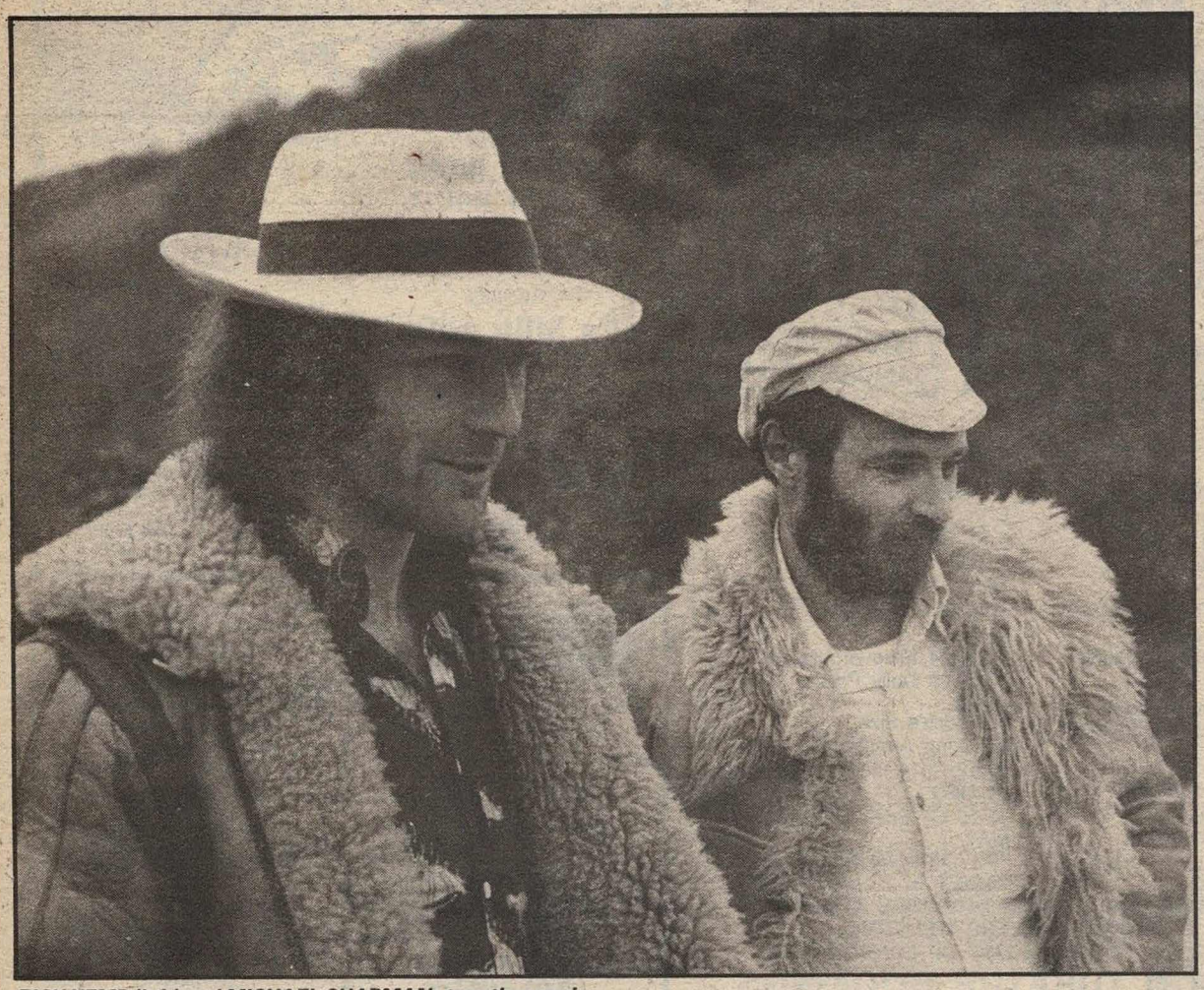
● The first solo single from **Dave Bartram** on Utopia Records is 'Black Ice', which he wrote with producer Phil Wainman. It's already been adopted by four times world hot-rod champion Barry Lee, who has emblazoned the title on his car.

● **Airstrip One** release their second Polydor single this weekend in both 7" and 12" forms, coupling 'Satellite' and 'All Fall Down', and they're playing a string of London club gigs to promote it.

● Noted producer and artist **Narada Michael Walden** has a new single out on the Atlantic label this week, coupling 'I'm Ready' and 'Holiday'. It's also available in 12-inch form, featuring extended versions of both tracks.

Disc hiring ban

RECORD lending libraries could be on the way out, as the result of a court decision which is likely to have widespread repercussions around the country. EMI Records obtained an order against a Devon firm called Rent-A-Disc, banning it from hiring out any EMI product, mainly on the grounds that such records could be transferred to tape before being returned to the library. Both the BPI and other major labels have been watching the case carefully, and now that the law appears to have come down on the side of the record industry, further actions can be expected to follow.



RICK KEMP (left) and MICHAEL CHAPMAN: together again

GETTING BACK TO BUSINESS

THE circuit is slowly stirring from its holiday slumber, and this week sees the opening of two new tours, plus the resumption of another after the Yuletide break. DAVID ESSEX chooses an opportune moment to hit the road, with his current single registering so strongly — he's playing a series of weekend concerts, interspersed with weeks in cabaret, kicking off at Ipswich (Saturday) and Nottingham (Sunday). Guitar virtuoso MICHAEL CHAPMAN reunites with former colleague RICK KEMP for an outing which starts at Bridgewater (Saturday) and Bath (Tuesday). And ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN pick up the second leg of their winter tour at Lancaster (Saturday), Edinburgh (Sunday), Newcastle (Monday) and Sheffield (Tuesday).

ULTRAVOX add a couple of afterthought gigs to their pre-Christmas schedule at Nottingham (Thursday) and Cardiff (Saturday), while JOE JACKSON and GARY MOORE reach the end of their current travels at Portsmouth (Friday) and London Hammersmith (Saturday) respectively. There are London specials by the ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE (Thursday) and TOM ROBINSON (Sunday), while the chain of provincial Dingwalls venues gets cracking with some very attractive bookings — see under daily listings for details.

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 13th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **False Idols**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Black Roots**
Camborne Tyack Hotel: **The Mercenaries**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & the Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Acker Bilk Band**
Feltham The Airman: **Solstice**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Barfly**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Mono Pacific**
Hayle the Penmare: **Contraband**
King's Lynn John Bambers Social Club: **Terrain**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **John Otway**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Sun**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **The Anti-Nowhere League/The Meteors**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Talisker**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Whirlwind with Nigel Dixon & Mick Green**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Rd. Astoria: **Darts in the rock musical *Yakety Yak!* (for a season)**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Icicle Works**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **James Moody/Colin Purbrook Trio (until Saturday)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Trendy Wendy**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Hanoi Rocks**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Dorothy Donegan (until January 29, except Sundays)**
London Marquee Club: **Pallas**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Loose Tights**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Inmates**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Mainsqueeze (until Saturday)**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **Pauline Melville/Tebbits Bicycle/Michelene Wandor/The Creators**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Dave Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Morrisey Mullen**
London Victoria The Venue: **Farmers Boys/The Alarm**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Willesden The Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Woolwich Transhed: **Wipeout/Yo-Yo**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **The Party**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Soly Sombra: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The B.B.'s**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Gary Moore Band**
Manchestrer The Gallery: **Victor Mature**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Ultravox**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Vetos**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Music For Pleasure**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **Alice Goes Pop**
Sheffield Marples Club: **Soldier**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tickkas**
Todmorden Dog & Partridge: **Room 101 (until Saturday)**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

friday 14th

Birmingham Odeon: **Gary Moore Band**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Uomo Vogue**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Bottles**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Dorking (Beare Green) White Hart: **English Rogues**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **English Disease**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
London Brentford Red Lion: **G.B. Blues Company with Root Jackson**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **The Stingrays/Wagstaff**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Pauline Melville/Tebbits Bicycle/Michelene Wandor/The Creators**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Weapon Of Peace/Da Gamba**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Doc K's Blues Band**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Elephant & Castle College of Printing: **King Kurt/The Ivory Coasters/Kevin Turvey**
London Farringdon The Metropolitan: **The Bugger All Stars/Julian Watson/Desirata**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Kokomo**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tony McPhee Band/The Shakers**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Life After Life**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Amyl Dukes**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Geoff Dunn-Ronnie Johnson Group**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Emerald/Shilo**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Creamies**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Zen Abattoir**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **The 45's**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Alvin Roy Band**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London S.W.8 Patmore Youth Club: **Coxsonne Sound System**
London Tower Bridge Rd. The Copper: **Babylon Rebels**
London W.1 (Down St) Gulliver's: **LAB**
London W.C.1 School of Oriental & African Studies: **The Lydia D'Ustbyn Swing Orchestra**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Newport Gwent College of Higher Education: **False Idols**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Terraplane**
Penzance Winstone's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle Trio**
Pontardawe Dynevor Arms: **Cyril Tawney/Graham Larkbey's Last Pint/Before The Motorway**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Joe Jackson Band**
Retford Porterhouse: **Music For Pleasure**
Salisbury Technical College: **Jo Boxers**
Sheffield KGB Dance Centre: **Ranking Joe/Jam Tubbys**
Southend Queens Hotel: **Le Mat**
St. Ives (Cambs) Liberal Hall: **Bordeaux**
Stoke Wagon & Horses: **John Otway**
Thirsk Topcliffe Old Mill: **Rules Of Croquet**
Wentworth Rockingham Arms: **R Cajun**

saturday 15th

Bridgwater Arts Centre: **Michael Chapman/Rick Kemp**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Juan Foote 'n' The Grave**
Camborne Lowenac Hotel: **Billy Pryor**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Ultravox**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coatbridge Georgian Hotel: **Sideway Look**
Colne Frances: **March Violets**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Hot Snacks**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **The Equalisers**
Ipswich Gaumont: **David Essex**
Lancaster University: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Laurel & Hardy/Papa Face**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tres/Alpha Waves**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Micky Jupp Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **True Life Confessions**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **King Kurt**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Gray Moore Band**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Roland Muldoon/Mr. Clean**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Sunwind**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Juice On The Loose**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Pauline Melville/Tebbits Bicycle/Michelene Wandor/The Creators**
London Putney Half Moon: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Pete Cooper & Friends**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Stan Barker Quartet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Spirit Level**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Son Of Man/Belinda Blanchard/Glenn Smith/Mark Steel**
London West Hampstead Moonlight club: **The Playn Jayn/Doctor & The Medics**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dave Kelly Band**
London W.C.2 School of Economics: **The Monochrome Set**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **The East Side Torpedoes**
Nottingham Whispers: **Music For Pleasure**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **720**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Toddington The Angel: **Solstice**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime) : **The Pests**

sunday 16th

Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Falmouth The Laughing Pivate: **Cryteria II**
Garstang Rock Club: **Schellshock**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys (lunchtime)/Aldeoni E Amigos & Solha Solta (evening)**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Swamp Creatures**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Gordon Beck Nonet/Azimuth**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Finchley Torrington: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Sister**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Band (lunchtime)/Ken Barton Band (evening)**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Little John's Jazzers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Richard Thompson Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Neville Dickie**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Stevie Smith, Steve Waller & Friends**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Stratford Theatre Royal: **Tom Robinson**
London Trafalgar Square St. Martin's Crypt: **Paul Downes & Phil Beer**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Pauline Melville/Tebbits Bicycle/Michelene Wandor/The Creators**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Chris Smith-Ronny Ross Quintet**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **K.K. Khan**
Newark The Maple Leaf: **Fat Chicken Blues Band**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton The Silver Horse: **The Beat Preachers**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **David Essex**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Fretz**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Jake Thackray/Abalon**
Sheffield Smitheywood Club: **Room 101**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Conflict/Omega Tribe/Icons Of Filth**

monday 17th

Coventry General Wolfe: **Le Mat**
Derby (Langley Mill) Reflections: **A Conversation**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Tysondog**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Langley Mill Reflections: **A Conversation**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **To The Finland Station/Wicked Kitchen Staff/The Process**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Dynamite Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **The Coe Quartet**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Boy Vocal**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Bella Donna**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Fear Of Falling/The Bazookas**
London Hampstead The Three Horseshoes: **Brian Knight & Kick Out The Jams**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Door And The Window/Contradictions**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **OurBand with Dick Morrissey/Jim Mullen/Martin Drew**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jerry Lockran Benefit Night**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Art Blakey & The Jazz Messengers (for a week)**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Limehouse**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 (Margaret St) Xclusiv Club: **The Masked Orchestra/Eastern Alliance**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Empire/Agent Orange**
Newcastle City Hall: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Newcastle Corner House: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **John Cox Quartet**
Portsmouth Cambridge Hotel: **Vivienne Encore**
Southampton The Waterfront: **Laughter In The Garden**
Southend Zero 6: **No Idea/The Shakers/Old Pals Act**
Sunderland Annabel's: **Rules Of Croquet**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **Hot Gossip (for a week)**

tuesday 18th

Bath Moles Club: **Michael Chapman/Rick Kemp**
Kingston Flippers: **Larry Miller Band**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Sun**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Keith Christmas**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Juice On The Loose**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Kurtis Blow**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Symbolix**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Diz & The Doorman**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dirty Nights**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Facade/Silent Running**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazz Band**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Kakacalbo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Allstar Jazzband**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Glasshouse/Dancing Corners**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Mantilla Delux**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Tony McPhee Band**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**

wednesday 19th

Aston Village Hall: **Heresy/Saprophytes/Guilt Edge**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Matumbi**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Sensible Pencils**
Heanor Rock Club: **Schellshock**
Hull Dingwalls: **Beano**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Bugger All Stars**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Jo Boxers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Nik Malham**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Amazulu**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Geraint Watkins/The London Apaches**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Oasis**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Lydia D'Ustbyn Orchestra/The Harmonettes**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Norwood Nettlefield Hall: **Wits End Theatre Co.**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rush Hour**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Acker Bilk Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt Quartet**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Lobo**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Elton Dean**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Tony McPhee Band**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
Nottingham The Asylum: **The Innocent**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Kurtis Blow**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
St. Blazey Penpillick Hotel: **Alan Elsdon/Johnny Austin 7**
Stockport Technical College: **Music For Pleasure**
Wingham Well Eight Bells: **English Rogues**

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 | 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00pm to 11.00pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS,
SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 13th January (Adm £2.00)
PALLAS
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Friday 14th January (Adm £2.00)
CHELSEA
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 15th January (Adm £2.00)
DANCING DID
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 16th January (Adm £1.50)
TWELTH NIGHT
Plus Trilogy & Jerry Floyd

Monday 17th January (Adm £2.00)
HOWARD JONES
Plus Support & Martin Ball

Tuesday 18th January (Adm £2.00)
B B + EXPOSURE
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 19th January (Adm £2.00)
ONE THE JUGGLER
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 20th January (Adm £2.00)
CHINATOWN
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

Klub Foot

CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM CLARENDON HOTEL (MAIN BAR-OPENING HOURS) ALBEMARLE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE ROUGH TRADE RECORDS ROCK ON RECORDS LATE BAR TILL 12.00

£2.50
HANOI ROCKS
IDLE FLOWERS
THURSDAY 20th JANUARY at 8.00

£2.50
THE DANCING DID
UNDER TWO FLAGS
YIPYIP COYOTE
THURSDAY 27th JANUARY at 8.00

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

JANUARY
13 Anti Nowhere League
15 Gary Moore
20 Wah! The Higsons
22 Pat Benetar
23 King Sunny Ade
24 Echo & The BunnyMen
27 Moving Hearts
29 George Duke & Stanley Clarke
29 John Cooper Clarke
31 Echo & The BunnyMen

FEBRUARY
10 Rickie Lee Jones
13 Luthor Vandross
15,16 The Stranglers
18,19,20 Sky
21,22 Fun Boy 3

MARCH
1 Madness
5 Van Halen
9,10 Thin Lizzy
14 U2
16,17 IOCC
20 The Undertones
21 U2
22,23,24 Elkie Brooks
27,28,29 Dolly Parton

APRIL
4,5 Buck's Fizz
6,7 Joan Armatrading
11,12,13,14,15 Johnny Mathis
14 UFO
15,16 Gil Scott — Heron

MAY
16,17,18,19,20,21,22,23,24,
25,26,27,28,29 Liza Minelli

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME
SEND S.A.E. FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftsbury Avenue W.1. Phone 439 3371

Le Beat Route

OPEN 9.00PM TO 3.30AM — LICENSED TO 3.00AM
17 GREEK STREET, LONDON W1V. TELEPHONE: 437 5782 Night 409 2645 day

MONDAY
MONDAY NIGHT AT BEAT ROUTE
with
UNCLE BRIAN

TUESDAY
60's SOUL NIGHT
Entrance £3
Members £2
Plus ALEX GERRY
ALL DRINKS 50p TILL 11.00pm!!

WEDNESDAY
DON'T BLINK NIGHT
ALL DRINKS 25p

THURSDAY 13th JANUARY
Live Music From
THE CHERRY BOYS

FRIDAY
FRIDAY NIGHT AT LE BEAT ROUTE
(MEMBERS ONLY)
STEVE · OLLIE
STEVE LEWIS · CARLO

SATURDAY
EVERY SATURDAY IS NEW YEAR'S EVE AT LE BEAT ROUTE.
All drinks 50p All Night.
Live Cabaret. Entrance £4.50

RIGHT OF ADMISSION RESERVED

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1. 2674967

THURSDAY 13
WHIRLWIND
WITH NIGEL DIXON + MICK GREEN (PIRATES)
£2·25

FRIDAY 14
WEAPON OF PEACE
SUPPORTED BY
DAGAMBA
£3·50

SATURDAY 15
AUTHENTIC SALSA MUSIC FROM URAGUAY
TRES
SUPPORTED BY
ALPHA WAVES £3·50

SUNDAY 16
COMEDY + LUNACY NIGHT
DAVID RAPPAPORT, OBLIVION BOYS, RONNIE GOLDEN, BRIAN BAILEY

MONDAY 17
TO THE FINLAND STATION
WICKED KITCHEN STAFF
THE PROCESS £2·

TUESDAY 18
THE LATEST SCRATCH + RAP FROM NEW YORK,
KURTIS BLOW
+ TOP N.Y. SCRATCH FROM
D.J. DAVEY-D.
£3·50

WEDNESDAY 19
REGGAE NIGHT,
START OF NATIONWIDE TOUR
AMAZULU
+ SUPPORT £2·75

THURSDAY 20
ROY HARPER
SUPPORTED BY
TALL STORY
£3·50

COMING SOON

TUESDAY 25
FROM U.S.A.
'IN THE MIDNIGHT HOUR'
WILSON PICKETT
WITH HIS ALL-AMERICAN 9-PIECE BAND
£5·00

EAT & DRINK AT DINGWALLS BEFORE 10pm AND SAVE A FORTUNE

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
Waterloo St. City Centre, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne. Tel. 0632 324156
FORMERLY THE BIER KELLER

FRIDAY 14
RAY STUBB'S R'n'B ALL STARS
£1·50

SATURDAY 15
EAST SIDE TORPEDOES
£1·50

WEDNESDAY 19
R+B NIGHT
WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS
£2·00

THURSDAY 20
DAVE KELLY BAND
(EX-BLUES BAND) £1·50
EAT & DRINK AT DINGWALLS BEFORE 10pm AND SAVE A FORTUNE
OPEN MONDAY-SATURDAY 8PM-2AM. & SAT LUNCH 12-3PM

FRIDAY 21
THE LATEST SCRATCH + RAP FROM NEW YORK,
KURTIS BLOW
+ TOP N.Y. SCRATCH FROM
D.J. DAVEY-D. £2·50

SATURDAY 22
REGGAE NIGHT
MATUMBI
£2·50

WEDNESDAY 26
ROY HARPER
SUPPORTED BY BAND
TALL STORY
£2·50

THURSDAY 27
THE PINKEES £2

FRIDAY 28
FROM U.S.A.
'IN THE MIDNIGHT HOUR'
WILSON PICKETT
WITH HIS ALL-AMERICAN 9-PIECE BAND
£4·00

SATURDAY 29
JOBOXERS
£1·50

LSE ENTS presents
ORCHESTRA JAZIRA
+ EKOME
Sat 22nd Jan. Doors open 7.30 pm
Tickets £2.00 adv £3.00 door
Tickets available from usual Box Offices or LSE Students Union, Houghton St. London WC2 Holborn/Temple Tube
Enquiries 405 8594

THE CORBETT THEATRE
RECTORY LANE,
LOUGHTON, ESSEX
Enquiries 01-508 4157
2 Mins From Debden Station

Saturday 15th January
Ex BAY CITY ROLLER
ERIC FAULKENER'S BAND
R.S.V.P.
+ MASKED ORCHESTRA
★Admission £2.50 but £1.00 Off if you bring this advertisement with you.
Happy Hour 7.30 - 9.00pm
All drinks half price

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THE ICICLE WORKS
THU. 13. "Distinctive and unusual style... dominated by edgy guitar and rich K-boards ...Icicle Works step up into the big league." NME

LEE FARDON
FRI. 14. Singer/Songwriter/Guitarist. Echoes of Lou Reed & Springsteen, but he has more imagination & vitality than run-of-the-mill plagiarists. Recommended.

THE COBRAS
SAT. 6. Furious, Chicago up-town R & B. line up features ex-patriots from the Count Bishops, Dr. Feelgood & 9 Below Zero.

MON. B. B. BAND + FUSELI
TUE. UNDER TWO FLAGS + RESET

THE CLIMB
WED. 19 JAN. + Easter and the Tottem

THU. 20 JAN. VERBA VERBA

THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M. till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1927 PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

KINGS HEAD
4 FULHAM HIGH ST: 736 1413

Wednesday 12th January BASILS BALLS UP BAND	£1.00
Thursday 13th January JAZZ SLUTS JAZZ FUNK	£1.50
Friday 14th January CHUCK FARLEY	£2.00
Saturday 15th January SALT with Little Stevie Smith R & B Boogie	£1.50
Sunday 16th January SAM MITCHELL BLUES BAND	£1.50
Monday 17th January TRIANGLE NILE Avant garde rock	£1.00
Tuesday 18th January THE INMATES	£2.00

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD. W.6

Thursday 13th January HOLLYWOOD KILLERS + Rum Jungle	£1.50
Friday 14th January TONY McPHEE BAND + Steve Hooker's Shakers	£1.50
Saturday 15th January TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS + Outboys	£1.50
Sunday 16th January 60'S & NORTHERN SOUL DISCO	£1.00
Monday 17th January BELLA DONNA + Rhino Edwards	£1.25
Tuesday 18th January FACADE + Silent Running	£1.25
Wednesday 19th January MOJO FILTER + Direct Hits	£1.25

MCP presents
GARY MOORE
Plus Guests
FEATURING
IAN PAICE
NEIL MURRAY,
JOHN SLOMAN & DON AIREY
ODEON THEATRE HAMMERSMITH
Sat 15th Jan, 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £4.00,
Available from B/O Tel 01-748 4081 & Usual Agents

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
Unit 3, Furnival House, Furnival St. Sheffield. Tel. 0742 21807
FORMERLY THE BIER KELLER

WEDNESDAY 19
THE LATEST SCRATCH + RAP FROM NEW YORK,
KURTIS BLOW
+ TOP N.Y. SCRATCH FROM
D.J. DAVEY-D.
£2·50

THURSDAY 20
R+B NIGHT
WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS
£2·00

FRIDAY 21
REGGAE NIGHT
MATUMBI
£2·50

SATURDAY 22
JOBOXERS
£1·50

WEDNESDAY 26
THE HIGSONS
£1·75

THURSDAY 27
REGGAE SPECIAL FROM JAMAICA
TAPPER ZUKIE
£2·50

FRIDAY 28
ROY HARPER
SUPPORTED BY BAND
TALL STORY
£2·50

SATURDAY 29
FROM U.S.A.
'IN THE MIDNIGHT HOUR'
WILSON PICKETT
WITH HIS ALL-AMERICAN 9-PIECE BAND
£4·00

EAT & DRINK AT DINGWALLS BEFORE 10pm AND SAVE A FORTUNE
OPEN MONDAY-SATURDAY 8PM-2AM. & SAT LUNCH 12-3PM

FAC 51
THE HAÇIENDA

Over the next two months The Hacienda will be re-turning to what we consider to be the best of the Manchester bands rather than place these acts in support slots, at the mercy of main groups' sound engineers. We offer the opportunity to display their wares in a proper manner.

The Line — Up So Far

Friday 14th January
THE KRAY TWINS & DOG MUSICIANS

Friday 21st January
JAMES & DISCOBOLISK

Friday 28th January
CHAMELEONS & FORIEGN PRESS

Friday 4th February
52nd STREET & THE SMITHS

Admission prices will remain the same at the normal Friday Disco rate. Also Monday 24th January
KURTIS BLOW

Coming Soon
Animal Nightlife, Divine, China Crisis, The Plasmatics, Eurythmics etc.

11-13 Whitworth St., West, Manchester
061-236 5051

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441

Doors Open 8.00 pm
Main band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 13th January £2.50
THE FARMERS BOYS
+ THE ALARM

Friday 14th January £3.00
CROWN OF THORNS

Saturday 15th January £3.50
KOKOMO

Monday 17th January
Closed

Tuesday 18th January
Closed

Wednesday 19th January £3.00
NICO

Thursday 20th January £2.50
SOLSTICE
+ TWELFTH NIGHT
+ DAGABAND
+ PENDRAGON

COMING SOON

Friday 21st January £3.00
KAJAGOOGOO

Saturday 22nd January £3.00
TALISMAN

Tuesday 25th January £2.50
THE BOLLOCKS BROTHERS

Wednesday 26th January £3.50
KURTIS BLOW

Thursday 27th January £2.50
MUSIC FOR PLEASURE

Monday 31st January £4.00
JOHN CALE

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
38-46 George St. Hull
FORMERLY THE BIER KELLER

WEDNESDAY 19
BEANO
£1·50

THURSDAY 20
THE LATEST SCRATCH + RAP FROM NEW YORK,
KURTIS BLOW
+ TOP N.Y. SCRATCH FROM
D.J. DAVEY-D.
£2·50

FRIDAY 21
R+B NIGHT
WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS
£2·00

SATURDAY 22
THE FARMERS BOYS
£1·50

LIVE MUSIC. BAR. DISCO. RESTAURANT. VIDEO

WEDNESDAY 26
PAUL YOUNG
(Q-TIPS VOCALIST)
£1·75

THURSDAY 27
ROY HARPER
SUPPORTED BY BAND
TALL STORY
£2·50

FRIDAY 28
JOBOXERS
£1·50

SATURDAY 29
REGGAE SPECIAL FROM JAMAICA
TAPPER ZUKIE
£2·50

TUESDAY 1ST FEBRUARY
FROM U.S.A.
'IN THE MIDNIGHT HOUR'
WILSON PICKETT
WITH HIS ALL-AMERICAN 9-PIECE BAND
£4·00

OPEN MONDAY-SATURDAY 8PM-2A.M. & SAT LUNCH 12-3PM

HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE VISITING ARTS UNIT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND NIGERIAN AIRWAYS
AN EVENING OF "JUJU" MUSIC WITH
KING SUNNY ADÉ
AND HIS AFRICAN BEATS
LYCEUM STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 23rd JANUARY
TICKETS £5.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245.
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 637 3131. ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261. STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282.
ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, OR £5.00 ON NIGHT

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS
PAT BENATAR
IN CONCERT
CONNOLLY ENCORE
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
FRIDAY 21st JANUARY
EXTRA SHOW SAT 22nd JAN
TICKETS £5.50 & £4.50
B'MINGHAM ODEON
WED. 26th JAN
N'CASTLE CITY HALL
THURS. 27th JAN
TICKETS £4.75 & £3.75
Available from box office and usual agents
Available now new single SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT.

MOONLIGHT
100 WEST END LANE
(West Hampstead tube)
Sundays 7.30-10.30

Wednesday 12th January £1.50
LIFE AFTER LIFE
+ Support

Thursday 13th January £1.50
LONDON COWBOYS
+ The Legendary Luton Kippers

Friday 14th January £1.50
THE GYMSLIPS
+ Framed

Saturday 15th January £1.50
PLAYNE JAYNE
+ Support

Sunday 16th January £1.50
THE SID PRESLEY EXPERIENCE
+ Grub Street

Monday 17th January £1.50
ANY ANXIOUS COLOUR
+ Street Car

Tuesday 18th January £1.50
THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS
+ The Frank Chicken

Wednesday 19th January £1.50
THE BARRACUDAS
+ Support

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE S.U.
The Great Hall, Mile End Road

Friday 14th January
RED BOY
8.00pm Adm £1

Wednesday 19th January
B B
with Stevie B & Jo Burt
8.00pm Adm £1

DUDU PUKWANA'S
Funky Afro Jazz
ZILA
100 Club,
100 Oxford St, W1
Friday 14th January
£3 (£2.50)

PRESTON WAREHOUSE
St John's Place 0772 53216

RE-SCHEDULED DATE
SAT. JAN. 15th 9.30-2 a.m
NICO
& her band
Admission £2.50
Tickets for Nov 6 Valid

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
Brownlow Hill, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool 3.
Tel. 051 708 8815
FORMERLY THE BIER KELLER

WEDNESDAY 19
JOBOXERS
£1·50

THURSDAY 20
REGGAE NIGHT
MATUMBI
£2·50

FRIDAY 21
RUBY TURNER
£1·50

SATURDAY 22
R+B NIGHT
WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS
£2·00

LIVE MUSIC. BAR. DISCO. RESTAURANT. VIDEO
OPEN MONDAY-SATURDAY 8PM-2AM. & SAT LUNCH 12-3PM

WEDNESDAY 26
REGGAE SPECIAL FROM JAMAICA
TAPPER ZUKIE
£2·50

THURSDAY 27
FROM U.S.A.
'IN THE MIDNIGHT HOUR'
WILSON PICKETT
WITH HIS ALL-AMERICAN 9-PIECE BAND
£4·00

FRIDAY 28
DAVE KELLY BAND
(EX-BLUES BAND) £1·50

SATURDAY 29
ROY HARPER
SUPPORTED BY BAND
TALL STORY £2·50

EAT & DRINK AT DINGWALLS BEFORE 10PM AND SAVE £££!

THE STAR
LONDON ROAD, CROYDON
ONLY LONDON DATE
RICHARD THOMPSON BAND
Dave Peg, Dave Mattocks, John Kirkpatrick
Saturday 15th January
Tickets 01-684 1360

Battersea Arts Centre
Lavender Hill, S.W.11
01-223 8413
Wednesday 12th January at 8pm
LONDON APACHES
Tickets £1.50/Mems & Concs £1
Sunday 16th January at 8pm
ALDEONI E AMIGOS
Tickets £2/Mems £1.50/Concs £1

THE CAVE
NEW MERLINS CAVE
MAGERY STREET., LONDON WC1
(Five minutes Kings Cross Stn)

Thursday 13th January £1.00
THE BB'S

Friday 14th January £1.00
THE BONSAI FOREST
+ The Flips

Saturday 15th January £2.00
DAVE KELLY BAND

Sunday 16th January £1.00
K. K. CARNE

Monday 17th January £1.00
EMPIRE
+ Agent Orange

Tuesday 18th January £1.00
MANTILLA DELUX

Thursday 20th January £1.00
DOG DOG DOG

THE HALF MOON
93 Lower Richmond Road, Putney SW15: 01-788 2387
Wednesday 12th January
BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
Thursday 13th January
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
Friday 14th January
THE 45's
Saturday 15th January
CAROL GRIMES BAND
Sunday 16th January
RICHARD THOMPSON BAND
Monday 17th January
JERRY LOCKRAN BENEFIT NIGHT
Tuesday 18th January
JAZZ SLUTS
Friday 21st January
HANK WANGFORD BAND

THE TUNNEL

Thursday 13th January £1.00
COLORZ
+ Agent Orange

Friday 14th January £1.00
ORE
+ City

Saturday 15th January £1.00
GLASS TIES
+ The Walking Floors + Head Poison

Tuesday 18th January £1.50
MOTION LOTION Featuring John Kelley
+ Spy vs Spy

Wednesday 19th January £1.00
TRILOGY
+ Crazy Train

THE MITRE
338 Tunnel Ave., Greenwich SE10.
Tel: 858 0895
(200 yards southside Blackwall Tunnel)

FLICKS DISCOTHEQUE
Kent Road, Dartford, Kent
Modern Dance Night Every Thursday
Thursday 20th January
PRIDE
Thursday 27th January
RED LIPSTIQUE
THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS
Tel: DARTFORD 25520

Monday 17th January
SHOUT NITE
at
DINGWALLS
with
WICKED CHICKEN STAFF
THE PROCESS
TO THE FINLAND STATION

A CONCERT FOR T.V. PRESENTS
All shows are being Recorded for CH 4
ACE of Brixton
Tel 274 4663
100 yds — Brixton Tube
(Next to Town Hall)
Brixton Hill S.W.2

Thursday 13th January	ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE + THE METEORS	£2.50
Thursday 20th January	WAH + THE HIGSONS	£2.50
Thursday 27th January	MOVING HEARTS + JAH WOBBLE	£2.50
Thursday 3rd February	LEVEL 42	£2.50
ON SALE NOW	The Ace+Premier Box Office+London Theatre Bookings+Rough Trade +The Cage In Gear Market — Kings Rd	ALL SHOWS 8.00

Live Ads. in NME
are read by more
people than those
in any other music weekly
SOURCE ABC JAN./JUNE 1982

Contemporary Music Network
Arts Council
OF GREAT BRITAIN

National tour by two top jazz groups

AZIMUTH

John Taylor *piano & organ,* Norma Winstone *voice* Kenny Wheeler *trumpet & flugelhorn*

& **GORDON BECK NONET**

in an agumented version of the music from the
'Sunbird' album.

January

Sun 16 7.30 LONDON, Round House
Thu 20 8.00 LEICESTER, Phoenix Arts★
Fri 21 8.00 DARLINGTON Arts Centre
Sat 22 7.30 MANCHESTER, R.N.C.M.
Sun 23 7.30 SHEFFIELD, Crucible Theatre
Mon 24 8.00 LEEDS, Playhouse★
Wed 26 7.45 BRIGHTON, Gardner Centre, U of Sussex
Thu 27 8.00 BRISTOL, Arnolfini
Sat 29 8.30 KENDAL, Brewery Arts Centre
Sun 30 8.00 BIRMINGHAM, Strathallan Hotel
Mon 31 7.45 COVENTRY, U of Warwick Arts Centre

★ Workshop for jazz students at 2.00pm

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
The Pithay, All Saints St. City Centre, Bristol.
Tel. 0272 294312
FORMERLY THE BIER KELLER

THURSDAY 13
LOCAL REGGAE
BLACK ROOTS
£1·50

FRIDAY 14
UMO VOGUE
£1·50

SATURDAY 15
JUAN FOOTE & THE GRAVE
£1·50

WEDNESDAY 19
REGGAE NIGHT
MATUMBI
£2·50

THURSDAY 20
JOBOXERS
£1·50

FRIDAY 21
THE PINKEES
£2

SATURDAY 22
DAVE KELLY BAND
(EX-BLUES BAND) £1·50

WEDNESDAY 26
FROM U.S.A.
'IN THE MIDNIGHT HOUR'
WILSON PICKETT
WITH HIS ALL-AMERICAN 9-PIECE BAND

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THE LATEST SCRATCH + RAP FROM NEW YORK,
KURTIS BLOW
+ TOP N.Y. SCRATCH FROM
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Burning soul and smelly armpits. Tracey Thorn sweats it out, Paul Weller keeps his head down.

THE BLAND PLAYED ON

ABC
New York

IT'S A FACT that ABC rubs certain people the wrong way. It was intimated in that Morley profile (Fry complaining about people who can't see beyond the gold lame suits, the cosmetics) and it was demonstrated when ABC played New York, and the why's and wherefore's of it are worth considering.

The American critics' suspicion of ABC derives from notions of rock authenticity, and an insistence that emotional realism in rock performance be signalled through certain agreed-on signs. It fails to take into account the fact that the grand sweep of emotions ABC manage on their records could never be literally dramatized on a concert stage — they are more for the realms of literature or cinema. So ABC live must present a different kind of fantasy.

And then the ABC projection seems, on the surface, so overblown, with its big band stage set, its violins and classicized medleys. Never mind that ABC melodies are strong enough to stand up to the conceit. The critics think ABC are too taken with their own cleverness.

Unlike 'The Lexicon Of Love', ABC live isn't a stunning achievement. There are serious drawbacks. But it is an honourable showing, an entertaining translation of songs from record to stage. It is a show that is exquisitely stagey, delighting in its own calculations. It unrolls with a smooth, flowing motion, and for all its grand scale pretensions it is quite human and inviting, quite within reach.

There *are* failings. First among them is the fact that Martin Fry is stiff: not cold, but puzzled as to just what to do with his body. Sax man Steve Singleton has much better moves, but it's bad form for a sax player to upstage a lead singer. Fry's voice is rich, but his presence in the end seems mannered, slow and clumsy.

And the band could use more rhythm. The panorama of sound is fascinating, but ABC would like to be a dance band — I know they do because they said so. And to do that they're going to have to toughen up the rhythmic skeleton those precious compositions are hung on.

But if they didn't quite give up the funk, ABC did give out a sense of vision. They reach past the rock concert into the realms of cabaret, and theatre, and engage the mind much more than usual. ABC live in America didn't produce unbound excitement, but it offered conceptual daring, that's a very good start.

Richard Grabel

★

POGUE MAHONE
Dingwalls, Camden

SHANE WAS the lead singer with The Nips, the bloke who had his earlobe cut by Kate of The Modettes at a Clash gig, a punk mini legend. Pogue Mahone is the band he's been hatching over the past 18 months using accordian, acoustic guitar, tin whistle, bass and (sometimes) drums, a style pre-empted by phase three Dexy's but Pogue Mahone's approach is different — more bar room b(r)awl than showband revue.

They suffer from disorganisation, scrappiness and long periods of tuning up between songs.

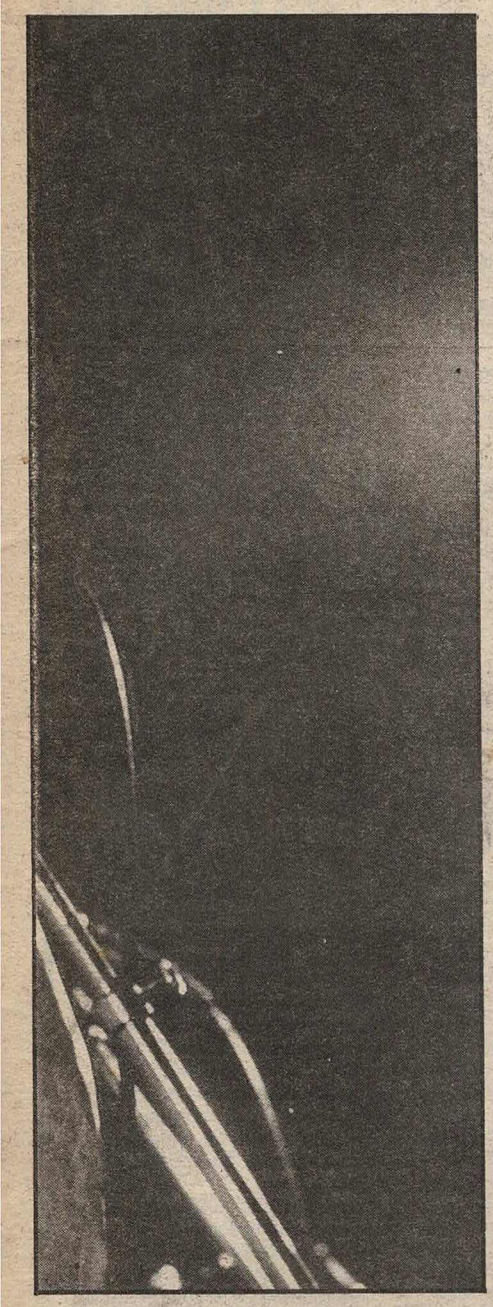
Ironically the lifestyle that fuels the songs is also holding them back. A shame because were they to tighten up they could be an abrasive, honest and strong sideswipe at customary ways and expectations.

Pluses — Shane has a fine *singing* voice, one of the few people this side of 40 who can actually use his voice expressively and draw you into the places and feelings sketched out in the songs. The songs themselves are barbed and naked painting a blunt, sometimes squalid picture but never forgetting the effectiveness of a good tune or a merry jig. Folk music? All depends what sort of folk we're talking about I suppose. F'rinstance one song takes the life of a navvy building the railroads in the 1800s, another deals with his descendants in post-punk boom London giving Arabs hand-jobs and dropping mandies.

But are they taking themselves seriously enough to make a real go of it? Pogue Mahone is Irish gaelic for 'kiss my hole'.

Gavin Martin

ICA



Pic: Chris Clunn

WAH!
EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL
KING

ICA, London

SPONSORED BY *Jamming* magazine, tonight's instalment of the ICA's Press Gang Week saw a capacity crowd and touts outside the door...

The bane and boon of first group on, King, comes in the shape of funk investigator Perry Haines. Thankfully the direction-less fusions which Haines advocated, both in Cult clothing and Club Dolphin, have finally found both form and aim in the group. For the moment, they are the first bloods of their mentor's Dial 9 school, fulfilling their master's wishes in much the same way as Grace Jones did those of Jean Paul Goude. Fortunately, the band are set to ignore his master's voice by taking their saw-toothed collection of offcuts and carving their own designer label into the fabric.

The fleshy sound is loaded with a thousand throws: twisting from one snake-bitten rhythm to another in a vain (but promising) attempt to lose the myriad influences from their work. The main instigator of these positively '60s undertones is the keyboard player, who shadow-boxes brilliantly with the best cuts of everything from Booker T to The Doors, while the bass filters some deep root funk through the darting punches of the guitar and drums. Over this, the singer lays his mime and roll act.

Whereas King's main friend and foe was outside of the band, Everything But The Girl's was in their very midst. To ignore Paul Weller's guest appearance with the duo would be pointless: he was there. To say that he added nothing (bar a few new fans) to the brilliance of Tracey Thorn and Ben Watt would be closer to the point.

Describing EBTG as "lovely", or as producing "lilting" melodies would be an insult to the burning soul of Thorn's voice and the trance-inducing simplicity of Watt's guitar. Weller joined at song three, which oddly enough turned out to be 'English Rose' (off 'All Mod Cons'). If anything, it was a pivotal choice, swinging the set away from the open-handed beauty of 'Night And Day' and 'Plainsailing' to the foot-tapping coasting of 'Fever' and the promenade-pacing tropicality of Joao Gilberto's 'Girl From Ipanema'.

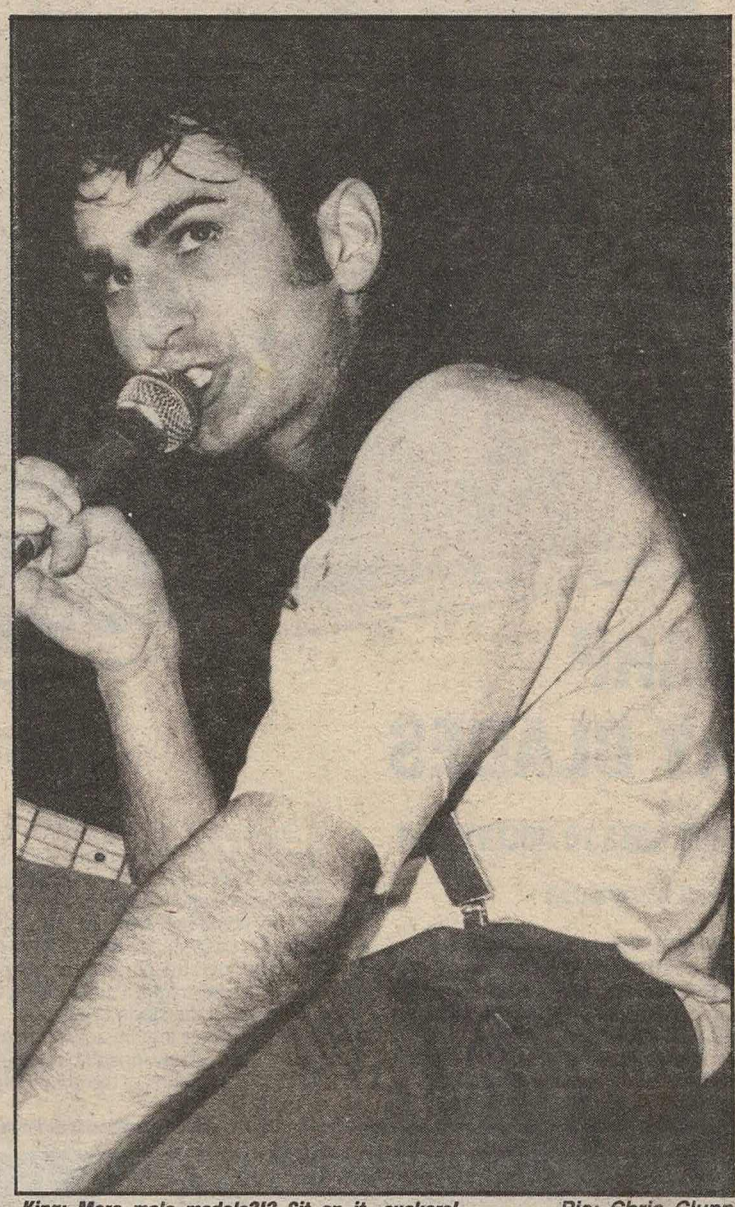
The saddest aspect of the set was its brevity; but the crowd's smiles mixed gladly with their tears, and even the good-humoured dominance of Weller could not snatch the credit from this diffident duo.

Wah!, or at least Pete Wylie, offered a refreshing contrast within the show: loud and unabashed, they have a certain scouse warmth.

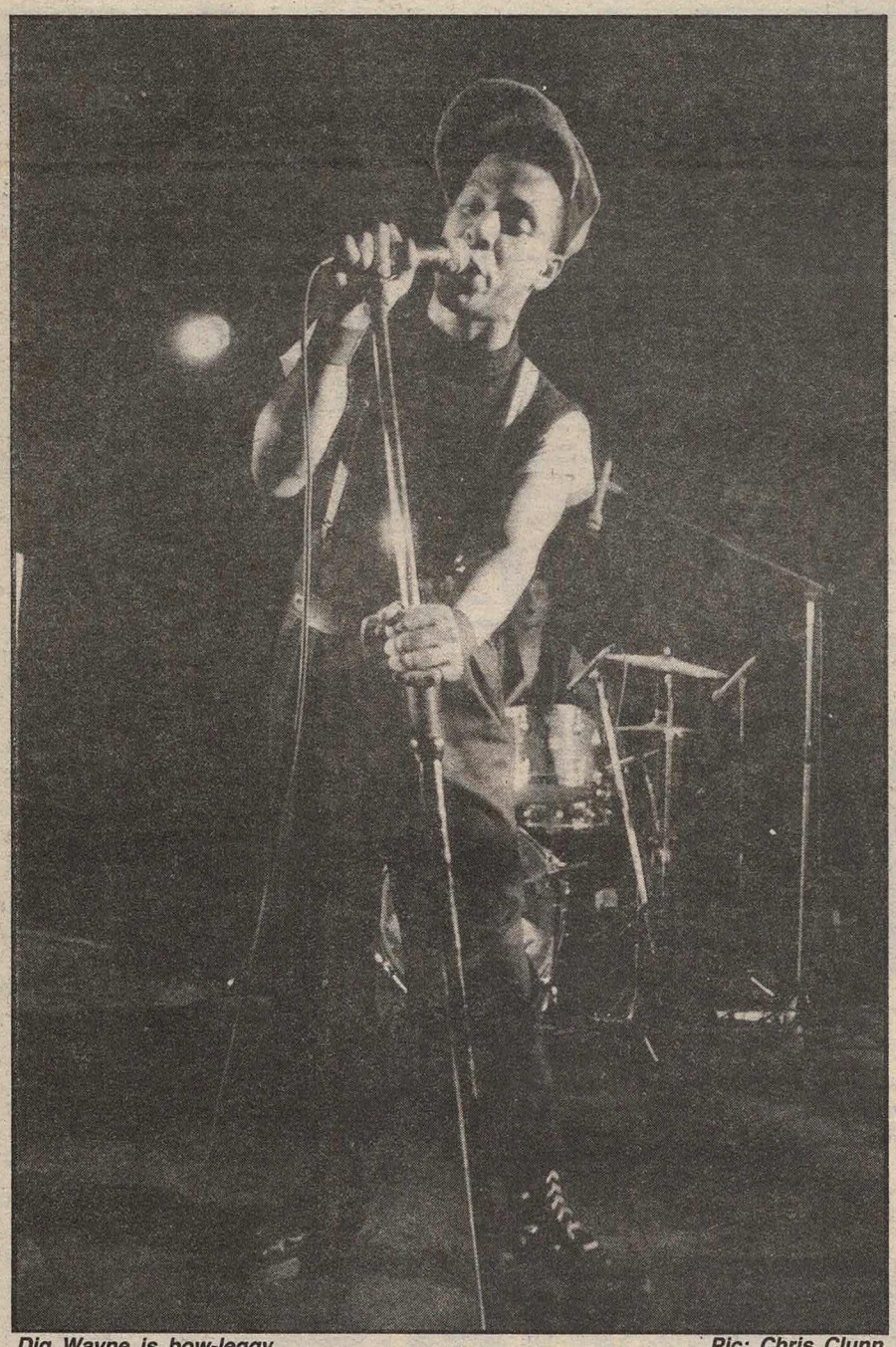
It's good to see the ease with which their new format can accommodate outside elements: backup singers Sylvia And The Sapphires flash on and off in the half-light, as do guest guitarists from It's Immaterial and Black. The form is on and up, shredding the PA with a torrent of keyboard and bass challenges, while Wylie spares nothing in telling us the Story Of The Wah!

Drained but still pulsing, there is a glimmer of hope in this Art of Bluff. When the lights closed, it was Stars that were going out.

David Dorrell



King: More male models?!? Sit on it, suckers! Pic: Chris Clunn



Dig Wayne is bow-leggy Pic: Chris Clunn

JOBOXERS
BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH
LITTLE BROTHER
THE BOX
CHEVALIER BROTHERS

ICA, London

NME'S SUPREME TEAM Adrian Thrills and Lloyd Bradley set the tone for this paper's night of Press Gang Week, spinning dance discs which started feet tapping. In Deep's 'Last Night A DJ Saved My Life' faded from the turntable and The Box took the stage, launching into a jarring set: a frantic cacophony, without hint of a melody. Relentless attack in Mark Smith style, with crazy drums, straining guitar, bumbling bass, and incidental sax; The Box seemed out of their box.

A smart move by the evening's planners was having the Chevalier Brothers playing in the bar. The brothers provided a great atmosphere, and an entertaining alternative to straining to watch the videos. Looking sharp and '50s like Serge Clerc characters, they played their unique brand of skiddly bop, an infectious blend of boogie woogie, skiffle and jive. The tea-chest bass is no Lonnie Donegan parody; the Chevaliers are serious and talented, tracking down rhythms from Manhattan to Martinique.

I broke away from the bar, to find Little Brother continuing the live action in the hall. Wearing a smart mohair suit, which unlike Mr Sayle's fits well, Little Brother seemed perfectly comfortable. He doesn't rant and rave, like Attila or SWells, but delivers his cutting observations in a more controlled cabaret way. He's warm and friendly, like a stand-up northern comic, but instead of the Irish mother-in-law jokes, the audience are treated to poems that deal with sex, drugs and politics, in a very funny way. Little Brother is a genuine alternative to the comic tradition, and the audience warmed to him.

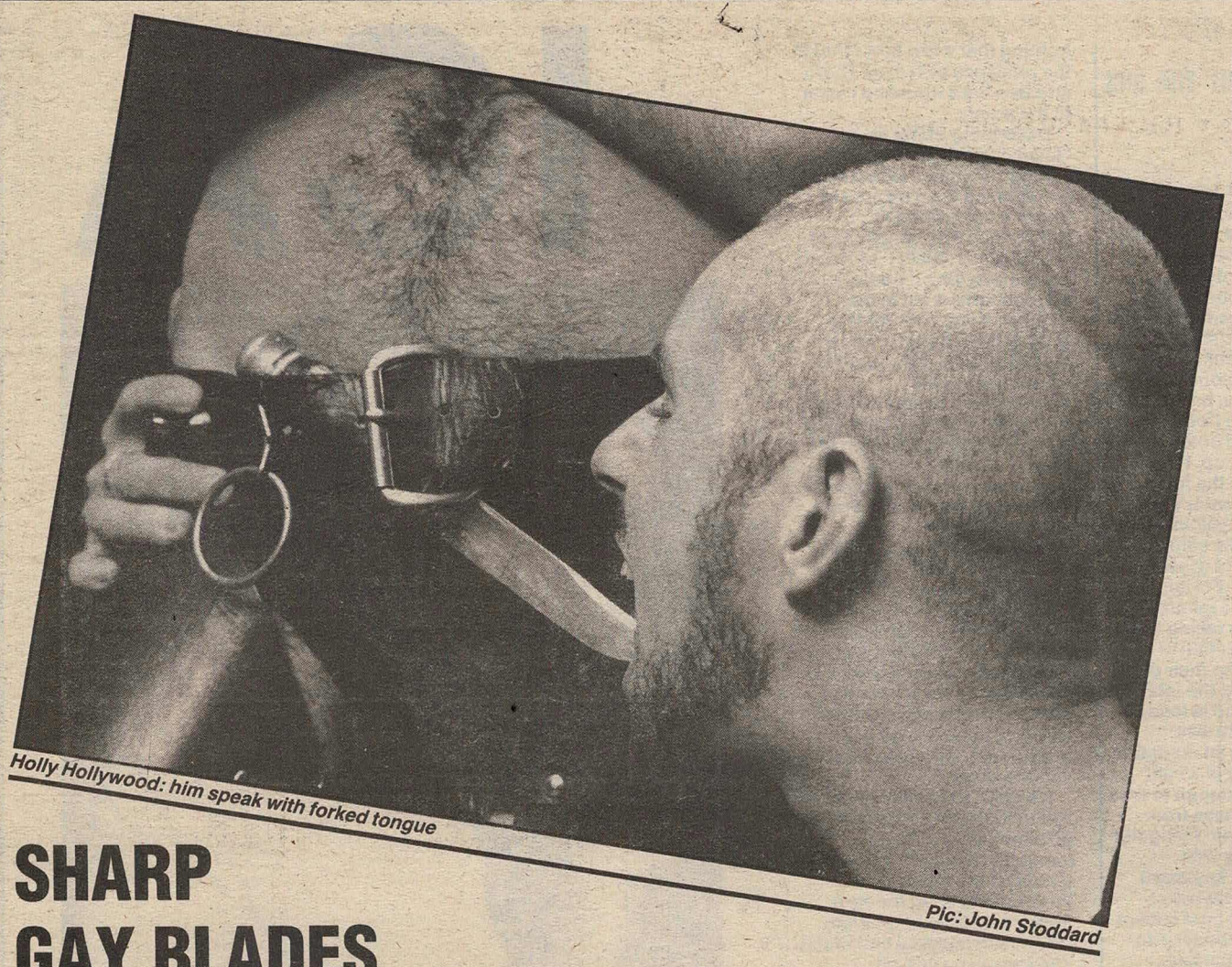
Closely following the poet came the ranter. Benjamin Zephaniah, the new bard from Stratford E15, could become the definitive dread 'beat' poet. He beats out a rhythm with his arms, legs and locks, while pouring out his monolgues with passion and at furious pace. He is not mournful, angry or full of self-pity but wildly enthusiastic, funny and touching. The message to racists is so human it hurts. He's a humorous, clever man, who's worried about the world, yet tells us in a wickedly entertaining way.

JoBoxers sound is instantly infectious, their set starting off with finger- clicking swing. The pace picked up, as singer Dig Wayne led his gang (ex-Subway Sect)j from Herb Alpert sleaze to the Boxer beat. You can't help noticing the street image of caps, belts and braces, baggy trousers and boots. It's sharp and cool, just like Dig Wayne, the perfect frontman for this talented bunch. He shuffles to the microphone like he was born onstage, chatting amiably friendly between songs and pouring his heart out during them.

In the second half of their set, JoBoxers moved from the New York bar to the northern dance floor. Stomping through Syl Johnson classics, the ecstatic flurry of northern soul climaxed with their great first single 'The Boxer Beat'. I recommend that you get knocked out by JoBoxers, but remember to bring talc for the floor and a change of white socks. A great end to a fine and varied evening.

Alan Marke

PRESS GANG



Holly Hollywood: him speak with forked tongue

Pic: John Stoddard

SHARP GAY BLADES

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

Liverpool Warehouse

SOMEWHERE IN your darkest fantasies, Frankie Goes To Hollywood will find a leather bound niche; a perversion for every closet,a stud for every field. If you would step with De Sade through a sharp Parisian daydream then you will be equally tempted to goosestep to Hollywood with these bikers in black.

Frankie and the gang play heavy on the 'break a taboo' ethic;portraying your most suppressed ideals with a shocking verve, leading you into the woods that your mother could only warn you about. But what fun lies in those words, what delights crack through the sex, sweat and blood of a cool Mersey night. The stunning visuals writhe about the stage in a gross sexploitation of the 'muscle and 'tache' gay clone, the raw funked beat spins to the jockstrap gyrations of the singer, the prickly Holly.

The fraulein in uniform act and the fake fornication, amplified by the throwaway lyric sheet, teeter on the edge of farce, walk a knife-carved line around vice and finally slide shaft-first into the naughty-but-nice sheath that the Liverpool lushes love them for. Ideally *this* 'Pool band would find themselves breaking the stardom barrier in some sleazy Hamburg basement. As it is, they're cruising for fame on a baby oil boulevard.

David Dorrell

LIVE!

BRIGANDAGE

Moonlight Club, West Hampstead

THE ART of stealing is a heady affair. It takes strong nerves, confidence, and even a little touch of madness. When the robbery transcends mere physical/musical 'shoplifting' and enters the realms of culture, and rock'n'roll culture especially, the operation becomes more tricky than ever.

At a time when anything and everything from the 1920s and beyond is being crassly pilfered in the name of style and inspiration, along come a band, Brigandage, who take that idea to the limit. Their area is, of course, punk (1976) and tonight at the Moonlight Club their particular act of theft overcame revivalism and became a direct challenge to the current holders of that spiky handle (the dull, grey Oi/bootboy sect). "Stealing our future back for ourselves," shouted the bravely blue-haired singer, Michelle, before they started the set.

Brigandage draw heavily on the music, tone and lustre of that fab four The Sex Pistols for their roots. This, however, is no cabaret act and the band have a vicious verve of their own — employing a fast raunch to convey a multi coloured feeling of hope. This isn't punk in the black negative sense, but one based around those old, gold ideals of 'individuality', creativity and rebellion. *"We've escaped the gutter, now you must do the same!"* shrieks Michelle as she bounds energetically back and forth across the stage.

Reversing into the future, as it were.

Richard North

COME IN TOKIO

Liverpool Royal Court

PHIL WYLIE'S boys coped admirably well with this Costello support spot, particularly considering the large venue and short set allowed to them.

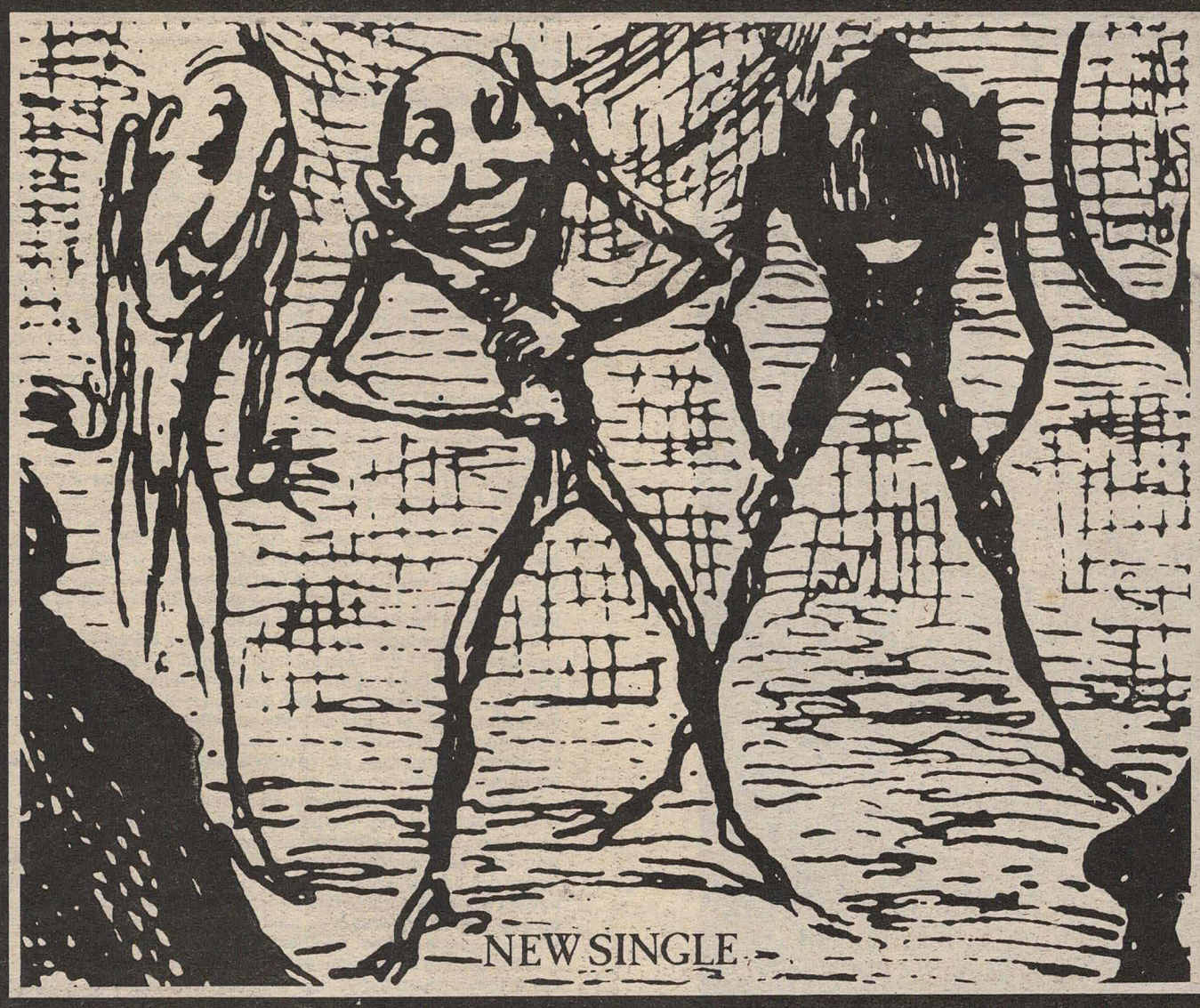
Phil hasn't quite got the charisma of his brother Pete, and he's got a much sillier haircut, but he can hold his own and also show he's got the famous Wylie mouth. He dominates the stage, supplying Wah! type vocals and harsh ringing guitar, though it's far from being the one-man show that Wah! sometimes were. The remaining four prove themselves more than merely competent, with drummer Alan Currie providing a springy barrage of rhythms for the keyboards and guitars to work around, creating a tight impulsive noise.

Over the last year Come In Tokio have developed their sound distinctively, even if it's cast in a rather traditional mould. Tonight they played a fine short set of hard-edged rock, and showed they can vary the mood with some success. The two guitars are normally well to the fore of the dense blanket sound, but on the prettier pop of 'Say You Won't Go Away Again', John Jenkins' keyboards dance dainty patterns all over the place, and hopefully they'll choose this as their debut single.

The group's radio sessions left me unconvinced of any depth, but tonight saw me converted. All they need now to work their way into your hearts is the right record deal, which I'm sure won't be long coming.

Kev Mc

BAUHAUS



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MANCHESTER GUY, 33, 6ft. tall, looks OK, divorced, feeling lonely, seeks nice lady for love, friendship. Paul, 23, Crawford St., Eccles, M30 9PW.

OLD HEAD into Stones, Dylan, Dire Straits etc. seeks letter/freindship and meetings with wholesome female. Box 4729.

PENPAL MAG: Singles, divorced, widowed. Approval Copy:— **MATCHMAKER,** (A.25), Chorley, Lancs.

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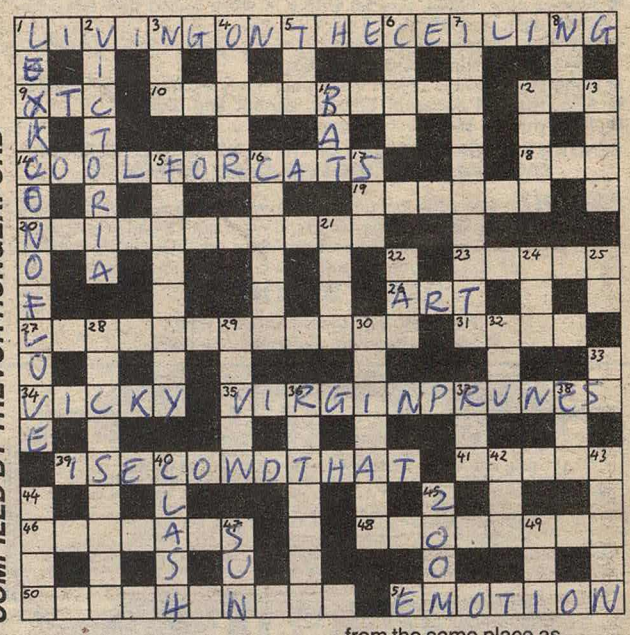
CLUES ACROSS

1. Where to find the Blancmange after the Chimpanzee's tea-party? (6,2,3,7)
9. This lot sound like ecstasy (3)
10. Late-fifties US group which featured Phil Spector as vocalist on their one hit 'To Know Him Is To Love Him' (5,5)
12. Night _____, by Gerry Rafferty (3)
14. *"The Sweeney's doing ninety, cos they've got nowhere to go"* line from 1979 hit (4,3,4)
18. The record label stuck in the middle (1,1,1)
19. **& 5D.** Elvis Costello single recorded live last year with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (2,4,3)
20. US singer-songwriter who released a live album in 1972 entitled 'Hot August Night' (4,7)
23. See 27A
26. Forename of 'Bright Eyes' singer (3)
27. **& 33D. & 23A.** *"You cry out in your sleep, all my feelings exposed"* line from 1980 hit (4,4,4,2,5)
31. See 13D.
34. _____ Leandros, 1972 Greek Yawnovision song contest winner (5)
35. Don't touch those dried plums? Oh well, if I die, I die (6,6)
39. **& 51A.** Japan single—cover version of a golden oldie (1,6,4,7)
41. **& 50A.** Current Outcasts LP (5,3,7)
46. Murphy's mob (7)
48. See 29D.
50. See 41A.
51. See 39A.

DOWN

1. A passion dictionary starting off with ABC (7,2,4)
2. 1970 Kinks single — similar to Waterloo but without the Sunset (8)
3. **& 15D.** The Stone's first top ten hit single (3,4,4)
4. See 8D.
5. See 19A.
6. Mr Hodges of a well-known musical duo.
7. Carole King hit from 1971 (3,3,4)
8. **& 4D.** Nero drew a different picture of this group (3,5)
11. Ian Botham gets his gear from the same place as Meatloaf? (3)
12. **& 32D.** 1980 Roxy Music single (4,3)
13. **& 31A.** *"The city girls just seem to find out early, how to open doors with just a smile"* — line from 1975 hit (4,4)
15. See 3D.
16. Clash equipment for the drummer (6)
17. Punk, now playing somewhere within heaven's gates, I'd guess (3)
21. Prior to ELP, Keith Emerson's band (4)
22. There's a 'Six-Minute' one somewhere with yet More Short Songs (3)
24. Only the best Motorhead driven spades (3)
25. Flying lizards follow-up to their 'Money' single (2)
28. Save quid note, perhaps, to see this group (4,5)
29. **& 48A.** US band best known for their 'Summer In The City' (5,8)
30. From the same era, a Geordie band featuring Eric Burdon and Alan Price (7)
32. See 12D.
33. See 27A.
36. Specials single coupled with 'Rude Boys Outa Jail' (3,4)
37. Mr. Noakes (2)
38. Band originally formed by Roy Wood who then departed before they became really huge (1,1,1)
40. Their 1979 EP included the two tracks 'Gates Of The West' and 'Capital Radio' (5)
42. _____ Barry, who sang 'Like A Baby' and '1,2,3,' (3)
43. Zimmerman (5)
44. Epic label's biggest money-spinners (4)
45. Fat Larry's Band takes off (4)
47. Elvis Presley's first ever single releases were on this label (3)
49. 1961 Shadow's biggie (1,1,1)



COMPILED BY TREVOR HUNGERFORD

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Living on the, 6 Buy, 8 See 2 Down, 10 Violence, 13 See 36 Down, 14 A(llen) K(lein), 15 Rocket, 18 Bang Bang, 22 Hep, 23 Rag, 24 Leo, 25 Emu, 26 Lora, 27 Flown, 28 Raven, 30 Ist, 32 Each, 34 TNT, 35 Ams, 37 B(ob) H(oskyns), 38 Sly, 39 T(ubular) B(ells), 40 See 42 Down, 43 Wash, 45 Tom, 46 Ramones, 47 See 2 Down, 49 Mono, 50 See 51 Across, 51 & 50A Edie Sedgwick.

DOWN: 1 La Variete, 2 & 47A & 8A 19A I'd Like to See You Again, 3 Gun, 4 NME, 5 Eye, 6 Buffalo Gals, 7 Young Ones, 9 Ol, 11 Iko, 12 CS, 13 Son, 16 Church 17 EP, 18 Bar, 19 See 2 Down, 20 Gift, 21 New, 23 Ron 26 Let Me Go, 29 A(nnie) H(all), 31 Start, 33 Abba, 34 The Jerk, 36 & 13A My-self, 38 Simone, 39 Twins, 40 Thang, 41 Toto 42 & 40A Where The Heart Is, 44 S(mokey) R(obinson), 48 Sod, 49 Mo.

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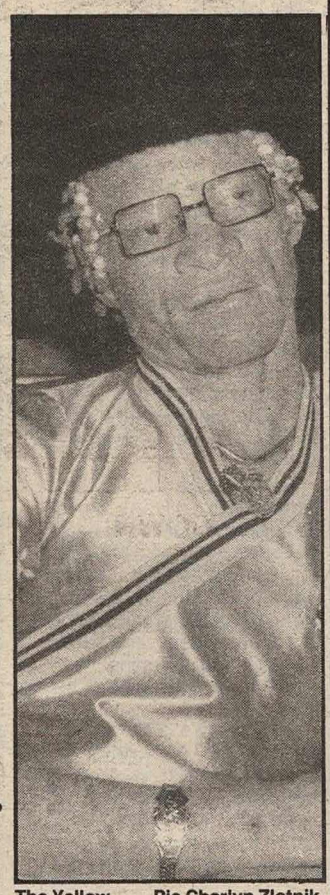

The Yellow. Pic Charlyn Zlotnik.

ONE OF the significant trends in reggae music during the past year is the general circulation of live sound system tapes from Jamaican sounds such as Gemini, Aces, Jack Ruby Hi-Fi, featuring sessions from most of the current and upcoming toasters, and now Greensleeves Records of Shepherds Bush respond to this with issue of an album featuring details of a dance hall workout which takes place at Sugar Minott's yard in Chisholm Avenue on Wednesday, October 13, 1982.

Entitled 'Junjo Presents A Live Session With Aces International' (GREL 48), the set is a continuous performance operated by **Stereo** and **Shaggy** with DJ spots courtesy **Eek-A-Mouse, Yellowman, Fathead, Little John, Toyan, Welton Irie, Buro** and **Billy Boyo.**

Yellowman features also alongside next albino toaster **Purple Man** and female DJ **Sister Nancy** on another new LP on Greensleeves 'The Yellow, The Purple, The Nancy' (GREL 49).

Meanwhile, the latest albino toaster **Mellow Yellow** teams up with his brother for a debut album on Jam Rock titled 'Mellow Yellow & **Young Ranks'.**

And on the CSA label is the debut LP from Buro entitled 'Buro' (CSLP 4).

PURE RANKING

Ranking T: root of King Attorney Pic: Jonathan Lever.

"I'D LIKE to say hello to all London peoples," says Ranking Trevor, "London peoples is a lovely set of peoples."

Here "on vacation" over Christmas, Trevor nevertheless finds time to make a few live appearances with Jah Thomas and Captain Sinbad and line up release of a new album to be titled 'Music Master'.

He produced it himself and talks also of material with other artists including Linval Thompson, Echo Minott and Sugar Minott.

Following his time in London, "I'll be leaving for America, for a tour. I'll be going to New York, and from there back to Jamaica." Trevor will return to London in the Easter hopefully, as part of the itinerary on his forthcoming European tour.

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing semi-frequently — we are the Pilgrims, master...the Afro-Line Theatre Company hold a disco at Lord Morrison Hall, Chesnut Road, N17 every Friday 7 to 11pm...**we shall go always a little further**...batiks of an Ugandan nature are on display at the Africa Centre, 38 King Street, WC2 on Saturday, January 15 from 10am to 5.30pm. Admission is free...**it may be beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow**...the best togetherness in town is at Douglas, 114 Junction Road, Archway, N19 with Mr Soca Shadow's Hi-Fi every Sunday from noon...**across that angry or that glimmering sea**...stepping out every Sunday evening at Valentino's, 344 High Road, Tottenham, N15. Music by Sir Biggs with Keith at the control...**white on a throne or guarded in a cave there lives a prophet**...at the One-O Club of 10 Brownhill Road, Catford, SE6 every Monday is soul, jazz, funk with Perry & King Henri from 8pm to midnight...**who can understand why men were born**...akwaba (welcome) come and dine in true African style to the sound of African drums at the Golden Stool Of Ashanti, 133 Well Street, E9. Reservations 01-533 2753...**but surely we are brave who take the Golden Road to Samarkand...**finally, Finn linguists among you may be interested in Vol 3 No 1 of reggaezine *Cool Runnings* with a cover feature on Yabby You, interview with LKJ, Alton Ellis at Studio 1 and pages of reviews. Available c/o Black Star Oy, PI 37, 02361 Espoo 36, Helsinki...**One Love**...

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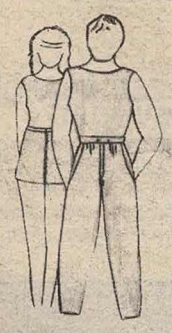

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GASBAG LEAVES HOME

A MESSAGE FROM OUR SPONSORS

In place of the previously advertised letters page, we here on Page 42 are moderately pleased to announce one of our rare outside broadcasts. In response to the huge amount of mail we receive here in Carnaby Street from the small hamlet — as opposed to the slightly larger macbeth — of New Barnet in Hertfordshire, this week's *Gasbag* is coming to you live from just outside the cafe on the British Rail station concourse in New Barnet...

AWAY WE GO!

Did you hear about the Irishman who thought Adrian Thrills was a journalist?
John Connolly, New Barnet.
No... but I should have known that a John Connolly letter would be the first in the pile. There are a few more to follow too, but just to confuse the issue, we've changed the name on all the others. Why not spend a rainy day trying to spot which ones they are? First, though, take a look at these two examples below, vetted by our panel of experts over in the hospitality suite in the station waiting room to see how its done — AT, New Barnet.

EXAMPLE ONE

When are you going to feature pictues of *NME* journalists frollicking naked in warm mud?
Boggly Boggly Frollop, East Finchley, New Barnet.
Definitely not a Connolly, according to our panel: a little too whacky. This next one looks a tad more promising though — AT, New Barnet.

EXAMPLE TWO

Personally I miss Monty Smith. But then my aim was never that good.
Pete Barrett, New Barnet.
Aha! Monty, eh? Bit of a giveaway there, John! You always were a bit obsessed with Mr Smith. He was the one who encouraged you in your formative years of *Gasbag* contributing. Sorry, game's up. You're not Pete Barrett! Not in a million years... and well spotted, by the way, by the lady in the green overcoat outside the pet shop.

See what we mean, readers. It's easy to spot the JC when you know the tell tale signs. Now you yourself have a go at the one-line epics printed below. Just to make things a little harder, we've put New Barnet at the end of every address — AT, New Barnet.

THE ONE-LINE EPICS RAINY-DAY QUIZ, PARTS 1 TO 5 — SPOT THE CONNOLLY!

Arrogance is an art, art merely arrogance.
The Bard, Yorkshire, New Barnet.

Can I be the first to criticise Paul Morley in 1983?,
Cheesy Hoffmann, New Barnet.
PS. Oh I nearly forgot, Mr Morley sucks.

I have no views at all about *NME* apart from the fact that I think Fred Dellar ought to be given more space and more money.
The Unknown Copyright Assistant, New Barnet.

I'm still waiting for Adrian Thrills to make a guest appearance on the Mike Yarwood show. Mr Thrills' impersonation of a journalist over the years has amazed me.
The Beast of Archway, New Barnet.

Paul Weller stood in for Kid Jensen one night. Does this mean he'll win the best radio show award in the *NME* poll as well?
Beaker, Plymouth Poly, New Barnet.

BALLOT SURRENDER

NME Poll Results 1982
Best group: The Jam
Best singer: Paul Weller
Best guitarist: Paul Weller
Best bassist: Bruce Foxton
Best drummer: Rick Buckler
Best songwriter: Paul Weller
Best album: 'Dig The New Breed'
Best single: 'Beat Surrender'
Most wonderful human being: Paul Weller
Event: The Jam split
Gig of the year: The Jam, Brighton
Haircut: Paul Weller
Best dressed: Paul Weller
Best female singer: Nick Heyward
Creep: Nick Heyward/Thatcher
Just a guess!
The Axeminster Werewolf, Loughborough, New Barnet.

I am sick to the back teeth of tear-stricken eulogies of The Jam. May I be the first to proclaim Paul Weller for what he really is — a loud mouthed brat! If Weller truly is 'spokesman of his generation', then I can only deduce that the collective membership of my age group are nothing but a bunch of ignorant, inarticulate, narrow-minded morons. The derision and rage in Weller's songwriting is reserved for individuals and establishments with views and doctrines even more petty and reactionary than his own.

His much lauded songwriting talent is also nothing of the sort. His songs don't even *rhyme* for Christ's sake! It is rhyme and rhyme alone that gives verse its power and clarity. Ideas expressed within a stanza simply *must* have an echoing succession to reinforce the thought and effectively supply it with a solid, rhythmic foundation. It might be pertinent to mention Bob Dylan and Elvis Costello here, two of the most highly regarded composers in the genre's history. Their songs *always* rhyme.

Weller is also a plagiarist, a blatant rip-off artist of the lowest inventive order. Does he actually think that it's fun listening to blatant steals from 'Taxman', 'Tin Soldier' and 'My Generation'? The Jam are an average rock group and Paul Weller is a below-average politician/propagandist/ranter. His leanings are neither radical nor threatening. He rightly supports CND and hates Thatcher, but is really still as conservative — small 'c' — as they come.

The thing that Paul Weller and The Jam stood for, above all else, wasn't commitment, vitality, integrity, passion and the rest of the cliches. It was illiteracy!

Goodbye Paul and good riddance!
Sean Egan, Ruvigny Gardens, Putney, London SW15, New Barnet.
If the cuts, amendments and corrections we had to make to your barely-legible scrawl are anything to go by, Sean, you are in no position to bitch about Weller's so-called illiteracy. Good riddance yourself — AT, New Barnet.

T-ZER AWARDS REVISITED

1983, A Prediction
Royal Divorce
Falklands, The Film
Thatcher Youth Movement
The Face 'Caveman' Look
NME goes up 5p
Mark, Poole, Dorset, New Barnet.
Not forgetting non-committal *Bag* answers — A non-committal AT, New Barnet.

A JOKE

Hullo! Hey! Will 1983 produce a band called Faith Healers? Intro: "Uh, well here's a song called 'Hands' which we'd like to lay on y'all."
Chris McLeod, Venton Manor, Dartington, South Devon, New Barnet.
Probably not. Now go away — AT, New Barnet.

GARAGELAND REVISITED

Just thought I'd drop a little line to complain about the complete lack, nay dearth, of any features concerning the very wonderful Invisible Body Club, fronted by the thinking woman's beefcake, nay cheesecake, Steve Jamieson, Archway's answer to Boy George. Please, please, please! Please print a lovely big picture of Stevie resplendent in black beret and rubber jockstrap.
Romulus Debutante Hoffy-Snoffy-Boffy-Barley, Archway Road, New Barnet.
Who he? — AT, New Barnet.

INFO CITY REVISITED

There are three things that I'd like to ask you about.

One. Why does John Peel take the Mickey out of the charts when he hosts Tops 0f The Pops?
Two. What do you think about Channel Four commercials?
Three. Why don't The Who smash up their instruments onstage anymore?
MB, Provident St, Derby, New Barnet.
One. He hates Toni Basil.
Two. I don't.
Three. Smash 'em up? They haven't even the strength to lift 'em, these days — AT, New Barnet.

KEEP IT PART THREE

When I was 17 I used to frequent The Roxy, The Marquee and The Vortex. I went to The Vortex one night with a brand new guitar I had bought a few days before. I was hanging around outside waiting for the soundcheck when I met a bloke from a band called The Killjoys. He said he'd just had his guitar ripped off so I took his phone number and offered him mine. He seemed a nice boy so I gave him my shiny red 'Kay' special.

Days later he returned to Birmingham, so I rang him up and asked for my guitar back. I had spent £150 on it and I was anxious to get it back. I realise I was a fool to have trusted a complete stranger. My brother and my now-deceased father rang him and demanded the return of my 'Kay' special, but no dice...

About three months ago a friend showed me a video of a popular band and remarked that the singer looked like the perpetrator of this evil deed. I didn't believe her, but halfway through, I suddenly recognised Kevin Rowland, the boy from the Vortex!

Return my guitar, Kevin, and we can call it quits. I know it was only one up from a Woolworth's special and really not so cool, but my father gave me the money for it and I'd like him to rest in peace in the knowledge that I have been revenged.

Mr Rowland, I want your reply.
Mary English, Oaklands Gate, Northwood, Middx, New Barnet.
Thanks — Kevin Rowland, New Barnet.

SCRATCH 'N' RASH

I'd like to congratulate ABC on being the first on to the scratch bandwagon with their new 'Look Of Love' 12". Congratulations!
Abbott, Somewhere In SE England, New Barnet.

A wafer-thin iconoclast speaks.

Yazoo, when it comes down to it, have proved that synthesisers alone cannot provide an emotive backcloth to a song, however good the singing.

'A Kiss In The Dreamhouse' has proved that Sioux's voice is flat, boring and monotonal. Listening to the record, I fully agree with Richard Cook when he (inadvertently?) says "it is the same voice throughout".

Also, delete ABC's version of 'The Look Of Love' and insert "ABC engineer's 12" aural nosebleed".
Ric, Maidstone, New Barnet.

THE CONNOLLY LETTERS — ONE LAST WILD GUESS

Due to my recent illness, I will now be known by my pen name.
Parker, New Barnet.

LOOK OUT, A BACKLASH THIS WAY COMES!

The Glasgow public are disgusted and indeed outraged by Set The Tone. Surely by their age they should have learnt how to keep a civil tongue in their heads, retarded little schoolboys that they are. We wish to rid the country of these foul mouthed yobs forever and are hereby setting up an appeal to send them lock stock and barrel, lager presumably, to New York.
Aggi, Greenacres, Branshill Road, Alloa, Scotland, New Barnet.

Congratulations to Gavin Martin for his Set The Tone interview. He obviously saw them for the plagiarists they are despite the attention they receive from other quarters. I'd just like to make known a couple of points which were not brought to light (or which the gutless bastards blatantly lied about.) Firstly at the time of the interview, the other two members, Bobby and Evelyn, were not "in the process of leaving," or "on holiday", but had in fact been kicked out weeks before and are now being replaced by some guys from a little known Glasgow synthesiser band call Screen. As for the "spark for the Band" coming from "seeing kids in Berlin Discos" — bullshit!. This duo have been together, almost unrecognised for a couple of years, latching on to anything they could.

I feel a little sorry for Evelyn and Bobby (the only competent and original musicians amongst them). They were used only to further the egotistical whims of a couple of losers, and when they'd gained their initial recognition they were booted out to ensure the status of the other two as focal points.
A "fucked up 22 year old", Glasgow, New Barnet.
Well, how did you fare? That last one has to be a rank outsider. A vintage Connolly would never stretch to more than three lines, so that rules out at least half of this week's bag, but let's see what you think. Answers on a postage stamp please to The Week That *Gasbag* Left Home, New Barnet, Herts. This Bag self-destructs in five seconds — AT, New Barnet.

Send you letters to GASBAG, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG

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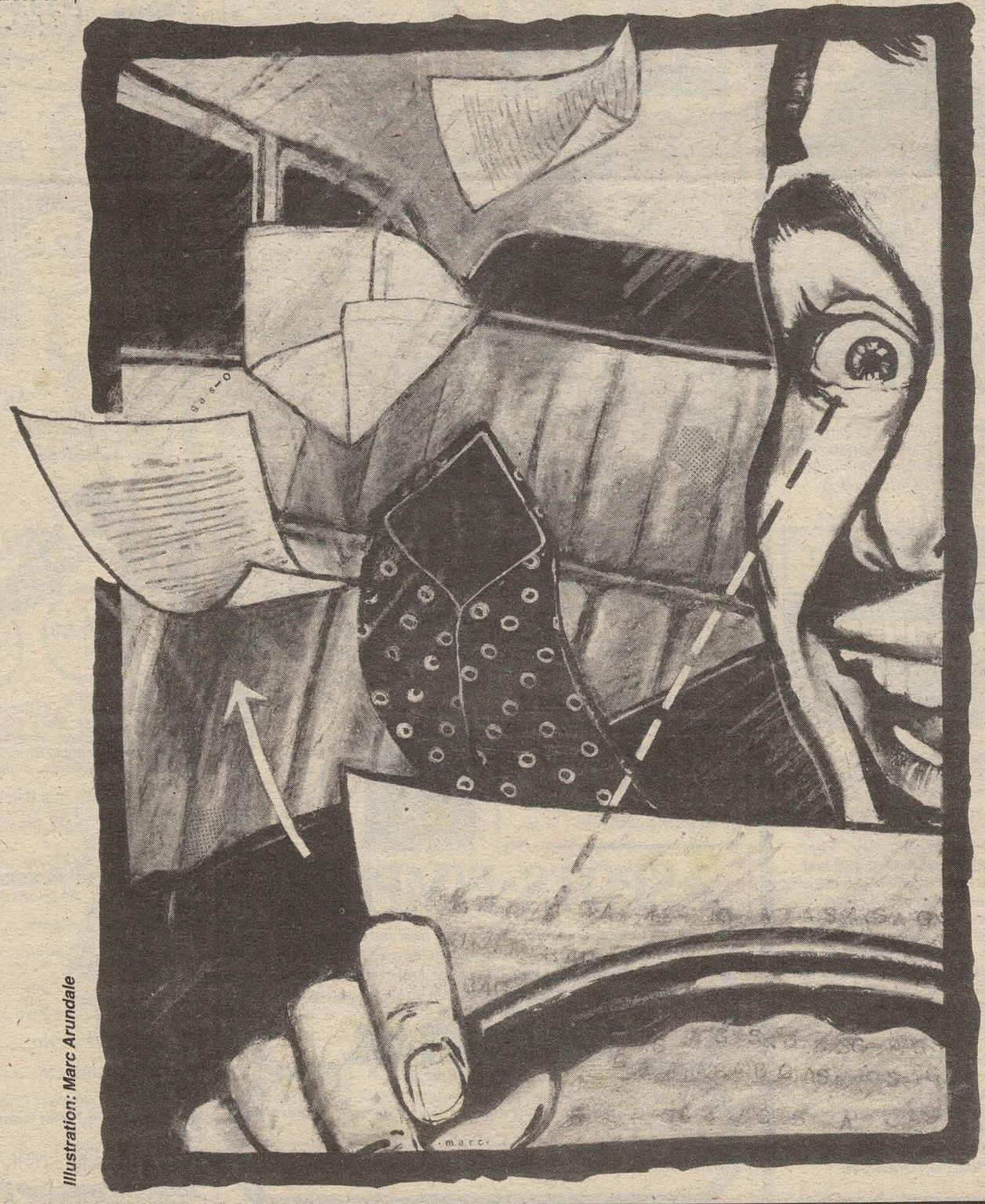


Illustration: Marc Arundale

T-ZERS

AN ASTONISHING triumph! . . . an amazing hush-hush operation! . . . cheers all the way! . . . these were just some of the words being used to describe the top-secret smuggling of top pop combo the **JoBoxers** onto the bill for the *NME* night at last week's ICA Press Gang extravaganza.

Under a shroud of secrecy, the band were airlifted up The Mall and escorted past astonished enemy hacks in the ICA foyer by a squadron of flying dots. Showing no ill effects from a gruelling trip in which they were *twice* re-fuelled in mid-air, the 'Boxers bounded onstage and stole the show to the delight of thrilled punters.

Onlookers reacted with amazement at the sight of band members bounding up and down as a small taxi took them along the pot-holed ramp from the dressing room to the stage on the final leg of their momentous journey. But they were soon jumping for joy as the bequiffed quintet began their high-octane salvo of bop and swing.

Among those in the crowd who witnessed the amazing coup were those rarely-seen nightowls **Seething Wells** and **Atilla,** the even rarer **Special AKA** man **Jerry Dammers** and the practically-extinct **Howard Devoto.** Dammers, along with Capital DJ **Charlie Gillett,** expressed admiration for **The Chevalier Brothers,** who finished their set in the bar lying on the table honking saxophones, and also found time to comment on DJ double act **Adrian Thrills** and **Lloyd Bradley;** "this must be the ska revival" he grinned gummily on hearing a selection of ancient JA slates.

Also on the bill were Sheffield's **The Box** and new age poets **Benjamin Zephaniah** and **Little Brother.** Of the other nights, the *Jamming* gig was the most notable with **Paul Weller** joining **Anything But The Girl** for a short acoustic set. None of the other weekly music papers responded to the ICA's offer of staging their own gig, which makes it all the more odd that *Snouts* should have 12 people on the venue's guest list on the sold-out *NME* night . . .

Ever on intimate terms with the stars, T-Zers presents the briefest of glimpses into the exotic and heretofore closely guarded private world of glamorous chart-topper 'Boy' George O'Dowd. Words falter and fail when confronted with the sumptuous interior of the richly appointed Boy boudoir, but mention must be made of such highlights as the signed Hockney etching of the lad, the stark practical lines of the Hirohito hi-tech clothes basket, a breathtaking collection of cuddly toys (recently on loan to the 'Tot Culture' section of the Victoria and Albert Museum), and the handsome checkerboard motif hand-tooled bedspread. "I've come a long way from my old bedroom in Kilburn," George told us, "about half a mile down the road in fact."

A T-Zers Homes and Gardens special. Next week: Renee and Renato's garage.

ONE MAN who surprised many by *not* turning up at the ICA was **David Bowie.** He sent a telex to the *T-Zers* desk on the afternoon of the show explaining that he was still recording his new album in Brussels with **Afraid of Mice** producer **Tony Visconti.** Bowie is apparently keeping a low profile about town and when he does venture out he takes an entourage of six bodyguards with him . . .

Among those who did turn up but were refused entry by ICA doormen were Berlin all-girl band **Malaria.** The venue fell out of love with the group over some difficulties with their concert last April and stated flatly that there was no way they would be allowed in . . .

More activity on the **Weller** front. Following his guest spot at the *Jamming* gig at the ICA, Paulus has put up the money for studio time for former **Nine Below Zero** singer **Dennis Greaves'** band **The Truth.** And are we to expect a soon-come collaboration between the Well One and **Vaughn Toulouse?** Well, are we? . . . *(Dunno, are we? — Ed)* . . .

Much more important, however, is the news that **Steven Spielberg,** probably the most successful film-maker ever, ever, ever, is getting the cameras revved up for the *ET* sequel entitled *ET II* — or should that be *ETC*? . . .

Not quite as rivetting is the item concerning **Richard Hell.** Dickhead, too, has finally hit the silver screen paydirt. After appearing in countless "underground" films, most of which never even got released, he is now raking in the royalty cheques for the film *Smithereens,* doing round-the-block biz at The Waverly Theatre in NYC . . .

Back to the ICA and we note with interest that *Sunday Times* 'rock' critic **Simon Frith** singled out *Collusion* as his "favourite pop magazine" in this week's column. Could this have anything to do with the fact that the ageing sociologist's own dreary scribblings appear frequently in the magazine? We think the *Times'* readers should be told! . . .

Whether or not they should be told about **Gary Kemp** passing his driving test is another matter. But he has, so there . . .

What we all want to know about though, is this week's **Jock McDonald** *T-Zer.* Mr McDonald himself takes up the story from the point where he was offered a job in the press office of a major record company at the end of last month: "I went round for an interview at this bloke's flat in Queensway on New Year's Day. They said I had a bad reputation, but they were prepared to give me a chance. The trouble was he left me alone in his living room with a bottle of Scotch and a glass while he went to have a shower. Next thing I've drunk the bottle of Scotch and fallen through the rafters of his new roof into his bedroom where he was in bed with his wife, right on top of the two of them . . ." Jock failed to get the job . . .

Bananarama are still undecided on the title of their already-recorded debut album. Suggestions include 'Guppy', 'Fishface' and 'Deep Sea Skiving', all of which tie in with the marine theme of the sleeve . . .

With **John Belushi,** meanwhile, only recently having departed to meet the Great Slob In The Sky, some cynics are suggesting the **Phil Collins' Blues Brothers** rip-off in his 'You Can't Hurry Love' video is not so much honest plagiarism as out and out grave robbing . . .

AND NOW some foreign news. According to the French paper *Le Monde,* the town of Hagen in West Germany has the world's greatest density of rock groups. This nondescript town to the east of Dusseldorf shelters 70 groups; one band for every 3,000 people. We here at the *T-Zers* desk, however, have a sneaking suspicion that a couple of Brixton streets might be able to boast a few more . . .

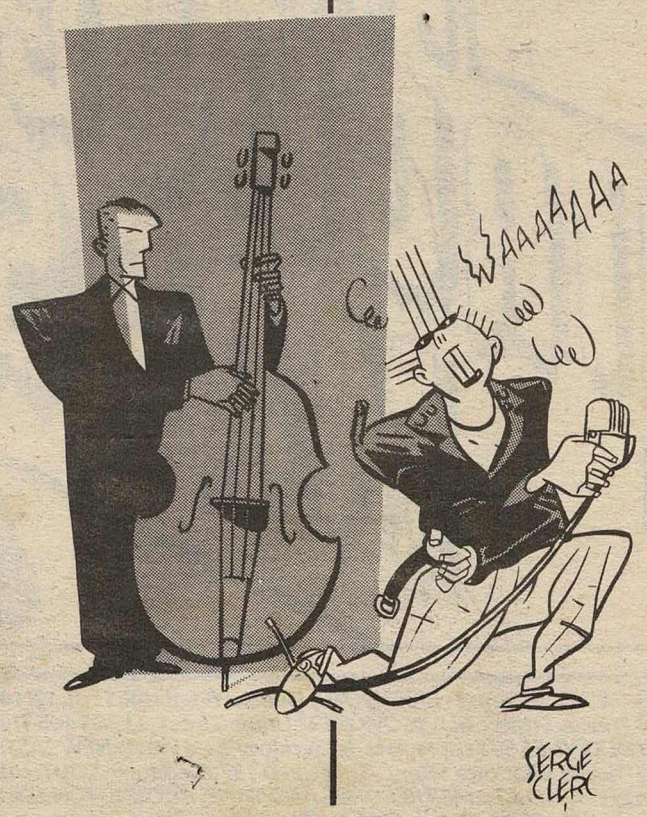
Meanwhile back in garageland, **The Bee Gees** are scoring scoring *Saturday Night Fever* sequel *Stayin' Alive* with **Travolta** starring and rumours persisting that **Sylvester Stallone** will direct. And the man of the street chosen to write **Mick Jagger's** official biography is Oxford honours graduate and *Sunday Times* deputy literary editor **John Ryle** . . .

Following their sponsorship of **The Who's** farewell US tour, Schlitz beers encountered a few hic-ups in their plans to do likewise on **Aerosmith's** forthcoming jaunt. Seems that singer **Steve Tyler** didn't go apeshit about having tickets imprinted 'Schlitz Presents Aerosmith' and proposed a counter deal where the band would pay the company half-a-cent a bottle to print 'Aerosmith Presents Schlitz' on every label . . .

And now another of those **Pistols** Re-union rumours that we like to drag out of the woodwork when *T-Zer* material is thin on the ground. Those of you who saw **Malcolm McLaren** mouthing off about his plans to reform the band — "England's greatest rock 'n' roll achievement, the best thing since **Charles Dickens** etc" — on BBC2's *Riverside* recently might be interested in the response of a Mr **J. Lydon** of New York and Finsbury Park.

PiL's lead soprano quothed thus when informed of his erstwhile manager's plans: "The tosser's been eating Buffalo Chips and they've apparently kicked in and destroyed whatever mind he has left. Gawd, the man's completely bonkers. What's he going to do? Dig old **Sid** out of his fuckin' grave?"

Mr Lydon, ever busy with PiL projects, appeared with the band at a sell-out gig in NYC's Long Beach area at the Club Network on New Year's Eve. Another gig, at Brooklyn club The Zoo, has been advertised for January 29th, so ending both the annual Johnny To Leave PiL Rumour and this top-security, highly classified and confidential episode in the continuing saga of *T-Zers* . . .



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